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THE WITCH OF WENHAM.

I.

ALONG Crane River's sunny slopes
Blew warm the winds of May,
And over Naumkeag's ancient oaks
The green outgrew the gray.

The grass was green on Royal-side,
The early birds at will
Waked up the violet in its dell,
The wind-flower on its hill.

"Where go you, in your Sunday coat?
Son Andrew, tell me, pray."

"For striped perch in Wenham Lake
I go to fish to-day."

"Unharm'd of thee in Wenham Lake
The mottled perch shall be:
A blue-eyed witch sits on the bank
And weaves her net for thee.

"She weaves her golden hair; she sings
Her spell-song low and faint;
The wickedest witch in Salem jail
Is to that girl a saint."

"Nay, mother, hold thy cruel tongue;
God knows," the young man cried,

"He never made a whiter soul
Than hers by Wenham side.

"She tends her mother sick and blind,
And every want supplies;
To her above the blessed Book
She lends her soft blue eyes.

“ Her voice is glad with holy songs,
Her lips are sweet with prayer;
Go where you will, in ten miles round
Is none more good and fair.”

“ Son Andrew, for the love of God
And of thy mother, stay!”
She clasped her hands, she wept aloud,
But Andrew rode away.

“ O reverend sir, my Andrew’s soul
The Wenham witch has caught;
She holds him with the curled gold
Whereof her snare is wrought.

“ She charms him with her great blue eyes,
She binds him with her hair;
Oh, break the spell with holy words,
Unbind him with a prayer!”

“ Take heart,” the painful preacher said,
“ This mischief shall not be;
The witch shall perish in her sins
And Andrew shall go free.

“ Our poor Ann Putnam testifies
She saw her weave a spell,
Bare-armed, loose-haired, at full of moon,
Around a dried-up well.

“ ‘ Spring up, O well!’ she softly sang
The Hebrew’s old refrain,
(For Satan uses Bible words,)
Till water flowed amain.

“ And many a goodwife heard her speak
By Wenham water words
That made the buttercups take wings
And turn to yellow birds.

“ They say that swarming wild bees seek
The hive at her command;
And fishes swim to take their food
From out her dainty hand.

“ Meek as she sits in meeting-time,
The godly minister
Notes well the spell that doth compel
The young men’s eyes to her.

“ The mole upon her dimpled chin
Is Satan’s seal and sign;

Her lips are red with evil bread
And stain of unblest wine.

“ For Tituba, my Indian, saith,
At Quasycung she took
The Black Man’s godless sacrament
And signed his dreadful book.

“ Last night my sore-afflicted child
Against the young witch cried.
To take her Marshal Horrick rides
Even now to Wenham side.”

“ The marshal in his saddle sat,
His daughter at his knee;
“ I go to fetch that arrant witch,
Thy fair playmate,” quoth he.

“ Her spectre walks the parsonage,
And haunts both hall and stair;
They know her by the great blue eyes
And floating gold of hair.”

“ They lie, they lie, my father dear!
No foul old witch is she,
But sweet and good and crystal-pure
As Wenham waters be.”

“ I tell thee, child, the Lord hath set
Before us good and ill,
And woe to all whose carnal loves
Oppose his righteous will.

“ Between him and the powers of hell
Choose thou, my child, to-day:
No sparing hand, no pitying eye,
When God commands to slay!”

He went his way; the old wives shook
With fear as he came nigh;
The children in the dooryards held
Their breath as he passed by.

Too well they knew the gaunt gray horse
The grim witch-hunter rode —
The pale Apocalyptic beast
By grisly Death bestrode.

II.

Oh, fair the face of Wenham Lake
Upon the young girl’s shone,
Her tender mouth, her dreaming eyes,
Her yellow hair outblown.

By happy youth and love attuned
To natural harmonies,
The singing birds, the whispering wind,
She sat beneath the trees.

Sat shaping for her bridal dress
Her mother's wedding gown,
When lo! the marshal, writ in hand,
From Alford hill rode down.

His face was hard with cruel fear,
He grasped the maiden's hands:
"Come with me unto Salem town,
For so the law commands!"

"Oh, let me to my mother say
Farewell before I go!"
He closer tied her little hands
Unto his saddle bow.

"Unhand me," cried she piteously,
"For thy sweet daughter's sake."
"I'll keep my daughter safe," he said,
"From the witch of Wenham Lake."

"Oh, leave me for my mother's sake,
She needs my eyes to see."
"Those eyes, young witch, the crows shall peck
From off the gallows-tree."

He bore her to a farm-house old,
And up its stairway long,
And closed on her the garret-door
With iron bolted strong.

The day died out, the night came down;
Her evening prayer she said,
While, through the dark, strange faces seemed
To mock her as she prayed.

The present horror deepened all
The fears her childhood knew;
The awe wherewith the air was filled
With every breath she drew.

And could it be, she trembling asked,
Some secret thought or sin
Had shut good angels from her heart
And let the bad ones in?

Had she in some forgotten dream
Let go her hold on Heaven,

And sold herself unwittingly
To spirits unforgiven?

Oh, weird and still the dark hours passed;
No human sound she heard,
But up and down the chimney stack
The swallows moaned and stirred.

And o'er her, with a dread surmise
Of evil sight and sound,
The blind bats on their leathern wings
Went wheeling round and round.

Low hanging in the midnight sky
Looked in a half-faced moon.
Was it a dream, or did she hear
Her lover's whistled tune?

She forced the oaken scuttle back;
A whisper reached her ear:
"Slide down the roof to me," it said,
"So softly none may hear."

She slid along the sloping roof
Till from its eaves she hung,
And felt the loosened shingles yield
To which her fingers clung.

Below, her lover stretched his hands
And touched her feet so small;
"Drop down to me, dear heart," he said,
"My arms shall break the fall."

He set her on his pillion soft,
Her arms about him twined;
And, noiseless as if velvet-shod,
They left the house behind.

But when they reached the open way
Full free the rein he cast;
Oh, never through the mirk midnight
Rode man and maid more fast.

Along the wild wood paths they sped,
The bridgeless streams they swam;
At set of moon they passed the Bass,
At sunrise Agawam.

At high noon on the Merrimac
The ancient ferryman
Forgot, at times, his idle oars,
So fair a freight to scan.

And when from off his grounded boat
He saw them mount and ride,
"God keep her from the evil eye,
And harm of witch!" he cried.

The maiden laughed, as youth will laugh
At all its fears gone by;
"He does not know," she whispered low,
"A little witch am I."

All day he urged his weary horse,
And in the red sundown
Drew rein before a friendly door
In distant Berwick town.

A fellow-feeling for the wronged
The Quaker people felt;
And safe beside their kindly hearths
The hunted maiden dwelt,

Until from off its breast the land
The haunting horror threw,
And hatred, born of ghastly dreams,
To shame and pity grew.

Sad were the year's spring morns, and sad
Its golden summer day,
But blithe and glad its withered fields,
And skies of ashen gray;

For spell and charm had power no more,
The spectres ceased to roam,
And scattered households knelt again
Around the hearths of home.

And when once more by Beaver Dam
The meadow-lark outsang,
And once again on all the hills
The early violets sprang,

And all the windy pasture slopes
Lay green within the arms
Of creeks that bore the salted sea
To pleasant inland farms,

The smith filed off the chains he forged,
The jail-bolts backward fell;
And youth and hoary age came forth
Like souls escaped from hell.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

STUDIES OF ANIMAL NATURE.

"THE beasts that perish." It would probably be impossible, now, to retrace the lost links of application whereby a phrase which the Preacher uses in regard to man — "he is like the beasts that perish" — has come to be generally accepted as a divine disparagement of the animal nature. Man has the right of dominion, indeed, as the last and loftiest form of organic life on this planet; but it is difficult to find in nature so broad and deep a gulf of division as he seems to have arbitrarily set between himself and all lower forms, — whether we consider these as distinct creations or inferior phases of evolution. He somewhat contemptuously puts them aside, as creatures of use or injury, having at best a scientific value through their physical structure, locality, groupings, and habits. The highest he has been willing to grant them, hitherto, is a dim emotional or sympathetic quality, chiefly developed through long association with himself.

It has often seemed to me that our conceptions of the Deity, of the human race, and of animal nature preserve very nearly the same relative distances from each other. The exaltation or depression of one elevates or depresses all in the same degree, so that we may infer the individual estimate of all from the manifestation of that of any one of the three. It would therefore be quite logical that, in these days, when the revelations of science have so grandly uplifted the endeavor of the human soul towards some faint comprehension of the Divine Power, we should turn with a new sympathy, if not respect, to the humbler forms of life below us. Thus, if Darwin's theory should be true, it will not degrade man; it will simply raise the whole animal world into dignity, leaving man as far in advance as he is at present.

I have always had a great respect for animals, and have endeavored to treat

them with the consideration which I think they deserve. They have quick perceptions and know when to be confiding or reticent. I have learned no better way to gain their confidence than to ask myself, "If I were such or such an animal, how should I wish to be treated by man?" and to act upon that suggestion. The finest and deepest parts of their natures can be reached only by an intercourse which is purely kind and sympathetic. Since the key to the separate languages has been lost on both sides, the higher intelligence must condescend to open some means of communication with the lower. The zoölogists, unfortunately, rarely trouble themselves to do this; they are more interested in the skull of an elephant, the thigh-bone of a bird, or the dorsal fin of a fish, than in the intelligence or rudimentary moral sense of the creature. But the former field is open to all laymen, and nothing but a stubborn traditional contempt for our slaves or our hunted enemies in the animal world has held us back from a truer knowledge of them.

In the first place, animals have much more capacity to understand human speech than is generally supposed. The Hindoos invariably talk to their elephants, and it is amazing how much the latter comprehend. The Arabs govern their camels with a few cries, and my associates in the African desert were always amused whenever I addressed a remark to the big dromedary who was my property for two months; yet, at the end of that time, the beast evidently knew the meaning of a number of simple sentences. Some years ago, seeing the hippopotamus in Barnum's Museum looking very stolid and dejected, I spoke to him in English, but he did not even move his eyes. Then I went to the opposite corner of the cage, and said in Arabic, "I know you; come here to me!" He instantly turned his head towards me; I repeated the words, and thereupon he

came to the corner where I was standing, pressed his huge, ungainly head against the bars of the cage, and looked in my face with a touching delight while I stroked his muzzle. I have two or three times found a lion who recognized the same language, and the expression of his eyes, for an instant, seemed positively human.

I know of nothing more moving, indeed semi-tragic, than the yearning helplessness in the face of a dog who understands what is said to him and cannot answer. We often hear it said that no animal can endure the steady gaze of the human eye; but this is a superstition. An intelligent dog or horse not only endures, but loves it. The eye of a beast is restless from natural habit, but hardly more so than that of savage man. Cats, birds, and many other animals seek, rather than avoid, a friendly human eye. It is possible that tigers may have been turned away by an unflinching gaze, but I suspect the secret lay in the surprise of the beast at so unusual an experience, rather than in direct intimidation. Thieves are said to have the belief that a dog, for the same reason, will not attack a naked man, but I do not remember any account of a burglary where they have tried the experiment. Cattle, however, are easily surprised. Once, in 1849, on the Salinas Plains in California, I escaped exactly the same onset of a vast herd of wild cattle as Mr. Harte describes in his *Gabriel Conroy*, by sitting down upon the ground. They were so unaccustomed to seeing a man, except on horseback, that the position was an absolute bewilderment to them. The foremost halted within a hundred feet, formed a line as regular as a file of soldiers, and stared stupidly, until a team, luckily approaching at the right time, released me from my hazardous situation.

Few persons are aware of the great effect which quiet speech exercises upon the most savage dog. A distinguished English poet told me that he was once walking in the country with Canon Kingsley, when they passed a lodge where an immense and fierce mastiff, confined

by a long chain, rushed out upon them. They were just beyond his reach, but the chain did not seem secure; the poet would have hurried past, but Kingsley, laying a hand upon his arm, said, "Wait a moment, and see me subdue him!" Thereupon he walked up to the dog, who, erect upon his hind feet, with open jaws and glaring eyes, was the embodiment of animal fury. Kingsley lifted his hand, and quietly said, "You are wrong! You have made a mistake: you must go back to your kennel!" The dog sank down upon his fore feet, but still growled angrily; the canon repeated his words in a firm voice, advancing step by step, as the dog gave way. He continued speaking grave reproof, as to a human being, until he had forced the mastiff back into his kennel, where the latter silently, and perhaps remorsefully, lay down.

I cannot now tell whether I remembered this story, or acted simply from a sudden instinct, in a very similar case. I was in San Francisco, and went to call upon a gentleman of my acquaintance, who lived upon Rincon Point. The house stood a little distance back from the street, in a beautiful garden. I walked up between clumps of myrtle and fuchsia to the door, and rang the bell. Instead of answer, there was a savage bay; a giant dog sprang around the corner of the house, and rushed at me with every sign of furious attack. I faced him, stood still, and said, "I am a friend of Mr. —, and have come to visit him. You must not suppose that I mean any harm. I shall wait to see if the bell is answered; you may stay, and watch me. I am not afraid of you." The animal paused, listened intently, but was evidently not entirely convinced; he still growled, and showed his teeth in rather an alarming manner. Then I said, "I shall ring once more; if there is no answer, I shall go away." He followed me up the steps to the door, glared fiercely while I rang, and would undoubtedly have dashed at my throat had I made a suspicious gesture. As no one came to the door, I finally said, "I see there is nobody at home, so I shall go, as I told

you I would." His growling ceased; side by side we went down the walk, and when I had closed the gate he turned away with a single dignified wave of the tail, which I understood as a combined apology and farewell.

Brehm, the German naturalist, gives a very curious account of a chimpanzee at the Zoölogical Garden in Hamburg. He satisfied himself that the animal understood as much human speech as an average child of two and a half years old. For instance, when he asked, "Do you see the ducks?" the chimpanzee would look about the garden, passing over the geese and swans, until he found the birds indicated. At the command, "Go and sit down!" uttered without any inflection of voice or glance towards a chair, he would promptly obey; on being told, "You are naughty," he would hang his head, with an expression of distress; and he very soon learned to express his affection by kisses and caresses, like the children whom he saw.

I presume it is a very common observation of persons who own intelligent dogs, that if they happen to describe to a visitor some fault for which the animal has been scolded or punished, in the latter's presence, he will exhibit an uneasy consciousness of what is said, even sometimes quietly slink away. But the extent to which a horse, also, may be taught to understand speech, is not so generally known. The simple fact that he likes to be talked to makes him attentive to the sounds, and I am convinced that in a great many cases he has an impression of the meaning. I have at present a horse who served his country during the war, and came to me only after its close. His experience while on scouting service made him very suspicious of any gray object, as I soon discovered; he would shy at a fallen log in a thicket, a glimpse of mossy rock, or a laborer's coat left in a fence-corner. By stopping him whenever this happened, and telling him, in an assuring tone, that there was nothing to fear, he was very soon completely cured of the habit. But he still lifts up his head,

and would, if he could, cry "Ha! ha!" when he hears the sound of the trumpet.

The affection and fidelity of the horse have always been admitted. My first acquaintance with these qualities was singular enough to be related. When a boy of fourteen, I was walking along a lonely country-road with a companion of the same age, and came upon an old gray horse, standing, in the middle of the track, over a man who was lying upon his back. We hastened up to give assistance, but presently saw that the man, instead of being injured, was simply dead drunk. He had tumbled off, on his way home from the tavern, and a full bottle of whiskey, jolted out of his pocket in falling, lay by his side. The fore feet of the horse were firmly planted on each side of his neck, and the hind feet on each side of his legs. This position seeming to us dangerous for the man, we took the animal by the bridle and attempted to draw him away; but he resisted with all his strength, snorting, laying back his ears, and giving every other sign of anger. It was apparent that he had carefully planted himself so as completely to protect his master against any passing vehicle. We assisted the faithful creature in the only possible way, — by pouring the whiskey into the dust, — and left him until help could be summoned. His act indicated not only affection, involving a sense of duty, but also more than one process of reasoning.

Darwin, as I understand him, is still doubtful whether there is a moral sense in animals. We can judge only from acts, of course, but our interpretation of those acts depends upon our sympathetic power of entering into the feelings of the animal. This is an element which science will not accept; hence I doubt whether her deductions may not fall as far short of the truth as a vivid imagination may go beyond it. To me, it is very clear that there is at least a rudimentary moral sense in animals. I have had two marked evidences thereof, which are the more satisfactory inasmuch as they include a change of conduct which can be explained only by assuming an ever-present memory of the

fault committed. If this be not a lower form of conscience in its nature, its practical result is certainly the very same. Were we to judge a strange man by his actions, his speech being wholly unintelligible to us, we should give him the credit of a positive conscience in like circumstances. Why should we withhold it from an animal?

Let the reader decide for himself! I have a horse who is now not less than *forty-one* years old, and it is possible that he is a year or two older; for thirty-eight years ago he was broken to use. He is at present on the retired list, only occasionally being called upon to lend a helping shoulder to his younger colleague; but his intellect is as fresh and as full of expedients as ever. No horse ever knew better how to save himself, to spare effort and prolong his powers; no one was ever so cunning to slip his halter, open the feed-box, and supply the phosphates, the necessity of which to him he knew as well as any "scientist." I have seen him, through a crack in a board shanty used while the stable was building, lift and lay aside with his teeth six boxes which were piled atop of one another, until he found the oats at the bottom. Then, when my head appeared at the window, he instantly gave up his leisurely, luxurious munching of the grain, opened his jaws to their fullest extent, thrust his muzzle deep into the box, and gravely walked back to his stall with at least a quart of oats in his mouth. This horse had a playful habit of snapping at my arm when he was harnessed for a drive. (I always talk to a horse before starting, as a matter of common politeness.) Of course I never flinched, and his teeth often grazed my sleeve as he struck them together. One day, more than a dozen years ago, he was in rather reckless spirits and snapped a little too vigorously, catching my arm actually in his jaws. I scarcely felt the bite, but I was very much surprised. The horse, however, showed such unmistakable signs of regret and distress that I simply said, "Never do that again!" And he never did! From that moment, he gave up

the habit of years; he laid back his ears, or feigned anger in other ways, but he never again made believe to bite. This, certainly, goes far beyond the temporary sorrow for an unintentional injury which may be referred to an animal's affection. What else is conscience than knowledge of wrong made permanent by a memory which forbids the repetition of the wrong?

The other instance was furnished by a creature which is popularly supposed to be as stupid as it is splendid, — a peacock! This, being a long-lived bird, and therefore dowered with a richer experience than other domestic fowls, ought to be wiser in proportion; yet I have never heard of the peacock being cited as an example of either intelligence or moral sense. The bird is vain, it is true; but if vanity indicates lack of intelligence, what will become of men and women? I have often watched "John" (the name we gave him and which he always recognized) spreading his tail before a few guinea-fowl, who were so provokingly indifferent to the rayed splendor that he invariably ended by driving them angrily away. On the other hand, can I ever forget the simple, untiring attachment of the gorgeous creature? The table at which I wrote stood near a bay-window, so that I had the true left-hand side-light, with a window at my back. As soon as I took my place there, after breakfast, the peacock flew upon the window-sill, and, whenever I failed to notice him, the sharp taps of his bill upon the glass reminded me of his presence. Then I turned, and, as in duty bound, said, "Good morning, John!" after which he continued to sit there, silent and content, for two or three hours longer. The peacock is ordinarily a shy fowl, but John was bold enough to eat out of our hands.

As often as spring came, however, it was impossible to prevent his depredations in the garden. He had a morbid taste for young cabbage and lettuce plants, especially when they were just rooted after being set out, and he would sometimes pick a whole bed to pieces while the gardener's back was turned.

For awhile, I amused myself by testing his powers of dissimulation. I waited behind a clump of bushes until he was fairly on his way to the garden, making long, swift strides, with depressed neck and tail, and then I suddenly stepped forth. In the twinkling of an eye John stood upright, walked leisurely in the opposite direction, and seemed quite absorbed in the examination of some trifling object. His air and manner, to the tips of his feathers, expressed the completest ignorance of a garden. He would spread his tail, call to the other fowls, peer under the hedge, and in similar ways attempt to beguile me out of sight of his secret aim. If I humored him for a few moments, he was always found a good many yards nearer the garden when I turned again. I have never seen a more hypocritical assumption of innocence and indifference in any human being.

There came a season when even the patience of old friendship was too severely tried. The peacock was presented to a friend, who lived two or three miles away and was the possessor of a couple of hens. I missed the morning tap at my window, the evening perch on the walnut-tree, the unearthly cries which used so to startle guests from the city, but consoled myself with thinking that our loss was his gain, for we had never replaced his lost spouse. He had been gone about a week, when one evening the familiar cry was heard from a grove on the farm, nearly half a mile from the house. Next day, John was seen in a weedy field, but slipped out of sight on finding he was detected. We let him alone, and in the course of a fortnight he had advanced as near as the chestnut-tree which I proudly exhibit to strangers as one of the antiquities of America, for it was growing when Charlemagne reigned in Aix-la-Chapelle and Haroun al-Raschid in Bagdad. He now allowed himself to be seen, but utterly refused to recognize any member of the family. When we called him by name, he instantly walked away; when we threw him food, he refused to touch it. Little by little, however, he forgave us the offense; in another fortnight he roosted on

the walnut-tree, and at the end of the second month I heard his tap of complete reconciliation on the window. But the exile and mortification had chastened his nature. From that day the young plants were safe from his bill; he lived with us three or four years longer, but was never once guilty of the same fault. No one denies that an animal is easily made to understand that certain things are forbidden. Discipline, alone, may accomplish thus much. But when two creatures so far removed as a horse and a peacock assimilate the knowledge to such an extent that the one gives up a habit and the other resists a tempting taste, we must admit either the germ of a moral sense or an intellect capable of positive deduction.

The same horse once revealed to me the latter quality in a surprising way. On telling the story privately, I find that it is sometimes incredulously received; yet I am sure that no one who cherishes the proper respect for animals will refuse it credence. In the company of a friend, I was driving along a country road in a light, open buggy. I paid no attention to the horse, for he could turn, back, or execute any other manœuvre in harness, as well without as with a driver. Halting at a house where my friend wished to call, I waited for him outside. Presently the horse looked back at me, twisting his body between the thills in a singular fashion. I perceived that he had some communication to make and said, "What is the matter now, Ben?" Thereupon, by twisting a little more, he managed to hold up his right hind foot, and I saw that the shoe had been lost. "That's right," said I; "you shall have a new shoe as soon as we get to the village." He set down his foot, and for a moment seemed satisfied. Then the same turning of the head and twisting of the body were repeated. "What, Ben! is anything else the matter?" I asked. He now lifted up the left hind foot, which was still shod. I was quite at a loss to understand him, and remained silent. He looked back at me, out of the corner of his eye, and evidently saw that I was puzzled, where-

upon he set down his foot and seemed to think. Almost immediately he lifted it up again, and shook it vigorously. The loose shoe rattled! There was a positive process of reasoning in this act, and it is too simple and clear to be interpreted in any other way.

I have had plenty of opportunity, yet very little time, to study bird nature; but ever since I saw a gentleman, in the park at Munich, entice the birds to come and feed from his hand by standing perfectly still and whistling a few soft, peculiar notes, I have been convinced of the possibility of a much more familiar intercourse. Simply by feeding such birds as remain through the winter, and keeping sportsmen off the place, all varieties of birds soon became half tame. In the summer, when the windows were opened, they entered the house every day, and I frequently found that a bird which had once been caught and released readily allowed itself to be caught a second time. Once a little red-breasted creature, with a black head, lay exhausted in my hand, overcome with the terror and mystery of a glass pane. At first I thought it dead; but suddenly it hopped upon its feet, looked in my face with bright, piercing eyes, and chirped a few notes, which distinctly said, "Did you deliver me? Am I really free?" Then, still chirping, it slowly hopped up my arm to the shoulder, sang a snatch of some joyous carol, and flew away, brushing my cheek as it went. Another time, when I picked up some callow cat-birds out of the deep grass and replaced them in the nest, the parents actually dashed against my head in their distress and rage; but after I had retired a few minutes to let them be reassured, they allowed me to approach the nest without interrupting their talk with the young ones. Even a humming-bird, drenched and chilled by a September rain, soon learned to be happy in a basket of warm cotton, and to sip sugared water out of a teaspoon.

We had a parrot but once, and that only for a few weeks. The bird was a mystery to me, and I found him almost too uncanny to be a pleasant acquaintance.

Our parrot came directly from a vessel, but from what port I neglected to learn; he apparently understood the English language, but would not speak it. He preferred toast and coffee to any other diet, and was well-behaved although tremendously exacting. When he became a little accustomed to us, he would sing the gamut, both upward and downward, in an absent-minded, dreamy way, as if recalling some memory of an opera-singer. He would sit beside me on a perch, seemingly contented, until he saw that I was absorbed in writing. Then he mounted to the table, planted himself on the paper directly in the way of the pen, or managed, by nips of the ears and hair, to get upon the top of my head and make coherent thought impossible. Once, remembering Campbell's ballad, I ventured—though with some anxiety, for I half expected to see him flap round the room with joyous screech, drop down and die—to speak to him in Spanish. He was surprised, interested, and at first seemed inclined to answer in the same tongue; but after reflecting half an hour upon the question he shook his head and kept the secret to himself. No phrase or word of any kind could be drawn from him; yet the same bird, seeing my daughter a week after we had given him away to a friend, suddenly called her by name! The parrot should have been the symbol of the Venetian Council of Ten.

Three weeks after the great fire in Chicago, in 1871, I saw a parrot which had saved itself from the general fate of all household treasures there. It had belonged to my old friend, Mrs. Kirkland, and was doubly cherished by her daughter. When it was evident that the house was doomed, and the red wall of flame, urged by the hurricane, was sweeping towards it with terrific speed, Miss Kirkland saw that she could rescue nothing except what she instantly took in her hands. There were two objects, equally dear,—the parrot and the old family Bible; but she was unable to carry more than one of them. After a single moment of choice, she seized the Bible, and was hastening away, when

the parrot cried out, in a loud and solemn voice, "Good Lord, deliver us!" No human being, I think, could have been deaf to such an appeal; the precious Bible was sacrificed and the parrot saved. The bird really possessed a superior intelligence. I heard him say "Yes" and "No" in answer to questions, the latter being varied so as to admit, alternately, of both replies; and the test of his knowledge was perfect. In the home where he had found a refuge there were many evening visitors, one of whom, a gentleman, was rather noted for his monopoly of the conversation. When the parrot first heard him, it listened in silence for some time; then, to the amazement and perhaps the confusion of all present, it said very emphatically, "You talk altogether too much!" The gentleman, at first somewhat embarrassed, presently resumed his interrupted discourse. Thereupon the parrot laid his head on one side, gave an indescribably comical and contemptuous "H'm-m!" and added, "There he goes again!" If there ever was an *oiseau terrible*, it is the parrot; his instinct for discovering ways and means of annoyance is something diabolical.

If the little brain of a bird contains so much, manifested to us simply because its tongue may be taught to utter articulate sounds, why have we not a right to assume a much greater degree of intelligence in animals to whom articulation is impossible? If dogs or horses were capable of imitating our speech, as well as comprehending it, would they not have a great deal more to say to us? Articulation is a mechanical, not an intellectual peculiarity; but in the case of the parrot, and notably the *mino*, it is generally so employed as to prove very much more than routine and coincidence. I never saw a *mino* (the name is possibly a corruption of *moineau*) but once. I entered the vacant reading-room of a hotel, early in the morning, took up a paper, and sat down, when suddenly a voice said, "Good morning!" I saw nothing but what seemed to be a black bird in a cage, and could not have believed that the perfectly human voice came from it,

had it not once more said, in the politest tone, "Good morning!" I walked to the cage, and looked at it. "Open the door and let me out, please!" said the bird. "Why, what are you?" I involuntarily exclaimed. "I'm a *mino*!" answered the amazing creature. It was the exact voice of a boy of twelve.

When we turn to the lower forms of life, a feeling of repulsion, if not of positive disgust, checks our interest. Very few persons are capable of fairly observing snakes, toads, lizards, and other reptiles which suggest either slime or poison. The instinct must be natural, for it is almost universal. I confess I should never select one of those creatures as a subject of study; but in a single case, where the creature presented itself unsolicited, and became familiar without encouragement, it soon lost its repulsive character. It was a huge, venerable toad, which for years haunted the terrace in front of my house. Strict orders had been given, from the first, that he was not to be molested; and he soon ceased to show alarm when any one appeared. During the warm weather of summer, it was our habit to sit upon the terrace and enjoy the sunset and early twilight. From hopping around us at such times, the toad gradually came to take his station near us, as if he craved a higher form of society and was satisfied to be simply tolerated. Finally he seemed to watch for our appearance, and whenever we came out with chairs and camp-stools for the evening, he straightway hopped forth from some covert under the box-bushes and took his station beside some one of us. He was very fond of sitting on the edge of my wife's dress, but his greatest familiarity was to perch on one of my boots, where his profound content at having his back occasionally stroked was shown in the slow, luxurious winking and rolling of his bright eyes. His advances to us had been made so gently and timidly that it would have been cruel to repel them; but we ended by heartily liking him and welcoming his visits. For several summers he was our evening companion; even the house-dog, without command, respected his right of

place. One May he failed to appear, not from old age, for his term of life was far beyond ours, but probably from having fallen victim to some foe against which we could not guard him.

I have found field-tortoises with dates nearly a hundred years old carved on the under shell. Such an aged fellow never shows the same fear of man as those of a later generation. Instead of shutting himself up with an alarmed hiss, he thrusts out his head, peers boldly into your face, and paws impatiently in the air, as much as to say, "Put me down, sir, at once!" I once placed one of them on the terrace, and let him go. Nothing could surpass the prompt, business-like way in which he set to work. In a few minutes he satisfied himself of the impossibility of squeezing through the box-edgings, and recognized that there was no way of escape except by the steps leading down to the lawn. This was an unknown difficulty; but he was ready to meet it. After a careful inspection, he mused for the space of a minute; then, crawling carefully to the edge, he thrust himself over, quickly closing his shell at

the same time, and fell with a thump on the step below. When he reached the lawn, I noticed that he struck an air-line for the spot where I found him.

I give these detached observations of various features of animal nature for the sake of the interest they may possess for others. The man of science, as I have said, may reject evidence into which the element of sympathy enters so largely; but he may still admit the possibility of more complex intelligence, greater emotional capacity, and the existence of a faculty allied to the moral sense of man. If one should surmise a lower form of spiritual being, yet equally indestructible, who need take alarm? "Yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preëminence above a beast; for all is vanity," said the Preacher, more than two thousand years ago. But Goethe is more truly in accord with the spirit which came with Christianity, when he put these words in the mouth of Faust:—

"The ranks of living creatures Thou dost lead
Before me, teaching me to know *my brothers*
In air, and water, and the silent wood."

Bayard Taylor.

THE OLD MIRROR.

In yonder homestead, wreathed with bounteous vines,
A lonely woman dwells, whose wandering feet
Pause often amid one chamber's calm retreat,
Where an old mirror from its quaint frame shines.
And here, soft-wrought in memory's vague designs,
Dim semblances her welcoming gaze will greet
Of lost ones that in thrall phantasmally sweet
The mirror's luminous quietude enshrines.
But unto her these dubious forms that pass
With shadowy majesty or dreamy grace
Wear nothing of ghostliness in mien or guise.
The only ghost that haunts this glimmering glass
Carries the sad reality in its face
Of her own haggard cheeks and desolate eyes!

Edgar Fawcett.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A SICILIAN ABBEY.

IN the early part of December, 186—, I received the following invitation on highly perfumed note-paper, stamped with a baronial escutcheon:—

“The Baron and Baroness R—— receive every evening during the *Novena* of Christmas. The hall for the *Bassetta* will be opened at nine o’clock precisely.”

As I handed it to my wife, who had not the least idea of the Italian or rather the Sicilian traditional religious and social customs, she looked up to me with an inquisitive expression, saying, “What is this *Novena* and this *Bassetta*?” As my readers will probably be as ignorant about it as my wife was, a few words of explanation are not out of place.

In Southern Italy, as in all Catholic countries, every holy day has, besides the religious observances, its social or public festivity, and even its peculiar and appropriate viand; and Christmas is one of those in which social gatherings and gastronomic varieties are most numerous.

The *Novena*, or nine days preceding Christmas, is celebrated in all the churches by evening services and sermons, ending on Christmas Eve with a service which begins at midnight and lasts two or three hours. That is the religious part; but from time immemorial the church service in the evening has been followed by a reunion at home, with play and dancing till a late hour; and on Christmas Eve proper the gathering would take place before the service, ending with a supper at about eleven o’clock, and church after that. At the close of the church service, if the weather was good, the whole population would go wandering through the streets, to *cafés* and restaurants, which were kept open all night, and at daylight, in maritime cities, go to the sea-shore, or in inland towns to a river or fountain, and as the sun rose dip their hands in the water, make the sign of the cross, and bathe their faces and heads in it. The social

gatherings naturally took the name of the religious services of the occasion, and were called the *Novena*.

The higher classes give extensive invitations and large reunions, in which they have always been in the habit of playing at the game of *basset*,—a sort of *faro*,—concluding with a *table à thé* and dancing. So inveterate is this custom that, although games of chance are forbidden by law, yet the police allow them under certain restrictions during the *Novena*; so that most of the palaces and clubs are turned on this occasion into elegant and fashionable gambling-houses.

We availed ourselves of the polite invitation, my wife being very anxious and curious to attend this, to her, novel entertainment, so different from anything she had seen in America; and on the evening of the 16th, which is the first day of the *Novena*, after hearing some excellent pastoral music at the church of the Benedictines, between eight and nine o’clock we drove to the palace of Baron R——.

The palace, which faces the square of Charles V., opposite the bronze statue of that famous monarch erected during his life-time and said to be a remarkable likeness of him, is one of the best edifices of the seventeenth century. A gorgeously dressed janitor, with plumed hat and a drum-major’s baton, received us at the gate; and we entered a vast court-yard adorned with superb marble pillars, and with the interior walls overloaded with innumerable caryatides, balconies, and windows, seemingly jumbled together without any order or artistic taste. The carriage stopped at the farther end of this, at the foot of a superb staircase; the third flight brought us to an immense landing, or terrace, with a fine marble balustrade, and adorned with vases of exotic plants that gave it the air of a garden bower. Through a door in the middle of this we entered an im-

mense hall, all covered with stuccoes, arabesques, and ornamentations of all kinds, with the enormously high ceiling painted in fresco, representing nymphs, in all sorts of impossible aerial flights and dancing postures, holding an escutcheon with the arms of the family, also in fresco. This entrance hall contained no furniture of any kind with the exception of several large and very old wooden settees, with high backs curiously carved, on the top of which, also carved in wood, were the arms of the family. Upon these were sitting a swarm of liveried lackeys, who, at the sound of the large bell rung by the janitor in the court-yard announcing the arrival of visitors, stood up as straight as soldiers, with the exception of two or three who officiously assisted us in removing our coats and wraps, and deposited them on a long rack that occupied the whole side of one of the walls, and then opened the folding doors to admit us into the next room.

This apartment was most elegantly furnished. A velvet carpet, all of one piece, displayed at the four corners the baron's arms. The walls were tapestried with red satin damask, gold trimmings and borders. The ceiling was painted in fresco after the Pompeian style, and from the centre hung a superb old Venetian glass chandelier resplendent with twenty or more candles. Several clusters of candelabras issued from brackets on the walls, two of which were reflected in an old Venetian mirror over a side table, giving to the room that peculiar soft, mellow light impossible to be conveyed by any other form of illumination, and which marvelously set off the beauty of women, the delicate colors of their satins and velvets, and the brilliancy of their jewels.

Several gentlemen in full dress were lounging on the satin sofas and *fauteuils* of this room, awaiting the arrival of the ladies and the beginning of the basset. As the doors opened they all stood up, and the master of the house, offering his arm to my wife, ushered her into the next room, where the baroness received us with her usual elegance.

On greeting my wife she said, "Oh, I am so glad you have come to-night, for I have a little surprise for you; I shall have the pleasure of presenting to you a compatriot of yours, a relative of Princess T——, who has come to spend the winter with her;" and, turning to an elegant young foreign lady who stood near her, she said in very good English, for the baroness could chatter in half a dozen different languages, though not very grammatically, "Miss H——, let me have the pleasure to present you to my friend, and a compatriot of yours, Mrs. M——." My wife was very naturally delighted to meet a countrywoman, and they retired to a lounge, chatting by themselves. As to myself, after paying my respects to the ladies I knew, I went back to the first room, where our host had already returned and where were assembled all the gentlemen. This was a very curious custom in that society, originating, probably, in the idea of letting the ladies have all their gossip before the evening entertainment began; as to that, however, the gentlemen used to have theirs at the same time.

As the other guests arrived, they were received in the same manner as we had been, the ladies remaining with the baroness, the gentlemen in the first room. It was not a very large company, but highly aristocratic, being mostly composed of titled nobility, with whom Sicily is so bountifully provided, and who cling to the exclusiveness of their caste with the obstinacy of islanders, in spite of the universal democratic tendency of the age. There were among them descendants of the old Norman crusaders who expelled the Saracens from Sicily and ruled the island for several centuries, and representatives of Spanish families who had governed Sicily during the long Spanish dominion; noticeable among the latter were the lineal descendants of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, and other notabilities connected with the royal Bourbon houses of France, Spain, and Naples.

Punctually at nine o'clock the *maestro di casa*, or chief butler, entered the room and announced to the baron that the

basset table was ready. We rose and followed him into the hall.

This was the usual billiard-room, but on this occasion the billiard-tables had been removed and a long table covered with a green cloth substituted. There were chairs around it for some twenty-four persons, which were mostly occupied by the ladies, the gentlemen standing around or moving about from one place to another.

In the centre of the table were fastened, in a line on the green cloth, ten Italian cards from ace to king. Baron R—— took his place at one side of the table, as croupier, having before him an enormous silver tray full of gold and silver money, amounting to five thousand francs. He held the bank, so called, to that amount. Another gentleman opposite him drew the cards.

The game of basset is very simple, like most games of chance; the player stakes his money upon any of the ten cards; the dealer deals out two at a time; the first one loses, the second wins. Paper money is considered very vulgar, and is never used. The ladies staked very small sums in francs, but the gentlemen would put down napoleons, and occasionally a goodly heap of them. The dealer shuffled a new pack of cards and the youngest of the ladies cut them, he exclaiming at the same time, "*S'incomincia la Novena. Buona fortuna a tutti!*" (The Novena is begun. Good luck to all!) Francs, five-franc pieces, and napoleons dropped down from all sides on the ten cards on the table, the dealer's voice singing out interrogatively from time to time, "*Si va?*" (Shall we go on?)

Half an hour passed in alternate winning and losing, mixed with the usual broken conversation and interchange of wit, when on the threshold of the door appeared the figure of a Benedictine monk. A universal shout of delight and welcome rose from all the company; the game was suspended, and "Good evening, Father Benso!" "Welcome, Father Benso!" "Your blessing, Father Benso!" echoed from all parts of the room; cries meekly received by the new-comer as by one accustomed to such ovations.

"Good evening, good evening to all," replied he, shaking hands with everybody, and modestly refusing to have his own kissed, for many of the people, especially the ladies, attempted to show him the mark of reverence paid by all good Catholics to their clergy.

Father Benso, a younger son of one of the principal families of Sicily, was related to half of the people there assembled. He had entered very young the Benedictine order, into which, in Sicily, there seldom any one entered except those belonging to aristocratic families. The order owned a large convent in Palermo, with one of the best churches in the city, the magnificent old Abbey of San Martino, other convents in the interior of the island, and vast landed estates. The monks enjoyed many rights and privileges, and their monastic vows were very light as compared with those of other religious orders. By a simple permission of the prior or abbot they were allowed to sleep out of the convent. The professed fathers each had his private servant and kept a carriage; they possessed money of their own, and could dispose of it at will; in fact they differed very little from the so-called regular clergy, except that they lived in a conventual form.

Father Benso, one of the youngest of the fathers of that order, was about thirty-five years of age, a very eloquent and favorite preacher, and a man of high standing in society, both by his birth and by his intellectual worth and refined manners. He was tall, of rather a light complexion for a Sicilian, with an oval face close shaved, straight nose, blue eyes, fine lips covering a superb set of white teeth, and a mild expression of sweet contentment which irradiated from every feature and spread to all around. His hands were so small and white that they seemed those of a woman, especially as he always daintily handled the finest of handkerchiefs, exquisitely embroidered with his initials, which the noble ladies, his relatives and devotees, constantly provided him.

"Sit by me, Father Benso!" "No, by me!" "There is an empty chair here

by us!" "No, by us who are your cousins!" "No, near me; you always bring me good luck!" exclaimed several ladies at the same time, urging him to a seat beside them. Poor Father Benso seemed confused, not knowing whose request to accept and whose to refuse; when his aunt, Princess T——, relieved him of all embarrassment by saying, "Father Benso, you had better sit here by me and Miss H——; we will make a place for you."

Father Benso, with a polite bow to the ladies who had asked him first, said, "Thank you, thank you all, but I must obey the orders of the princess, my aunt;" and he took a seat as requested.

"Why should Father Benso sit down? we are all standing up," remarked a cavalry officer, who had tried all he could to obtain a seat by some of the ladies, but in vain.

"The church has privileges superior to the army," replied the veteran Marquis C——.

"You will play, of course, Father Benso, and be fortunate as usual," said one of the by-standers.

"Not always fortunate; but as I never play large stakes, I never lose much." So saying he drew forth an elegant crocheted green silk purse with gold rings and tassels, from which he took out two gold napoleons; handing them to Baron R——, he continued, "Will you please to change these into franc pieces? I never play more than one or two francs at a time."

"Too little, Father Benso, too little," cried out several gentlemen in chorus.

"Ah! you vicious men, you want to play for high stakes, like the old gamblers that you are. We should play for amusement, not for gain; we should risk only a few francs to add zest to the game. For my part, I would make it a rule not to play for more than one franc at a time, as the ladies generally do. This playing with napoleons reduces the pastime to actual gambling, and serious loss" —

"Stop, stop! No preaching, Father Benso; we shall have enough of it next Lent," spoke out several gentlemen.

"Dunque, si va?" (Shall we go on,

then?) struck in the dealer, who was getting rather impatient at the long interruption.

"Go on, go on!" cried many voices; and on he went till eleven o'clock, with various fortune; some lost, others won, and the bank remained about even.

The company then adjourned to another room, in which was served a simple table à thé; for in Italy, as they dine very late in the afternoon, it is not customary to give a supper except on the occasion of a great ball, when people dance until morning, and then it is served at three o'clock, A. M.

"How is it that you did not preach, this Novena, Father Benso?" inquired Princess T——. "We were very much disappointed not to hear you at your church service this evening."

"I am excused, this Novena, because I am ordered to preach the whole Quaresimale. You will have enough of my preaching for forty days consecutively in Lent."

"Good, good; we shall all come!" cried many of the ladies.

"And I am sure they will all need it, Father Benso," suggested the old marquis with a sly wink; "for Lent comes after Carnival, does it not?"

"You men will need it a great deal more, for you are getting to be a set of unbelievers," answered the ever-ready Countess T——, who felt the marquis's allusion the more keenly because she was extremely fond of masquerading.

"However," resumed Father Benso, "although I am excused from the Novena, yet I am ordered to preach the sermon of Christmas Eve at our Abbey of San Martino."

"At the abbey, Father Benso? Can we come there and hear you, and attend the Christmas Eve service at the old monastery? Would it not be splendid to pass Christmas among the mountains?" cried the lively countess, enthusiastically.

"Capital idea! let us make up a party and go," exclaimed several of the company, the American ladies especially, who were elated at the prospect of assisting at the religious services of one of

the greatest Christian holy days in an ancient abbey.

"Adagio, adagio!" (Softly, softly!) mildly interrupted Father Benso; "you must obtain the abbot's permission first, and his invitation to the convent, before you go."

"Oh, that is easy enough. If Princess T—— only asks him, it is as good as done. The abbot would not refuse his sister-in-law."

We all crowded around the amiable princess, who, after some hesitation, for she felt rather delicate about asking so much, finally consented to write to the abbot, her husband's brother, requesting his permission for herself and a party of ladies and gentlemen to visit the abbey and pass Christmas Eve there. As was expected, the messenger who carried the princess's note brought back the abbot's reply, stating that he would be very happy to have such a distinguished company pass Christmas Eve at the abbey and accept of the poor hospitality of the convent.

During the other evenings of the Novena, between the playing and the dancing there was nothing talked of but this Christmas party and excursion to San Martino, the arrangement of the details and the number of the company that were to go. Father Benso and Princess T—— were of course the leaders, and every plan was referred to their decision. It was finally decided that some should ride in carriages, some on horseback, and some in a *lettiga* (a litter), so as to give a mediæval look to the pilgrimage; and that on the morning of the 24th we should all assemble at the baron's palace at ten o'clock, and after a breakfast there start together for the abbey.

Christmas is generally a rainy season in Sicily, but, as the old Sicilian saying is, "There is no day in the year in which the sun does not shine on the island;" the rain in that exceptionally mild climate never lasts more than a few hours at a time; and very often during that season it comes at regular intervals every day for weeks, so that one knows when it will surely rain and when it will be clear. This is very agreeable when it chooses

to rain in the night and be clear in the day-time, but very provoking when the contrary takes place. That winter had been of an extraordinary mildness, and with the exception of an hour or two of rain in the early morning, the weather had been spring-like, clear, and pleasant.

The preparations having all been completed, on the morning appointed the party set out, preceded by a traveling carriage with the Princess T——, her husband, Father Benso, and the Marquis C——. Then came the *lettiga*, a curious old contrivance used when there were no carriageable roads in the country, and preserved, together with several gilded carriages of the time of Louis XIV., in the carriage house of the dukes of M—— as a memento of old times. It consisted of a sort of double sedan-chair, elaborately carved in arabesques and gayly painted in red, white, and gold, topped with a knob supporting a gilded ducal coronet, and containing only two seats, one opposite the other. The interior had been newly lined with leather, the original damask having been wasted by age and moths, with the exception of the top-lining and window curtains. It opened on both sides like a stage-coach, and from each side steps could be let down that reached to the ground. Two elastic wooden poles, fastened to its sides by iron hoops, extended to the backs of two powerful mules, one before and the other behind, resting in loops of a strong leather belt that hung from each saddle. The saddles were of wood, with high bridges, ornamented with red woolen ribbons and tassels fastened with innumerable gilt-headed tacks, and hung with hundreds of jingling bells, ending at top with a large feather *panache*. The rest of the mules' accoutrements were similarly ornamented, and from their collars hung likewise a great number of jingling bells, which at every movement of the animals sent forth a harmonious sound. The motion of this conveyance was like that of a large rocking-chair. Two muleteers, dressed in the picturesque garb of the Sicilian peasantry, — an olive cotton velvet suit with brass buttons, and large

red sashes and red neckties, with the Masaniello red cap,—had charge of the mules, walking on foot by them. To the two American ladies this extraordinary conveyance was first assigned. The moment we were out of the city they were to mount their horses, which were led by grooms, and the lettiga was to be used alternately by the several ladies of the party. All the rest were on horseback, including our friends the captain of cavalry, the descendant of Cortez, and other ladies and gentlemen, some twenty surrounding and escorting the princess's carriage and the lettiga.

As we issued from the baronial palace the whole street turned out to see the cavalcade, and especially the old-fashioned, gilded lettiga with the two foreign ladies' faces peeping out from its small oval windows as from an old picture-frame. We had to move at a slow pace on account of the slippery pavement, so that we marched as if in a procession, the loafers and street-boys following us well out of the city, when, after the two American ladies had mounted their horses and two others taken their place in the lettiga, we started at a trot.

It was a beautiful day; the rain that had fallen in the early morning had only laid the dust and improved the road. As we passed by the cavalry quarters, several officers who had been invited joined our party, adding much, with their brilliant uniforms, clattering swords, and splendid horses, to the liveliness of the cavalcade.

It was indeed a singular sight; the old lettiga and muleteers, the modern carriage, the ladies on horseback with their black riding habits and cylinder hats, the officers in uniform, the gentlemen in riding suits with gray, Calabrian, conical hats with a tall eagle's feather, Father Benso in his monastic dress, and two brothers of the order mounted on white mules, who had joined us in our ascent, made it a scene worthy of the *Canterbury Tales*.

In ascending we passed through the village of Boccadifalco, a very falcon's mouth, as its name indicates, perched upon the craggy side of the Monreale

Mountain, a heap of low, miserable huts, overcrowded with a dirty, ragged, brigandish-looking population, who stared aghast at us but stood at a respectful distance; and further on, we halted a few minutes to admire an old, dilapidated feudal castle towering over the place higher up on the crazy summit.

A mile further brought us to the extensive and fertile valley of San Martino, the property of the abbey, which was kept in a fine state of cultivation. Vast vineyards spread to the right and left, leafless at this season of the year, but flanked by the aged olive-trees which for centuries have shaded them. Then followed orange and lemon groves hedged with prickly pear trees, aloes, and black-berry bushes, from among which peeped out the ever-blooming wild rose. The avenue leading to the abbey was level until we approached within a short distance, then it abruptly ascended till we reached the elevation where the convent stood on an extensive plateau. Here we entered by an iron gate a broad carriage drive winding through a park and garden that surrounded the abbey, the church, and out-buildings. From this point it looked more like a magnificent palace than a convent, and had it not been for the superb church attached to it, with its round cupola and lofty square belfry, it would have resembled the royal villa of Capodimonte.

On entering the park, we proceeded at a brisk trot through the main avenue, lined with immense walnut-trees, to the great gate of the cloister, where stood the abbot surrounded by several monks ready to receive the party. A number of lay-brothers, gardeners, and muleteers took the horses and carriages to the stables of the convent, while the whole party, after the usual welcome and kissing of the abbot's hands, were led by him to the church for a short prayer before the shrine of St. Martin. Then we came out again in front of the esplanade, and there the abbot gave his orders respecting the distribution and accommodation of the guests. The ladies and only two of the gentlemen, Prince T——, the abbot's brother, and the old

Marquis C——, were lodged in the *Forresteria* (the strangers' lodging), a very neat and pleasant edifice, built outside of the cloister walls for the special accommodation of ladies visiting the abbey;¹ all the other gentlemen were accommodated in the spare cells of the convent; and there were enough of them for all. Dinner was to be served at six o'clock, immediately after the Ave Maria service in the evening.

It was only two o'clock when we arrived at the convent, and we had all the rest of the afternoon before us. Soon after visiting our lodgings and cells we repaired to a cypress grove on the left of the park, where, sitting on rustic settees at tables in the open air, we were served with a simple lunch consisting of hot tea, coffee, and chocolate, with sweet biscuits, a specialty of the convent, known by the name of *Biscotti di San Martino*. These are as delicate as the English soda biscuits, with a peculiar flavor of anise-seed, and, as they are very thick and large, a biscuit is sufficient for one person's lunch.

After this we scattered in different groups, each escorted by one or two of the Benedictine fathers, in order to examine different interesting localities, the objects of art, and the picturesque natural scenery. The abbot with his sister-in-law and two or three other ladies formed one party; Father Benso with Miss H——, my wife, and Countess T——, another; while the prior, a venerable white-haired monk, escorted the rest. The gentlemen, however, who had no limits set to their sight-seeing, went about at will; and I, who was rather inclined to books, with two or three officers of the Italian army similarly disposed, took possession of the amiable librarian, Father M——, who kindly showed us the famous library and museum of the abbey.

Father M——, a thin, delicate, curly-haired man, with gold spectacles, reddish nose, and the blandest, sweetest smile imaginable, was the most learned monk in the whole convent. He was

never away from it, or I may say from its library. He knew and could speak most of the Oriental and European languages; he knew by heart the title and subject of all the books in the library, one half of which he had probably read or examined. He was of simple, unaffected, childlike manners, and with the least possible knowledge of the world or of men. With all his vast erudition he was a firm believer in ghosts, fairies, and witchcraft; in the actual visible appearance of the saints, the angels, and the devil. As to the last, he really believed that he could assume at will any form, human or bestial, to tempt mankind. He would never enter the museum of the library in the night-time without first making the sign of the cross, for fear that the ghosts of the departed knights might return and appear to him encased in the ancient armor that they wore in their life-time, and which now adorned every corner of the hall; nor enter the convent cemetery without an exorcism, in order to drive away the evil spirits that might hover about the place. In other respects he was the most refined, learned, good-natured, sincerely religious man in the world.

He showed us first the building. This formed a hollow square with a garden in the middle, surrounded by the cloister and containing the famous holy well of pure spring water. On the walls of each arched alcove of this cloister, supported by variously designed marble pillars with curiously wrought capitals, were represented in fresco different episodes of the holy life of St. Benedict. We then ascended, by a magnificent staircase of Sicilian jasper, to the main building, each wing of which was divided in the middle by wide corridors ending in immense balconies, overlooking different points of the valley below, the sea, and the mountains. The outer sides of these corridors contained the monks' cells, all of equal size, very plainly but neatly furnished, each with a small iron bedstead and woolen mattress, a few straw-bottomed chairs, a large table with a rug under it, a stuffed arm-chair covered with leather, a small book-case,

¹ Women are not allowed within the precincts of a cloister.

and some old religious paintings on the wall; a small closet served for the father's wardrobe. On the table stood a silver crucifix, a large breviary and other religious books, and writing materials. Two small windows commanded the fine scenery beneath.

Over the door of each cell was a portrait of some old abbot or holy monk who had lived in the abbey, painted in oil, but with very different degrees of artistic merit. Long Latin inscriptions under the frames recalled the religious, literary, or scientific merits of the originals.

Passing through these several corridors, admiring the lovely views from the balconies and some of the old pictures upon the walls, we entered the museum, containing a superb collection of ancient armor and weapons, some Saracenic, some Norman, and some of the Spanish period. Remarkable among these were several complete suits of armor of Norman knights and crusaders who, after having fought all over Europe and in the Holy Land, had retired to this hermitage of San Martino long before the actual convent had been built; and here, laying aside their weapons, had dedicated the rest of their lives to the service of God, living as anchorites in small huts or grottoes of the mountain about the sanctuary and holy well. There were also several Moorish suits of armor, scimitars, Damascus blades, flags, and other war trophies which had been taken in Palestine and offered at the shrine by the crusaders. Among them was an enormous steel morion, so heavy that hardly any of us could lift it from the shelf. The Saracen who wore it must have been of gigantic size and herculean strength to be able to carry it on his head and fight under it.

The superb library contained some eighty thousand volumes. While Father M—— was showing us several rare and interesting manuscripts, another father joined us, Father C——. He was the physician, surgeon, and apothecary of the convent, and an excellent botanist. He showed us a remarkable manuscript in Arabic, a very learned work on the

medicinal uses of plants, which he was translating with the assistance of Father M——.

After visiting the library Father C—— invited us to take a stroll in his botanic garden, which was within the cloister walls, and of which he was very proud. Descending by a white marble staircase at the back of the convent, we entered this extensive garden, sheltered from the north wind by the convent itself, the church, and out-buildings. In the centre there was a large hot-house, or rather glass house, for there was no stove or artificial heat of any kind, the shelter of the glass being sufficient to protect the delicate plants from the cold winter days. It was filled with Oriental and tropical plants. Palm-trees, pomegranates, bananas, pine-apples, sugar-canes, oleanders, cactuses, camelias, night-blooming cereus, magnolias, and similar plants, grew in the greatest profusion all along the high stone wall that surrounded it.

We were walking at leisure along the smooth path, following the lead of Father C——, who was politely explaining to us the different natures of some of the rare plants, when we were interrupted by the merry sound of laughter and of female voices that seemed to come from within the garden itself, and among them I recognized those of the American ladies. We were perfectly amazed, and gentle Father M——, lifting his hands horror-struck, exclaimed, "Why, I hope those ladies have not got by mistake inside of the cloister!"

"Oh, no! I don't believe they have; besides, they were escorted by Father Benso," said I.

"Still, the voices sound as if they were within the garden," insisted Father M——.

"Let us go and see," I said; and we moved together toward the place whence the voices proceeded. As we approached nearer we heard the two American ladies and Countess T—— debating in an earnest tone with Father Benso.

"Now suppose I were to jump inside the wall, what would be the consequence, Father Benso?" I heard one of the American ladies say.

"Why, madam, you would not do that; it would be sacrilege!"

"As to that, Father Benso, we are Protestants, and do not believe in these notions of a cloister; I, for my part, am ready to do it."

"And I," continued the other American lady, "am ready to follow you. Let us jump in and pick some nice flowers; look, how beautiful they are!" exclaimed she with a merry laugh. The thing was more easily said than done, for the wall was about nine feet high.

"I will not do it if it is a sin, although I have a great temptation and curiosity to do so," said Countess T——.

"Come, come, countess, no matter about the sin; it would be only a very venial one, and you would easily get absolution," jocosely exclaimed the American ladies together, who had not the least idea of doing it, but liked to tease poor Father Benso, who was in a fever about it, fearing that those independent, capricious ladies might really attempt it.

"Oh, no, no, *per carità*" (for pity's sake); "what would the abbot say?" he piteously expostulated.

"Why, he would absolve us, of course, he is so good and gentle. Besides, we don't wish to enter the monastery itself, where you live, but the garden, where there are so many beautiful flowers. We do not see where is the difference; if it is not a sin to look into it, why should it be to walk through it?"

"But the cloister, good ladies, the cloister; that garden is within it, and therefore forbidden ground for you," insisted Father Benso.

"That is the very reason we want to go in. Are we not daughters of Eve, Father Benso?" shouted the Americans.

A merry peal of laughter followed this repartee, myself and the two officers, who at that moment came in sight of the ladies, joining in. Fathers M—— and C—— were somewhat scandalized, however, and looked amazed, fearing lest the ladies really had entered the cloister or were about to do so.

As we emerged from a thick grove of willow-trees we came in sight of the high wall of the garden, from the top of

which peeped out their three heads and six hands through the rich green foliage and crimson flowers of a superb oleander which grew on the inside, and which had been the principal inducement for them to climb on the wall, in order that they might pick some of the flowers and at the same time peep into the garden. They had been walking in an orange grove on the outside, where some peasants had been gathering the fruits, which they do by ascending ladders and clipping the oranges and part of the stem with sharp scissors. When these men had left work they had leaned their ladders against the wall of the cloister garden.

"Ladies, ladies, stay where you are; this is forbidden ground for you!" exclaimed Father M——, motioning with both his hands that they should proceed no further. At the same moment we perceived Father Benso's head appearing above the wall, for he, hearing our voices and laughter, had climbed another ladder to see who was there, and to prevent the ladies from jumping in. His close-shaved, fine face and delicate hands would have led one to mistake him for another lady had it not been for his close-cropped hair and monastic silk skull cap. It was a ludicrous scene, reminding one of the appearance of the *dramatis personæ* of a Punch and Judy show; and we carried on a lively discussion of the cloistral laws on that boundary of the cloister.

While we were thus talking we heard other voices on the outside, among which were those of the Princess T—— and the abbot. The ladies descended from their ladders, but all the other ladies of the party claimed the same privilege, and one after another took a peep from the top of the wall into the cloister garden, while we on the inside picked the choicest flowers to present to them.

It was now growing late in the afternoon, and the air among those mountains was rather cold, but so pure and invigorating that we all preferred remaining outside to enjoy it; so, providing ourselves with overcoats and the ladies with shawls and wraps, we sat down on the

stone benches and marble steps in front of the church, and admired the sun setting behind the mountains, and the wonderful effect and changes of colors produced on the distant Mediterranean and the Bay of Palermo, that lay, still as a lake, thousands of feet below us.

We had come to the end of one of those calm, clear, bright, temperately cold winter days of Sicily, with hardly a single cloud in the sky, excepting a cluster low in the west illumined by the rays of the setting sun. These clouds would be coming up during the night and pour down an hour or two of rain, but at this moment they were the crowning glory of the far-off mountain tops and the western sky. As the sun approached them they absorbed it within their folds, leaving only a deep, fiery gold fringe that sharply defined their wavy outlines. Every object assumed a pinkish hue, beautiful to look at and yet sad. The high peaks of the surrounding mountains, especially Monreale, with its ruined old Saracenic castle, and Montecuccio, whose conical top resembles an extinct volcano, shone fiery red as the sun still struck them with all its force unclouded; and with their slopes and valleys beneath already shrouded in darkness, they had really the appearance of burning volcanoes.

Darker and darker it grew, and the pink became gray and the surrounding objects more and more indistinct. We all stood in deep reverie, admiring the successive changes of that lovely sunset on the mountains and on the sea in the stillness of that lofty position, with that immense old Latin structure behind us. We were silent. The birds themselves were hushed in the boughs, and the cattle in the pastures; when on a sudden we were startled by the tolling of the monastery bells from the lofty belfry, announcing the hour of the Ave Maria, and calling the faithful to church for the evening prayer. Father Benso stood up, and, as if inspired, recited those lovely lines of Dante:—

" 'Twas now the hour that brings to men at sea,
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,

Fond thoughts and longing back with them to be;
And thrills the pilgrim with a tender spell
Of love, if haply, now upon his way,
He faintly hear a chime from some far bell,
That seems to mourn the dying of the day."

And one of the American ladies repeated in a low tone the sad, sweet stanza of Gray, —

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Then we followed the venerable abbot into the church, where the monks, the farmers, and laborers of the abbey had already assembled. The abbot took his place on the throne on the left of the vast chancel, with the prior opposite to him, and all the fathers in regular order in the upper tier of the elaborately carved wooden stalls of the choir, with the lay brothers and gentlemen guests in a lower tier of stalls, while the ladies were seated on chairs reserved for them in front of the chancel. One of the fathers performed the service, and we all chanted in chorus the simple evening prayer, Ave Maria, and the Pange Lingua of the Catholic ritual, after which we received, kneeling, the benediction of the Host.

As we issued from the church after the service it was already dark, and the company was divided into two parties for dinner: the ladies, with Prince T—, the old Marquis C—, the abbot and Father Benso, in the Foresteria, where there was only room for a few persons; the rest of the gentlemen in the refectory with the monks. The dinner was served from the convent kitchen, and it was precisely the same on both tables.

The refectory was a large hall lighted with wax candles. At the further end of it hung a life-size painting of the Lord's Supper, a fair copy of Leonardo da Vinci's, and on the other wall several portraits of old monks. The table was spread on a raised platform in the shape of a horseshoe. On the outside centre of this stood the abbot's high-backed, deeply-carved arm-chair with a wooden canopy over it displaying the abbot's insignia. On the right of this chair was the prior's, on the left the senior father's; then followed all the other monks in regular order. We were distributed among the fathers, and I was fortunate enough

to sit between my friend Father M——, the librarian, and Father C——, the botanist.

The table was very neatly but plainly set, each guest having his clean napkin containing a roll of bread, on a white china plate. A small bottle of wine, the pure white and red juice of the abbey's vineyards, stood beside each, with the silver forks and spoons, and ivory-handled knives.

The occasion being Christmas Eve, the dinner was of *magro*, that is, without meat. The conversation during the dinner was of a general character, at times learned, at others gossipy, sometimes humorous, with occasional flashes of wit, of which the good fathers made quite a lively display. In fact, had they not been clothed in their monastic robes, we should hardly have known but that we were dining with a party of highly cultivated, refined, and very social men of the world.

After dinner we retired to some of the fathers' cells and to an excellent billiard-room with two tables, to have a game and smoke a cigar; after which we went over to the Foresteria, where Princess T—— held a sort of *conversazione*. This broke up very soon after, however, for the abbot advised the ladies to retire and obtain a few hours' rest after the fatigues of the journey, in order to be ready at midnight for the Christmas-Eve service. The church bells would chime the first call at half-past eleven. We left the Foresteria, but not to retire, for with the exception of the abbot and the prior, and a few of the old fathers, the monks sat up to keep us company and pass the time till the midnight hour, some playing at billiards, some at whist; others, and I among them, looking over ancient manuscripts and curiosities in the library and museum, smoking excellent cigars, with which the fathers were well-provided, and sipping occasionally a cup of coffee, chocolate, or tea. Thus the evening passed very socially and pleasantly till after eleven o'clock, when we had prepared a little surprise to awake the ladies.

It is an old custom among the lower

classes in Sicily during the Novena to sing every evening at the Ave Maria, before the image of the Madonna and Child, pastoral religious songs accompanied by bag-pipes; these are wonderfully well played by real shepherds, who come down on purpose from their mountains and play during the nine evenings from house to house, receiving a small fee from each. This is in commemoration of the shepherds' adoration of the Holy Child. The bag-pipes they use are similar to the Scotch, but at least four times their size, the bag being made out of the entire skin of a large ram, and capable, therefore, of containing a great volume of wind, which makes it almost as powerful as a harmonium. At our request the fathers had procured six of these shepherds with their pipes, and we all had learned the usual Novena songs with refrain to sing in chorus, preluded and accompanied by these bag-pipes. To this was added an imitation of the singing of birds, which is done with a delicate reed pipe inserted in water within a glass and blown in a peculiar manner. Several of the monks were quite adepts at this, and could imitate the call of almost every variety of singing birds. This is to represent the rejoicing of nature at the birth of our Saviour.

A little before half-past eleven we all quietly sallied forth, some forty of us, with our six bag-pipers, and assembled in front of the Foresteria. After a short prelude of the bag-pipes accompanied by the imitation of birds'-songs we broke forth with the Sicilian Nativity Song:—

“È la notti di Natali,
N'cu nasciu lu Bammineddu
N'tra na grutta cu l'armali,
Mmensu un voi e n'asineddu.”

“Tis the blessed night of Christmas,
When was born the infant holy,
In a manger where the asses
Fed with oxen strong and lowly.”

After each stanza of the song would follow a short interlude of bag-pipes and birds'-songs that in the still, cold night-air echoed from mountain to mountain, till lost far in the distance.

We had hardly finished the first refrain when we saw lights in the several rooms of the Foresteria, and heads peep-

ing behind the blinds, and a little while after, all the ladies were up and at the windows, listening with delight to this novel serenade. The two American ladies attempted to applaud, and cried out "Bravo!" but were checked by the others, who as Catholics knew that it was not proper to applaud a religious song in praise of the Bambino.

The church bells began to chime, but the farmers, villagers, and mountaineers of the neighborhood had already begun to assemble, and many had stopped near us to hear the song. These came with their families, including the babies in arms; and in fact there was hardly a grown woman without one, for it is one of the usages of those good country people that the infants should be brought to church on that night, that they may see, touch, and kiss the holy Bambino, for that will bring them good fortune, save them from danger, and make them good when grown up.

The monks went into the cloister to make ready for the service, while we, after waiting for the ladies to come down, escorted them to church. They took their seats in front of the chancel, while we all sat within the choir with the lay brothers, as at the evening service. The great altar was brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of wax candles, coming out from among innumerable bunches of flowers and Christmas wreaths with which the ladies had adorned it in the afternoon; but the body of the church was rather dark, being lighted only by chandeliers hanging from each of the arches of the nave, and by six candles on each of the side altars, giving it a sombre but solemn appearance. The perfume of the flowers, especially of the orange blossoms, pervaded the atmosphere. One of the side chapels, in which the *presepio* had been prepared, was screened from sight by a green curtain, which was to be thrown aside during the service at the Gloria in Excelsis Deo of the mass. The church was rather cold at that hour of the night, but we had been warned of it, and wore our warmest garments.

When we took our seats the church was already filled with country people

in their picturesque national costumes, which made it so much more interesting to us, — the men in their Sunday suits of green cotton velvet, bright red scarfs, flaring bandanas for neck-handkerchiefs, and the maroon Greek *capote* gracefully hanging from their shoulders; the young women with green or blue woolen dresses, and all varieties of colored silk shawls over their heads, held under the chin so as to reveal only the face and a small space on the top of the forehead which displayed their invariably black hair. Those who had babies (and it was the greater number) had these shawls so arranged that they covered both heads, reminding us vividly of the original models of the Madonna and Child, so familiar all over the world through reproductions of Italian art.

Precisely as the clock struck twelve the service began, by celebrating the grand mass, with pastoral music on the organ, played by one of the fathers, an excellent musician; on this special occasion the organ was accompanied at intervals by the playing of the bag-pipes and the birds'-singing. This, in the stillness of the night and the immense dark space of the echoing nave of the church, sounded exceedingly novel and strange. The service was very impressive, however, the venerable white-haired prior celebrating the mass, assisted by two of the oldest monks as deacon and subdeacon, con, and Father M——, the librarian, as master of ceremonies, as it is called, together with a large number of lay brothers as acolytes.

Before the Gloria in Excelsis Deo they all moved in regular procession in front of the chapel where the *presepio* was prepared, ourselves and most of the people following after. As the head of the procession reached it the green veil was thrown aside, displaying a very artistic miniature representation, in high relief, of a landscape with the holy manger in front. There the prior began to chant the "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus," followed by the organ, the bag-pipes, the birds'-singing, and the choir, who took up the anthem and sang it to the end, while we, partly kneeling,

partly standing in front of the presepio, adored the Bambino (Holy Child); all the mothers lifting their babies up in order to have a look at it. These in turn lifted up their voices, which, added to the promiscuous sounds of the organ, the voices, the bag-pipes, and birds'-singing, made rather a discord. But this we did not mind, for we were intensely interested admiring the presepio. This occupied the whole depth of the side chapel, beginning in front at an elevation of about four feet, and gradually rising up to six or seven, ending in a background of sea and sky painted on canvas. The front of this was occupied by the manger, made of cork and clay painted over so as to represent rough stones, with the holy Bambino of wax lying on straw, of rather a large size as compared with the rest of the personages, for it was nearly a foot long, but very natural, with plump, pink cheeks, and cunning little hands and feet. All the other personages were made of pasteboard with faces of wax, with remarkably natural expressions and attitudes, and over two feet high: the Madonna, with a sweet, motherly face, kneeling down worshipping the Bambino on one side, and the patriarchal, white-haired St. Joseph in the same attitude on the other; the ox and the ass over the Bambino, warming him with their breath; a number of shepherds and shepherdesses, some kneeling and offering gifts of fruits, doves, vegetables, others coming in with gifts, and two standing in the background playing on bag-pipes. Over the manger flashed a halo of gold and silver rays, in which were suspended little wax angels in flying attitudes, playing on several instruments, and a larger one in the middle, holding a strip of paper with the words, "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus."

The rest of the presepio represented an imaginary hilly country of Judea, with the city of Bethlehem on a summit; several villages, villas, farm-houses, woods, and groves; roads traversing the whole landscape and winding up and down the hills; the whole alive with rural life and work: shepherds coming to the man-

ger; others starting up in affright from among a flock of sleeping sheep, awakened by the angel who brought them the "good tidings of great joy," pointing with his finger to a brilliantly glittering star, or comet rather, that shone in the east over the manger: farmers already at work, plowing the fields with admirably well-executed yokes of oxen; others with carts full of vegetables going to market; others on horses or mules conducting herds of cattle to the pastures: the whole exquisitely done, especially the animals, in all conceivable natural attitudes. It was brilliantly lighted up by innumerable oil lamps, hidden everywhere out of sight, which gave it a very charming and picturesque effect.

The only anomaly in the landscape was a distant view of the sea, supposed to be the Sea of Galilee, with a miniature steamer plying backward and forwards, the side-wheel revolving, and the funnel sending forth volumes of odoriferous incense. As a smile of surprise played about our lips at this extraordinary anachronism, Father C—— explained to us that the old lay brother who prepared the presepio was so elated at his own bright idea and inventive genius, and had set his heart so much on having the sweet-smelling incense issue out of the steamer's funnel, that when the fathers first saw it they did not like to disappoint the good old ignorant friar by informing him of the inconsistency of the thing, especially as they did not expect a very critical congregation; for, with the exception of our party, the worshipers that night would have been only ignorant mountaineers who would have known no better.

After the singing of the Gloria we all returned to our seats, and Father Benso ascended the pulpit to preach his Christmas-Eve sermon. He spoke in the Sicilian dialect, in order to be understood by that large auditory of illiterate country people. It was the first time we had heard him preach in it, for he always used the Italian language before the cultivated audiences of Palermo. He took for a text the first part of the second chapter of Luke, and translated

the narrative of our Saviour's birth, as therein described, into Sicilian, and then he preached on the subject, laying stress upon the fact of our Lord's coming into the world in a manger, among shepherds and peasants. At one point he brought tears into the eyes of every mother in that church, by a vivid and pathetic description of the sufferings of the blessed Madonna in bringing forth her child, and such a child, in so low a place, deprived of the meanest comforts, in a cold winter night. It was, said he, the beginning of that sorrowful life and painful death to which our Saviour submitted for our sins and for our redemption, each pang of which, as with a sword, must pierce the heart of his loving mother. He expatiated on the love of mothers for their children, urging them to follow the example of the Madonna, and to remember the duties that they owed to their children, and the responsibility that rested on each to bring them up in the love and fear of God.

It was a very eloquent and effective sermon, and so much more attractive to us because spoken in that soft, Sicilian language, so full of vowels, so euphonious, and which recalled to the philologist that first union of the Greek vowels and terminations with the low Latin, from which sprang afterwards the Italian language.

After the sermon the grand mass was continued, with the pastoral music accompaniment as before, and ended with the so-called pontifical blessing; after which the deacon, subdeacon, and all the other assistants retired, and the prior remained alone to offer two other masses in the low form; for on Christmas each priest celebrates the mass three times. As these are not obligatory on the laity, the whole congregation rose, and our party went over to admire the presepio more minutely, and assist at the kissing of the Bambino.

This was conducted by Father M—, who, attended by four acolytes with lighted torches, took the blessed child from his manger, and holding it in his hands stood in front of the presepio protected by a rail, and as each devotee

approached, he held it forward to be kissed and to be touched with the forehead. The mothers were very particular to have their children and their babies do likewise, or at least touch it with their foreheads when they were too young to kiss it. It was tiresome for the priest who held the Bambino, but our good librarian was just the man for that patient labor, with his gentle, good-natured, cheerful disposition.

We stood on one side, admiring this scene and the characteristic types that came forward to perform this religious act. They all advanced slowly out of the darkness, for nearly all the lights of the church had been put out after the grand mass, and as they approached the presepio the bright red light of it illuminated their faces gradually, disclosing first their black eyes, and then by degrees their sunburnt and wild mountaineer aspect. The men looked almost brigandish, and some, indeed, were very nearly so, for the *mafusi* element predominated among them. The old women, wrinkled and bronzed by the Sicilian sun and outdoor exposure, with their white or black shawls over their heads, and their uncombed gray hair, resembled Michael Angelo's *Parca*. The young women, however, were very handsome brunettes; and as they stood now, old and young, in their picturesque costumes, eagerly admiring and kissing the blessed Bambino, lighted up only by the strong, red glare of the presepio, each family group would have been a fit subject for a Rembrandt.

It was past two o'clock in the morning when the service was over, and we all left the church enlivened by a joyful, pastoral, valedictory voluntary on the organ, with full accompaniment of bag-pipes and birds'-songs, to which was added a merry chime from the church bells. When we emerged into the cold open air, we all wished each other a merry Christmas, and would have lingered longer, only that the sky was very dark and overcast. Those clouds that looked so crimson and lovely at sunset had already spread themselves all over the heavens, and were threatening the

usual periodical rain, which in fact fell in showers half an hour later, when we had taken shelter, the ladies in the Foresteria, we in the refectory. Here a cold supper was served. The same was also provided for the ladies in the Foresteria, but this time they supped by themselves, the abbot and other monks being with us in the refectory.

Our supper did not last long, for we all felt rather tired, and the presence of the abbot prevented any lively conversation, such as we had indulged in during dinner, so that after a short prayer and blessing from him we retired to our cells. It was the first time in my life that I had slept in a monastic cell. I knew I could not go to sleep at once if I went to bed. I lighted a cigar and sat down in the old leather arm-chair behind the table, taking a survey of the cell, and musing on the life led therein by the old monks. An old-fashioned, brass oil lamp with two wicks, with a green silk shade over it, spread a dim light around, except on the silver crucifix which stood near it on the table, on which, with its accompanying silver skull and cross-bones, it fell unobstructed. A time-worn breviary and missal lay beside it. On the wall opposite to where I sat hung the portrait of an old monk, of more than two centuries ago, painted by some good artist of the Monrealese school. It was worn out and covered with dust, but the features were so vivid and life-like that it seemed as if ready to come out of its frame and open its mouth to speak. It was a venerable head, with a broad forehead, luminous eyes, and a very intellectual expression. Under the frame was the usual inscription in black, Roman, capital letters, and of which I could only distinguish the following:—

REVERENDISSIMVS. PATER. JACOBVS. MON-
SALBVS. ORDINEM. PREDICATORIS . . .
PISSIMVS. ELOQVENTISSIMVS . . .
OBITU. A. D. 1631.

On the walls on either side of the door there was an Ecce Homo and a St. Benedict; between the two windows, a St. Francis; over my seat, a beautiful painting of a Mater Dolorosa, the un-

doubted work of a master. There were the usual four chairs, a small book-case full of Latin religious works and lives of saints, the only modern books among them being the works of Montalembert, in French. There was a closet on one side, into which I had the curiosity to look. It contained an old, worn-out hood and tunic, full of dust and cobwebs, which had belonged, probably, to the last occupant of the cell, and been forgotten there. The little bed stood beside it with its woolen coverlid and plain linen sheets. There was no fire-place, and the rain that was then falling, and the cold mountain air, made it very chilly, so that I was fain at last to betake myself to my monastic cot.

I could not have been asleep very long, when I was suddenly awakened by a nasal, drawling voice saying, “Deo gratias!” I started in my sleep, half sitting in bed, and my first impression was that old Pater Jacobus had really stepped down from his frame and was standing there at the foot of my bed with a lighted wax candle in his hand; but lifting my eyes to the wall I perceived by the faint light which the candle shed in the dark room that the old picture had not moved from under its dust and cobwebs, and looking back to the figure near me I recognized brother Francis, one of the lay brothers who did the domestic work, who had come to wake me up.

“Good morning, brother Francis,” said I.

“Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum,” ejaculated the worthy brother, desirous to display the little knowledge of Latin which he had acquired by serving the masses and dabbling with the missal, going to the table at the same time, and lighting the lamp for me to dress by.

“Et cum spirito tuo,” replied I, with the usual response; and then I added, “How, now, brother Francis; what time is it?”

“Cantabat gallus; it is already dawn, and you must hurry if you wish to see the sun rise; the other gentlemen are all awake and dressing. Will you have a cup of coffee, or chocolate, with a St. Martin’s biscuit?”

"Coffee, coffee," said I, "and no matter about the biscuit." And brother Francis left the cell with a valedictory "*Dominus sit semper vobiscum.*" A few minutes after he returned with a little brass pot with excellent black coffee, a cup of which woke me up completely. I could hear the clashing of the cavalry-officers' swords as they buckled them on, which sounded very odd in that locality, especially as we were all exchanging salutations in the monastic forms, calling each other friar John, and friar Louis; and the Benedicite, *Pax vobiscum, Deo gratias, Deus sit vobis*, went backwards and forwards from one cell to another.

We joined the ladies and took a very pleasant stroll up to an old hermitage, from which we had a superb view of the sunrise. Returning, we sat down to a very substantial breakfast in the garden of the Foresteria.

Towards noon we took leave of the venerable abbot and kind fathers, who accompanied us through the avenue to the outer gate, where, after receiving their blessing, we took our way leisurely back to town, delighted at the interesting and novel Christmas Eve passed at the old abbey of San Martino.

Four years after the excursion narrated above, and two after the suppression of the monastic orders in Italy, some of the ladies and gentlemen of that same party went up on horseback to revisit the old abbey. It was as beautiful a day in winter as the one we had previously spent there. As we entered the boundaries of the abbey estates, now under the administration of the Italian government, we met large parties of strong, healthy-looking boys from the age of ten to eighteen, dressed in blue drilling with wide straw hats, working in squads on different parts of the estate under the superintendence of farmers, among whom we recognized several of the old lay brothers of the abbey. When we reached the inner gate, there stood our kind old abbot, with Father C—, the botanist, and two fathers; the others were dispersed, and gone to their several homes.

They invited us all in, for the cloister rules having been removed, ladies were allowed to enter within its former precincts, which had now been turned into an agricultural school for peasant children. The ladies were delighted at being allowed to visit the interior of the convent and admire the wonderful views from the balconies of the corridors. But to us men who had seen it in its monastic form the change was very sad, though it might be for the better.

The vast library had disappeared, and together with the carved cases, shelves, and brass balustrades had been transferred to the public library of Palermo, where it is accessible to all, and where kind Father M—, who would not part with his beloved books, still officiates as librarian. The interesting museum had gone to the public museum of the city, with all the paintings and monks' portraits by good masters, which hang now in its picture gallery. The halls thus left empty were occupied as dormitories by about two hundred boys. Some of the poorer paintings, not worth transferring to the National Museum, were hanging still in the corridors. I had the curiosity to look into the cell in which I had slept on that Christmas Eve. Alas, how changed! It contained four small straw beds, four chairs, and a coarse table, and in the closet some of the four boys' clothing. Not a picture nor a nail was left on the wall; poor Pater Jacobus having disappeared with the rest.

The refectory, stripped of its copy of Da Vinci's *Lord's Supper* and other pictures, and of the raised horseshoe table and carved seats, contained now narrow, plain board tables with hundreds of stools on each side to accommodate the boys. The church had not been touched, nor the abbot's apartment and the three monks' cells; the abbot having accepted the post of director, and the others those of chaplain and instructors of that school, in order to remain and end their days in the old monastery they so dearly and religiously loved.

The amiable abbot showed the ladies his excellent private library, and invited

us all to partake of a little lunch in his rooms, which we did. But a feeling of loneliness pervaded the whole atmosphere, increased tenfold by the meek expression of sorrow and resignation in the face of our good abbot. He showed us the new arrangements of the convent, the dormitories, school-rooms, refectory, and play-grounds of the boys under his charge; and in this he seemed to take a great interest, never expressing any complaint against the change, or the acts of the Italian government.

We did not stay long; we felt almost

as if the place had been desecrated. As we descended we found the old, quiet, solitary cloister filled with hundreds of boys at their play. The venerable abbot blessed us, and we sadly shook hands with Father C—— and the last two monks. We took our way through the wide lane and across the valley, occasionally casting sorrowful looks behind; our reason told us that progress and civilization had gained, but our hearts could not repress a feeling of regret at the departed glory of the old Abbey of San Martino.

Luigi Monti.

NEWS FROM OLYMPIA.¹

OLYMPIA? Yes, strange tidings from the city

Which pious mortals builded, stone by stone,
For those old gods of Hellas, half in pity

Of their storm-mantled height and dwelling lone, —
Their seat upon the mountain overhanging

Where Zeus withdrew behind the rolling cloud,
Where crowned Apollo sang, the phorminx twanging,
And at Poseidon's word the forests bowed.

Ay, but that fated day
When from the plain Olympia passed away;
When ceased the oracles, and long unwept
Amid their fanes the gods deserted fell,
While sacerdotal ages, as they slept,
The ruin covered well!

The pale Jew flung his cross, thus one has written,
Among them as they sat at the high feast,
And saw the gods, before that token smitten,
Fade slowly, while His presence still increased,
Until the seas Ionian and Ægean
Gave out a cry that Pan himself was dead,
And all was still: thenceforth no more the pæan,
No more by men the prayer to Zeus was said.

Sank, like a falling star,
Hephaistos in the Lemnian waters far;

¹ "One after the other the figures described by Pausanias are dragged from the earth. Niké has been found; the head of Kladeos is there; Myrtilos

is announced, and Zeus will soon emerge. This is earnest of what may follow." (Dispatch to the London Times.)

The silvery Huntress fled the darkened sky;
 Dim grew Athene's helm, Apollo's crown;
 Alpheios' nymphs stood wan and trembling by
 When Hera's fane went down.

News! what news? Has it in truth then ended,
 The term appointed for that wondrous sleep?
 Has Earth so well her fairest brood defended
 Within her bosom? Was their slumber deep
 Not this our dreamless rest that knows no waking,
 But that to which the years are as a day?
 What! are they coming back, their prison breaking,—
 These gods of Homer's chant, of Pindar's lay?

Are they coming back in might,
 Olympia's gods, to claim their ancient right?
 Shall then the sacred majesty of old,
 The grace that holy was, the noble rage,
 Temper our strife, abate our greed for gold,
 Make fine the modern age?

Yes, they are coming back, to light returning!
 Bold are the hearts and void of fear the hands
 That toil, the lords of War and Spoil unurning,
 Or of their sisters fair that break the bands;
 That loose the sovran mistress of desire,
 Queen Aphrodite, to possess the earth
 Once more; that dare renew dread Hera's ire,
 And rouse old Pan to wantonness of mirth.

The herald Niké, first,
 From the dim resting-place unfettered burst,
 Winged victor over fate and time and death!
 Zeus follows next, and all his children then;
 Phoibos awakes and draws a joyous breath,
 And Love returns to men.

Ah, let them come, the glorious Immortals,
 Rulers no more, but with mankind to dwell,
 The dear companions of our hearts and portals,
 Voiceless, unworshiped, yet beloved right well!
 Pallas shall sit enthroned in wisdom's station,
 Eros and Psyche be forever wed,
 And still the primal loveliest creation
 Yield new delight from ancient beauty bred.

Triumphant as of old,
 Changeless while Art and Song their warrant hold,
 The visions of our childhood haunt us still,
 Still Hellas sways us with her charm supreme.
 The morn is past, but Man has not the will
 To banish yet the dream.

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE AMERICAN.

XIX.

NEWMAN possessed a remarkable talent for sitting still when it was necessary, and he had an opportunity to use it on his journey to Switzerland. The successive hours of the night brought him no sleep; but he sat motionless in his corner of the railway-carriage, with his eyes closed, and the most observant of his fellow-travelers might have envied him his apparent slumber. Toward morning slumber really came, as an effect of mental rather than of physical fatigue. He slept for a couple of hours, and at last, waking, found his eyes resting upon one of the snow-powdered peaks of the Jura, behind which the sky was just reddening with the dawn. But he saw neither the cold mountain nor the warm sky; his consciousness began to throb again, on the very instant, with a sense of his wrong. He got out of the train half an hour before it reached Geneva, in the cold morning twilight, at the station indicated in Valentin's telegram. A drowsy station-master was on the platform with a lantern, and the hood of his overcoat over his head, and near him stood a gentleman who advanced to meet Newman. This personage was a man of forty, with a tall, lean figure, a sallow face, a dark eye, a neat moustache, and a pair of fresh gloves. He took off his hat, looking very grave, and pronounced Newman's name. Our hero assented and said, "You are M. de Bellegarde's friend?"

"I unite with you in claiming that sad honor," said the gentleman. "I had placed myself at M. de Bellegarde's service in this melancholy affair, together with M. de Grosjoyaux, who is now at his bedside. M. de Grosjoyaux, I believe, has had the honor of meeting you in Paris, but as he is a better nurse than I he remained with our poor friend. Bellegarde has been eagerly expecting you."

"And how is Bellegarde?" said Newman. "He was badly hit?"

"The doctor has condemned him; we brought a surgeon with us. But he will die in the best sentiments. I sent last evening for the curé of the nearest French village, who spent an hour with him. The curé was quite satisfied."

"Heaven forgive us!" groaned Newman. "I would rather the doctor were satisfied! And can he see me, — will he know me?"

"When I left him, half an hour ago, he had fallen asleep, after a feverish, wakeful night. But we shall see." And Newman's companion proceeded to lead the way out of the station to the village, explaining as he went that the little party was lodged in the humblest of Swiss inns, where, however, they had succeeded in making M. de Bellegarde much more comfortable than could at first have been expected. "We are old companions in arms," said Valentin's second; "it is not the first time that one of us has helped the other to lie easily. It is a very nasty wound, and the nastiest thing about it is that Bellegarde's adversary was no shot. He put his bullet where he could. It took it into its head to walk straight into Bellegarde's left side, just below the heart."

As they picked their way in the gray, deceptive dawn, between the manure heaps of the village street, Newman's new acquaintance narrated the particulars of the duel. The conditions of the meeting had been that if the first exchange of shots should fail to satisfy one of the two gentlemen, a second should take place. Valentin's first bullet had done exactly what Newman's companion was convinced he had intended it to do; it had grazed the arm of M. Stanislas Kapp, just scratching the flesh. M. Kapp's own projectile, meanwhile, had passed at ten good inches from the person of Valentin. The representatives of M. Stanislas had demanded another

shot, which was granted. Valentin had then fired aside and the young Alsatian had done effective execution. "I saw, when we met him on the ground," said Newman's informant, "that he was not going to be *commode*. It is a kind of bovine temperament." Valentin had immediately been installed at the inn, and M. Stanislas and his friends had withdrawn to regions unknown. The police authorities of the canton had waited upon the party at the inn, had been extremely majestic, and had drawn up a long *procès-verbal*; but it was probable that they would wink at so very gentlemanly a bit of bloodshed. Newman asked whether a message had not been sent to Valentin's family, and learned that up to a late hour on the preceding evening Valentin had opposed it. He had refused to believe his wound was dangerous. But after his interview with the curé he had consented, and a telegram had been dispatched to his mother. "But the marquise had better hurry!" said Newman's conductor.

"Well, it's an abominable affair!" said Newman. "That's all I have got to say!" To say this, at least, in a tone of infinite disgust, was an irresistible need.

"Ah, you don't approve?" questioned his conductor, with curious urbanity.

"Approve?" cried Newman. "I wish that when I had him there, night before last, I had locked him up in my *cabinet de toilette*!"

Valentin's late second opened his eyes, and shook his head up and down two or three times, gravely, with a little flute-like whistle. But they had reached the inn, and a stout maid-servant in a night-cap was at the door with a lantern, to take Newman's traveling-bag from the porter who trudged behind him. Valentin was lodged on the ground-floor at the back of the house, and Newman's companion went along a stone-faced passage and softly opened a door. Then he beckoned to Newman, who advanced and looked into the room, which was lighted by a single shaded candle. Beside the fire sat M. de Grosjoux asleap in his dressing-gown, — a little plump,

fair man whom Newman had seen several times in Valentin's company. On the bed lay Valentin, pale and still, with his eyes closed — a figure very shocking to Newman, who had seen it hitherto awake to its finger tips. M. de Grosjoux's colleague pointed to an open door beyond, and whispered that the doctor was within, keeping guard. So long as Valentin slept, or seemed to sleep, of course Newman could not approach him; so our hero withdrew for the present, committing himself to the care of the half-waked *bonne*. She took him to a room above-stairs, and introduced him to a bed on which a magnified bolster, in yellow calico, figured as a counterpane. Newman lay down, and, in spite of his counterpane, slept for three or four hours. When he awoke, the morning was advanced and the sun was filling his window, and he heard, outside of it, the clucking of hens. While he was dressing there came to his door a messenger from M. de Grosjoux and his companion, proposing that he should breakfast with them. Presently he went downstairs to the little stone-paved dining-room, where the maid-servant, who had taken off her night-cap, was serving the repast. M. de Grosjoux was there, surprisingly fresh for a gentleman who had been playing sick-nurse half the night, rubbing his hands and watching the breakfast table attentively. Newman renewed acquaintance with him, and learned that Valentin was still sleeping; the surgeon, who had had a fairly tranquil night, was at present sitting with him. Before M. de Grosjoux's associate reappeared, Newman learned that his name was M. Ledaux, and that Belle-garde's acquaintance with him dated from the days when they served together in the Pontifical Zouaves. M. Ledaux was the nephew of a distinguished Ultramontane bishop. At last the bishop's nephew came in with a toilet in which an ingenious attempt at harmony with the peculiar situation was visible, and with a gravity tempered by a decent deference to the best breakfast that the Croix Helvétique had ever set forth. Valentin's servant, who was allowed only

in scanty measure the honor of watching with his master, had been lending a light Parisian hand in the kitchen. The two Frenchmen did their best to prove that if circumstances might overshadow, they could not really obscure, the national talent for conversation, and M. Ledaux delivered a neat little eulogy on poor Bellegarde, whom he pronounced the most daring Englishman he had ever known.

"Do you call him an Englishman?" Newman asked.

M. Ledaux smiled a moment and then made an epigram. "C'est plus qu'un Anglais — c'est un Anglomane!" Newman said sombrely that he had never noticed it; and M. de Grosjoyaux remarked that it was really too soon to deliver a funeral oration upon poor Bellegarde. "Evidently," said M. Ledaux. "But I could n't help observing this morning to Mr. Newman, that when a man has taken such excellent measures for his salvation as our dear friend did last evening, it seems almost a pity he should put it in peril again by returning to the world." M. Ledaux was a great Catholic, and Newman thought him a queer mixture. His countenance, by daylight, had a sort of amiably saturnine cast; he had a very large thin nose, and looked like a Spanish picture. He appeared to think dueling a very perfect arrangement, provided, if one should get hit, one could promptly see the priest. He seemed to take a great satisfaction in Valentin's interview with the curé, and yet his conversation did not at all indicate a sanctimonious habit of mind. M. Ledaux had evidently a high sense of the becoming, and was prepared to be urbane and tasteful on all points. He was always furnished with a smile (which pushed his moustache up under his nose) and an explanation. *Savoir-vivre* — knowing how to live — was his specialty, in which he included knowing how to die; but, as Newman reflected, with a good deal of dumb irritation, he seemed disposed to delegate to others the application of his learning on this latter point. M. de Grosjoyaux was of quite another complexion, and seemed to regard his

friend's theological unction as the sign of an inaccessibly superior mind. He was evidently doing his utmost, with a kind of jovial tenderness, to make life agreeable to Valentin to the last, and help him as little as possible to miss the Boulevard des Italiens; but what chiefly occupied his mind was the mystery of a bungling brewer's son making so neat a shot. He himself could snuff a candle, etc., and yet he confessed that he could not have done better than this. He hastened to add that on the present occasion he would have made a point of not doing so well. It was not an occasion for that sort of murderous work, *que diable!* He would have picked out some quiet fleshy spot and just tapped it with a harmless ball. M. Stanislas Kapp had been deplorably heavy-handed; but really, when the world had come to that pass that one granted a meeting to a brewer's son! . . . This was M. de Grosjoyaux's nearest approach to a generalization. He kept looking through the window, over the shoulder of M. Ledaux, at a slender tree which stood at the end of a lane, opposite to the inn, and seemed to be measuring its distance from his extended arm and secretly wishing that, since the subject had been introduced, propriety did not forbid a little speculative pistol-practice.

Newman was in no humor to enjoy good company. He could neither eat nor talk; his soul was sore with grief and anger, and the weight of his double sorrow was intolerable. He sat with his eyes fixed upon his plate, counting the minutes, wishing at one moment that Valentin would see him and leave him free to go in quest of Madame de Cintre and his lost happiness, and mentally calling himself a vile brute the next, for the impatient egotism of the wish. He was very poor company, himself, and even his acute preoccupation and his general lack of the habit of pondering the impression he produced did not prevent him from reflecting that his companions must be puzzled to see how poor Bellegarde came to take such a fancy to this taciturn Yankee that he must needs have him at his death-bed.

After breakfast he strolled forth alone into the village, and looked at the fountain, the geese, the open barn doors, the brown, bent old women, showing their hugely darned stocking-heels at the ends of their slowly-clicking sabots, and the beautiful view of snowy Alp and purple Jura at either end of the little street. The day was brilliant; early spring was in the air and in the sunshine, and the winter's damp was trickling out of the cottage eaves. It was birth and brightness for all nature, even for chirping chickens and waddling goslings, and it was to be death and burial for poor, foolish, generous, delightful Bellegarde. Newman walked as far as the village church, and went into the small graveyard beside it, where he sat down and looked at the awkward tablets which were planted around. They were all sordid and hideous, and Newman could feel nothing but the hardness and coldness of death. He got up and came back to the inn, where he found M. Ledaux having coffee and a cigarette at a little green table which he had caused to be carried into the small garden. Newman, learning that the doctor was still sitting with Valentin, asked M. Ledaux if he might not be allowed to relieve him; he had a great desire to be useful to his poor friend. This was easily arranged; the doctor was very glad to go to bed. He was a youthful and rather jaunty practitioner, but he had a clever face, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole; Newman listened attentively to the instructions he gave him before retiring, and took mechanically from his hand a small volume which the surgeon recommended as a help to wakefulness, and which turned out to be an old copy of *Faublas*. Valentin was still lying with his eyes closed, and there was no visible change in his condition. Newman sat down near him, and for a long time narrowly watched him. Then his eyes wandered away with his thoughts upon his own situation, and rested upon the chain of the Alps, disclosed by the drawing of the scant, white cotton curtain of the window, through which the sunshine passed

and lay in squares upon the red-tiled floor. He tried to interweave his reflections with hope, but he only half succeeded. What had happened to him seemed to have, in its violence and audacity, the force of a real calamity — the strength and insolence of Destiny herself. It was unnatural and monstrous, and he had no arms against it. At last a sound struck upon the stillness, and he heard Valentin's voice.

"It can't be about *me* you are pulling that long face!" He found, when he turned, that Valentin was lying in the same position, but his eyes were open, and he was even trying to smile. It was with a very slender strength that he returned the pressure of Newman's hand. "I have been watching you for a quarter of an hour," Valentin went on; "you have been looking as black as thunder. You are greatly disgusted with me, I see. Well, of course! So am I!"

"Oh, I shall not scold you," said Newman. "I feel too badly. And how are you getting on?"

"Oh, I'm getting off! They have quite settled that; have n't they?"

"That's for you to settle; you can get well if you try," said Newman with resolute cheerfulness.

"My dear fellow, how can I try? Trying is violent exercise, and that sort of thing is n't in order for a man with a hole in his side as big as your hat, that begins to bleed if he moves a hair's-breadth. I knew you would come," he continued; "I knew I should wake up and find you here, so I'm not surprised. But last night I was very impatient. I did n't see how I could keep still until you came. It was a matter of keeping still, just like this; as still as a mummy in his case. You talk about trying; I tried that! Well, here I am yet, — these twenty hours. It seems like twenty days." Bellegarde talked slowly and feebly, but distinctly enough. It was visible, however, that he was in extreme pain, and at last he closed his eyes. Newman begged him to remain silent and spare himself; the doctor had left urgent orders. "Oh," said Valentin,

"let us eat and drink, for to-morrow — to-morrow" — and he paused again. "No, not to-morrow, perhaps, but to-day. I can't eat and drink, but I can talk. What's to be gained, at this pass, by renun— renunciation? I must n't use such big words. I was always a chatterer; Lord, how I have talked in my day!"

"That's a reason for keeping quiet now," said Newman. "We know how well you talk, you know."

But Valentin, without heeding him, went on in the same weak, dying drawl. "I wanted to see you because you have seen my sister. Does she know — will she come?"

Newman was embarrassed. "Yes, by this time she must know."

"Did n't you tell her?" Valentin asked. And then, in a moment, "Did n't you bring me any message from her?" His eyes rested upon Newman's with a certain soft keenness.

"I did n't see her after I got your telegram," said Newman. "I wrote to her."

"And she sent you no answer?"

Newman was obliged to reply that Madame de Cintré had left Paris. "She went yesterday to Fleurières."

"Yesterday — to Fleurières? Why did she go to Fleurières? What day is this? What day was yesterday? Ah, then I shan't see her," said Valentin, sadly. "Fleurières is too far!" And then he closed his eyes again. Newman sat silent, summoning pious invention to his aid, but he was relieved at finding that Valentin was apparently too weak to reason or to be curious. Bellegarde, however, presently went on. "And my mother — and my brother — will they come? Are they at Fleurières?"

"They were in Paris, but I did n't see them, either," Newman answered. "If they received your telegram in time they will have started this morning. Otherwise they will be obliged to wait for the night-express, and they will arrive at the same hour as I did."

"They won't thank me — they won't thank me," Valentin murmured. "They will pass an atrocious night, and Urbain

does n't like the early morning air. I don't remember ever in my life to have seen him before noon — before breakfast. No one ever saw him. We don't know how he is then. Perhaps he's different. Who knows? Posterity, perhaps, will know. That's the time he works, in his *cabinet*, at the history of the Princesses. But I had to send for them — had n't I? And then I want to see my mother sit there where you sit, and say good-by to her. Perhaps, after all, I don't know her, and she will have some surprise for me. Don't think you know her yet, yourself; perhaps she may surprise *you*. But if I can't see Claire, I don't care for anything. I have been thinking of it — and in my dreams, too. Why did she go to Fleurières to-day? She never told me. What has happened? Ah, she ought to have guessed I was here — this way. It is the first time in her life she ever disappointed me. Poor Claire!"

"You know we are not man and wife quite yet, your sister and I," said Newman. "She does n't yet account to me for all her actions." And, after a fashion, he smiled.

Valentin looked at him a moment. "Have you quarreled?"

"Never, never, never!" Newman exclaimed.

"How happily you say that!" said Valentin. "You are going to be happy — *ba!*" In answer to this stroke of irony, none the less powerful for being so unconscious, all poor Newman could do was to give a helpless and transparent stare. Valentin continued to fix him with his own rather over-bright gaze, and presently he said, "But something is the matter with you. I watched you just now; you have n't a bridegroom's face."

"My dear fellow," said Newman, "how can I show *you* a bridegroom's face? If you think I enjoy seeing you lie there and not being able to help you" —

"Why, you are just the man to be cheerful; don't forfeit your rights! I'm a proof of your wisdom. When was a man ever gloomy when he could say 'I told you so?' You told me so, you

know. You did what you could about it. You said some very good things; I have thought them over. But, my dear friend, I was right, all the same. This is the regular way."

"I did n't do what I ought," said Newman. "I ought to have done something else."

"For instance?"

"Oh, something or other. I ought to have treated you as a small boy."

"Well, I'm a very small boy, now," said Valentin. "I'm rather less than an infant. An infant is helpless, but it's generally voted promising. I'm not promising, eh? Society can't lose a less valuable member."

Newman was strongly moved. He got up and turned his back upon his friend and walked away to the window, where he stood looking out, but only vaguely seeing. "No, I don't like the look of your back," Valentin continued. "I have always been an observer of backs; yours is quite out of sorts."

Newman returned to his bedside and begged him to be quiet. "Be quiet and get well," he said. "That's what you must do. Get well and help me."

"I told you you were in trouble! How can I help you?" Valentin asked.

"I'll let you know when you are better. You were always curious; there is something to get well for!" Newman answered, with resolute animation.

Valentin closed his eyes and lay a long time without speaking. He seemed even to have fallen asleep. But at the end of half an hour he began to talk again. "I am rather sorry about that place in the bank. Who knows but that I might have become another Rothschild? But I was n't meant for a banker; bankers are not so easy to kill. Don't you think I have been very easy to kill? It's not like a serious man. It's really very mortifying. It's like telling your hostess you must go, when you count upon her begging you to stay, and then finding she does no such thing. 'Really — so soon? You've only just come!' Life does n't make me any such polite little speech."

Newman for some time said nothing,

but at last he broke out. "It's a bad case — it's a bad case — it's the worst case I ever met. I don't want to say anything unpleasant, but I can't help it. I've seen men dying before — and I've seen men shot. But it always seemed more natural; they were not so clever as you. Damnation — damnation! You might have done something better than this. It's about the meanest winding-up of a man's affairs that I can imagine!"

Valentin feebly waved his hand to and fro. "Don't insist — don't insist! It is mean — decidedly mean. For you see at the bottom — down at the bottom, in a little place as small as the end of a wine-funnel — I agree with you."

A few moments after this the doctor put his head through the half-opened door, and, perceiving that Valentin was awake, came in and felt his pulse. He shook his head and declared that he had talked too much — ten times too much. "Nonsense!" said Valentin; "a man sentenced to death can never talk too much. Have you never read an account of an execution in a newspaper? Don't they always set a lot of people at the prisoner, — lawyers, reporters, priests, — to make him talk? But it's not Mr. Newman's fault; he sits there as mum as a death's-head."

The doctor observed that it was time his patient's wound should be dressed again; MM. de Grosjoux and Ledaux, who had already witnessed this delicate operation, taking Newman's place as assistants. Newman withdrew and learned from his fellow-watchers that they had received a telegram from Urbain de Bellegarde to the effect that their message had been delivered in the Rue de l'Université too late to allow him to take the morning train, but that he would start, with his mother, in the evening. Newman wandered away into the village again, and walked about, restlessly, for two or three hours. The day seemed terribly long. At dusk he came back and dined with the doctor and M. Ledaux. The dressing of Valentin's wound had been a very critical operation; the doctor did n't really see how he was to

endure a repetition of it. He then declared that he must beg of Mr. Newman to deny himself for the present the satisfaction of sitting with M. de Bellegarde; more than any one else, apparently, he had the flattering, but inconvenient, privilege of exciting him. M. Ledaux, at this, swallowed a glass of wine in silence; he must have been wondering what the deuce Bellegarde found so exciting in the American.

Newman, after dinner, went up to his room, where he sat for a long time staring at his lighted candle, and thinking that Valentin was dying down-stairs. Late, when the candle had burnt low, there came a soft tap at his door. The doctor stood there with a candlestick and a shrug.

"He must amuse himself, still!" said Valentin's medical adviser. "He insists upon seeing you, and I am afraid you must come. I think, at this rate, that he will hardly outlast the night."

Newman went back to Valentin's room, which he found lighted by a taper on the hearth. Valentin begged him to light a candle. "I want to see your face," he said. "They say you excite me," he went on, as Newman complied with this request, "and I confess I do feel excited. But it is n't you—it's my own thoughts. I have been thinking—thinking. Sit down there, and let me look at you again." Newman seated himself, folded his arms, and bent a heavy gaze upon his friend. He seemed to be playing a part, mechanically, in a lugubrious comedy. Valentin looked at him for some time. "Yes, this morning I was right; you have something on your mind heavier than Valentin de Bellegarde. Come, I'm a dying man and it's indecent to deceive me. Something happened after I left Paris. It was not for nothing that my sister started off at this season of the year for Fleurières. Why was it? It sticks in my crop. I have been thinking it over, and if you don't tell me I shall guess."

"I had better not tell you," said Newman. "It won't do you any good."

"If you think it will do me any good not to tell me, you are very much mis-

taken. There is trouble about your marriage."

"Yes," said Newman. "There is trouble about my marriage."

"Good!" And Valentin was silent again. "They have stopped it."

"They have stopped it," said Newman. Now that he had spoken out, he found a satisfaction in it which deepened as he went on. "Your mother and brother have broken faith. They have decided that it can't take place. They have decided that I am not good enough, after all. They have taken back their word. Since you insist, there it is!"

Valentin gave a sort of groan, lifted his hands a moment, and then let them drop.

"I am sorry not to have anything better to tell you about them," Newman pursued. "But it's not my fault. I was, indeed, very unhappy when your telegram reached me; I was quite upside down. You may imagine whether I feel any better now."

Valentin moaned gaspingly, as if his wound were throbbing. "Broken faith, broken faith!" he murmured. "And my sister—my sister?"

"Your sister is very unhappy; she has consented to give me up. I don't know why. I don't know what they have done to her; it must be something pretty bad. In justice to her you ought to know it. They have made her suffer. I have n't seen her alone, but only before them! We had an interview yesterday morning. They came out square, in so many words. They told me to go about my business. It seems to me a very bad case. I'm angry, I'm sore, I'm sick."

Valentin lay there staring, with his eyes more brilliantly lighted, his lips soundlessly parted, and a flush of color in his pale face. Newman had never before uttered so many words in the plaintive key, but now, in speaking to Valentin in the poor fellow's extremity, he had a feeling that he was making his complaint somewhere within the presence of the power that men pray to in trouble; he felt his outgush of resentment as a sort of spiritual privilege.

"And Claire," — said Bellegarde, —
 "Claire? She has given you up?"

"I don't really believe it," said Newman.

"No, don't believe it, don't believe it. She is gaining time; excuse her."

"I pity her!" said Newman.

"Poor Claire!" murmured Valentin.

"But they — but they" — and he paused again. "You saw them; they dismissed you, face to face?"

"Face to face. They were very explicit."

"What did they say?"

"They said they could n't stand a commercial person."

Valentin put out his hand and laid it upon Newman's arm. "And about their promise — their engagement with you?"

"They made a distinction. They said it was to hold good only until Madame de Cintré accepted me."

Valentin lay staring awhile, and his flush died away. "Don't tell me any more," he said at last; "I'm ashamed."

"You? You are the soul of honor," said Newman, simply.

Valentin groaned and turned away his head. For some time nothing more was said. Then Valentin turned back again and found a certain force to press Newman's arm. "It's very bad — very bad. When my people — when my race — come to that, it is time for me to withdraw. I believe in my sister; she will explain. Excuse her. If she can't — if she can't, forgive her. She has suffered. But for the others it is very bad — very bad. You take it very hard? No, it's a shame to make you say so." He closed his eyes and again there was a silence. Newman felt almost awed; he had evoked a more solemn spirit than he had expected. Presently Valentin looked at him again, removing his hand from his arm. "I apologize," he said. "Do you understand? Here on my death-bed. I apologize for my family. For my mother. For my brother. For the ancient house of Bellegarde. *Voilà!*" he added, softly.

Newman for all answer took his hand and pressed it with a world of kindness. Valentin remained quiet, and at the end

of half an hour the doctor softly came in. Behind him, through the half-open door, Newman saw the two questioning faces of MM. de Grosjoyaux and Ledaux. The doctor laid his hand on Valentin's wrist and sat looking at him. He gave no sign and the two gentlemen came in, M. Ledaux having first beckoned to some one outside. This was M. le Curé, who carried in his hand an object unknown to Newman, and covered with a white napkin. M. le Curé was short, round, and red; he advanced, pulling off his little black cap to Newman, and deposited his burden on the table; and then he sat down in the best arm-chair, with his hands folded across his person. The other gentlemen had exchanged glances which expressed unanimity as to the timeliness of their presence. But for a long time Valentin neither spoke nor moved. It was Newman's belief, afterwards, that M. le Curé went to sleep. At last, abruptly, Valentin pronounced Newman's name. His friend went to him, and he said in French, "You are not alone. I want to speak to you alone." Newman looked at the doctor, and the doctor looked at the curé, who looked back at him; and then the doctor and the curé, together, gave a shrug. "Alone — for five minutes," Valentin repeated. "Please leave us."

The curé took up his burden again and led the way out, followed by his companions. Newman closed the door behind them and came back to Valentin's bedside. Bellegarde had watched all this intently.

"It's very bad, it's very bad," he said, after Newman had seated himself close to him. "The more I think of it the worse it is."

"Oh, don't think of it," said Newman.

But Valentin went on, without heeding him. "Even if they should come round again, the shame — the baseness — is there."

"Oh, they won't come round!" said Newman.

"Well, you can make them."

"Make them?"

"I can tell you something — a great

secret—an immense secret. You can use it against them—frighten them, force them.”

“A secret!” Newman repeated. The idea of letting Valentin, on his death-bed, confide him an “immense secret” shocked him, for the moment, and made him draw back. It seemed an illicit way of arriving at information, and even had a vague analogy with listening at a key-hole. Then, suddenly, the thought of “forcing” Madame de Bellegarde and her son became attractive, and Newman bent his head closer to Valentin’s lips. For some time, however, the dying man said nothing more. He only lay and looked at his friend with his kindled, expanded, troubled eye, and Newman began to believe that he had spoken in delirium. But at last he said, —

“There was something done — something done at Fleurières. It was foul play. My father — something happened to him. I don’t know; I have been ashamed — afraid to know. But I know there is something. My mother knows — Urbain knows.”

“Something happened to your father?” said Newman, urgently.

Valentin looked at him, still more wide-eyed. “He did n’t get well.”

“Get well of what?”

But the immense effort which Valentin had made, first to decide to utter these words and then to bring them out, appeared to have taken his last strength. He lapsed again into silence, and Newman sat watching him. “Do you understand?” he began again, presently. “At Fleurières. You can find out. Mrs. Bread knows. Tell her I begged you to ask her. Then tell them that, and see. It may help you. If not, tell every one. It will—it will” — here Valentin’s voice sank to the feeblest murmur — “it will avenge you!”

The words died away in a long, soft groan. Newman stood up, deeply impressed, not knowing what to say; his heart was beating violently. “Thank you,” he said at last. “I am much obliged.” But Valentin seemed not to hear him; he remained silent, and his silence continued. At last Newman

went and opened the door. M. le Curé reëntered, bearing his sacred vessel and followed by the three gentlemen and by Valentin’s servant. It was almost processional.

XX.

Valentin de Bellegarde died, tranquilly, just as the cold, faint March dawn began to illumine the faces of the little knot of friends gathered about his bedside. An hour afterwards Newman left the inn and drove to Geneva; he was naturally unwilling to be present at the arrival of Madame de Bellegarde and her first-born. At Geneva, for the moment, he remained. He was like a man who has had a fall, and wants to sit still and count his bruises. He instantly wrote to Madame de Cintré, relating to her the circumstances of her brother’s death — with certain exceptions — and asking her what was the earliest moment at which he might hope that she would consent to see him. M. Ledaux had told him that he had reason to know that Valentin’s will — Bellegarde had a great deal of elegant personal property to dispose of — contained a request that he should be buried near his father in the church-yard of Fleurières, and Newman intended that the state of his own relations with the family should not deprive him of the satisfaction of helping to pay the last earthly honors to the best fellow in the world. He reflected that Valentin’s friendship was older than Urbain’s enmity, and that at a funeral it was easy to escape notice. Madame de Cintré’s answer to his letter enabled him to time his arrival at Fleurières. This answer was very brief; it ran as follows: —

“I thank you for your letter, and for your being with Valentin. It is a most inexpressible sorrow to me that I was not. To see you will be nothing but a distress to me; there is no need, therefore, to wait for what you call brighter days. It is all one now, and I shall have no brighter days. Come when you please; only notify me first. My brother

is to be buried here on Friday, and my family is to remain here. C. de C."

As soon as he received this letter Newman went straight to Paris and to Poitiers. The journey took him far southward, through green Touraine and across the far-shining Loire, into a country where the early spring deepened about him as he went. But he had never made a journey during which he heeded less what he would have called the lay of the land. He obtained lodging at the inn at Poitiers, and the next morning drove in a couple of hours to the village of Fleurières. But here, preoccupied as he was, he could not fail to notice the picturesqueness of the place. It was what the French call a *petit bourg*; it lay at the base of a sort of huge mound on the summit of which stood the crumbling ruins of a feudal castle, much of whose sturdy material, as well as that of the wall which dropped along the hill to inclose the clustered houses defensively, had been absorbed into the very substance of the village. The church was simply the former chapel of the castle, fronting upon its grass-grown court, which, however, was of generous enough width to have given up its quaintest corner to a little graveyard. Here the very head-stones themselves seemed to sleep, as they slanted into the grass; the patient elbow of the rampart held them together on one side, and in front, far beneath their mossy lids, the green plains and blue distances stretched away. The way to church, up the hill, was impracticable to vehicles. It was lined with peasants, two or three rows deep, who stood watching old Madame de Bellegarde slowly ascend it, on the arm of her elder son, behind the pallbearers of the other. Newman chose to lurk among the common mourners who murmured "Madame la Comtesse" as a tall figure veiled in black passed before him. He stood in the dusky little church while the service was going forward, but at the dismal tomb-side he turned away and walked down the hill. He went back to Poitiers, and spent two days in which patience and impatience were sin-

gularly commingled. On the third day he sent Madame de Cintré a note, saying that he would call upon her in the afternoon, and in accordance with this he again took his way to Fleurières. He left his vehicle at the tavern, in the village street, and obeyed the simple instructions which were given him for finding the château.

"It is just beyond there," said the landlord, and pointed to the tree-tops of the park, above the opposite houses. Newman followed the first cross-road to the right—it was bordered with moldy cottages—and in a few moments saw before him the peaked roofs of the towers. Advancing farther, he found himself before a vast iron gate, rusty and closed; here he paused a moment, looking through the bars. The château was near the road; this was at once its merit and its defect; but its aspect was extremely impressive. Newman learned afterwards, from a guide-book of the province, that it dated from the time of Henry IV. It presented to the wide, paved area which preceded it and which was edged with shabby farm-buildings an immense façade of dark, time-stained brick, flanked by two low wings, each of which terminated in a little Dutch-looking pavilion capped with a fantastic roof. Two towers rose behind, and behind the towers was a mass of elms and beeches, now just faintly green. But the great feature was a wide, green river which washed the foundations of the château. The building rose from an island in the circling stream, so that this formed a perfect moat spanned by a two-arched bridge without a parapet. The dull brick walls, which here and there made a grand, straight sweep, the ugly little cupolas of the wings, the deep-set windows, the long, steep pinnacles of mossy slate, all mirrored themselves in the tranquil river. Newman rang at the gate, and was almost frightened at the tone with which a big rusty bell above his head replied to him. An old woman came out from the gatehouse and opened the creaking portal just wide enough for him to pass, and he went in, across the dry, bare court

and the little cracked white slabs of the causeway on the moat. At the door of the château he waited for some moments, and this gave him a chance to observe that Fleurières was not "kept up," and to reflect that it was a melancholy place of residence. "It looks," said Newman to himself — and I give the comparison for what it is worth — "like a Chinese penitentiary." At last the door was opened by a servant whom he remembered to have seen in the Rue de l'Université. The man's dull face brightened as he perceived our hero, for Newman, for indefinable reasons, enjoyed the confidence of the liveried gentry. The footman led the way across a great central vestibule, with a pyramid of plants in tubs in the middle and glass doors all round, to what appeared to be the principal drawing-room of the château. Newman crossed the threshold of a room of superb proportions, which made him feel at first like a tourist with a guide-book and a cicerone awaiting a fee. But when his guide had left him alone, with the observation that he would call Madame la Comtesse, Newman perceived that the salon contained little that was remarkable save a dark ceiling with curiously carved rafters, some curtains of elaborate, antiquated tapestry, and a dark, oaken floor, polished like a mirror. He waited some minutes, walking up and down; but at length, as he turned at the end of the room, he saw that Madame de Cintré had come in by a distant door. She wore a black dress, and she stood looking at him. As the length of the immense room lay between them he had time to look at her before they met in the middle of it.

He was dismayed at the change in her appearance. Pale, heavy-browed, almost haggard, with a sort of monastic rigidity in her dress, she had little but her pure features in common with the woman whose radiant good grace he had hitherto admired. She let her eyes rest on his own, and she let him take her hand; but her eyes looked like two rainy autumn moons, and her grasp was portentously lifeless.

"I was at your brother's funeral," Newman said. "Then I waited three days. But I could wait no longer."

"Nothing can be lost or gained by waiting," said Madame de Cintré. "But it was very considerate of you to wait, wronged as you have been."

"I'm glad you think I have been wronged," said Newman, with that oddly humorous accent with which he often uttered words of the gravest meaning.

"Do I need to say so?" she asked. "I don't think I have wronged, seriously, many persons; certainly not consciously. To you, to whom I have done this hard and cruel thing, the only reparation I can make is to say, 'I know it, I feel it!' The reparation is pitifully small!"

"Oh, it's a great step forward!" said Newman, with a large, intensely hopeful laugh. He pushed a chair towards her and held it, looking at her urgently. She sat down, mechanically, and he seated himself near her; but in a moment he got up, restlessly, and stood before her. She remained seated, like a troubled creature who has passed through the stage of restlessness.

"I say nothing is to be gained by my seeing you," she went on, "and yet I am very glad you came. Now I can tell you what I feel. It is a selfish pleasure, but it is one of the last I shall have." And she paused, with her great misty eyes fixed upon him. "I know how I have deceived and injured you; I know how cruel and cowardly I have been. I see it as vividly as you do — I feel it to the ends of my fingers." And she unclasped her hands, which were locked together in her lap, lifted them, and dropped them at her side. "Anything that you may have said of me in your angriest passion is nothing to what I have said to myself."

"In my angriest passion," said Newman, "I have said nothing hard of you. The very worst thing I have said of you yet is that you are the loveliest of women." And he seated himself before her again, abruptly.

She flushed a little, but even her flush was pale. "That is because you think

I will come back. But I will not come back. It is in that hope you have come here, I know; I am very sorry for you. I would do almost anything for you. To say that, after what I have done, seems simply impudent; but what can I say that will not seem impudent? To wrong you and apologize — that is easy enough. I should n't have wronged you." She stopped a moment, looking at him, and motioned him to let her go on. "I ought never to have listened to you at first; that was the wrong. No good could come of it. I felt it, and yet I listened; that was your fault. I liked you too much; I believed in you."

"And don't you believe in me now?"

"More than ever. But now it does n't matter. I have given you up."

Newman gave a powerful thump with his clenched fist upon his knee. "Why, why, why?" he cried. "Give me a reason — a decent reason. You are not a child — you are not a minor, nor an idiot. You are not obliged to drop me because your mother told you to. Such a reason is n't worthy of you."

"I know that; it's not worthy of me. But it's the only one I have to give. After all," said Madame de Cintré, throwing out her hands, "think me an idiot and forget me! That will be the simplest way."

Newman got up and walked away with a crushing sense that his cause was lost, and yet with an equal inability to give up fighting. He went to one of the great windows, and looked out at the stiffly embanked river and the formal gardens which lay beyond it. When he turned round, Madame de Cintré had risen; she stood there silent and passive. "You are not frank," said Newman; "you are not honest. Instead of saying that you are imbecile, you should say that other people are wicked. Your mother and your brother have been false and cruel; they have been so to me and I am sure they have been so to you. Why do you try to shield them? Why do you sacrifice me to them? I'm not false; I'm not cruel. You don't know what you give up; I can tell you that — you don't. They bully you and plot about

you; and I — I" — And he paused, holding out his hands. She turned away and began to leave him. "You told me the other day that you were afraid of your mother," he said, following her. "What did you mean?"

Madame de Cintré shook her head. "I remember; I was sorry afterwards."

"You were sorry when she came down and put on the thumb-screws. In God's name what is it she does to you?"

"Nothing. Nothing that you can understand. And now that I have given you up, I must not complain of her to you."

"That's no reasoning!" cried Newman. "Complain of her, on the contrary. Tell me all about it, frankly and trustfully, as you ought, and we will talk it over so satisfactorily that you won't give me up."

Madame de Cintré looked down some moments, fixedly; and then, raising her eyes, she said, "One good at least has come of this: I have made you judge me more fairly. You thought of me in a way that did me great honor; I don't know why you had taken it into your head. But it left me no loop-hole for escape — no chance to be the common, weak creature I am. It was not my fault; I warned you from the first. But I ought to have warned you more. I ought to have convinced you that I was doomed to disappoint you. But I *was*, in a way, too proud. You see what my superiority amounts to, I hope!" she went on, raising her voice with a tremor which even then and there Newman thought beautiful. "I am too proud to be honest, I am not too proud to be faithless. I am timid and cold and selfish. I am afraid of being uncomfortable."

"And you call marrying me uncomfortable!" said Newman, staring.

Madame de Cintré blushed a little and seemed to say that if begging his pardon in words was impudent, she might at least thus mutely express her perfect comprehension of his finding her conduct odious. "It is not marrying you; it is doing all that would go with it. It's the rupture, the defiance, the insisting upon being happy in my own way.

what right have I to be happy when — when ” — And she paused.

“ When what? ” said Newman.

“ When others have been most unhappy! ”

“ What others? ” Newman asked.

“ What have you to do with any others but me? Besides, you said just now that you wanted happiness, and that you should find it by obeying your mother. You contradict yourself. ”

“ Yes, I contradict myself; that shows you that I am not even intelligent. ”

“ You are laughing at me! ” cried Newman. “ You are mocking me! ”

She looked at him intently, and an observer might have said that she was asking herself whether she might not most quickly end their common pain by confessing that she was mocking him. “ No; I am not, ” she presently said.

“ Granting that you are not intelligent, ” he went on, “ that you are weak, that you are common, that you are nothing that I have believed you were, — what I ask of you is not a heroic effort, it is a very common effort. There is a great deal on my side to make it easy. The simple truth is that you don’t care enough about me to make it. ”

“ I am cold, ” said Madame de Cintré. “ I am as cold as that flowing river. ”

Newman gave a great rap on the floor with his stick, and a long, grim laugh. “ Good, good! ” he cried. “ You go altogether too far — you overshoot the mark. There is n’t a woman in the world as bad as you would make yourself out. I see your game; it’s what I said. You are blackening yourself to whiten others. You don’t want to give me up, at all; you like me — you like me. I know you do; you have shown it, and I have felt it. After that, you may be as cold as you please! They have bullied you, I say; they have tortured you. It’s an outrage, and I insist upon saving you from the excesses of your own generosity. Would you chop off your hand if your mother requested it? ”

Madame de Cintré looked a little frightened. “ I spoke of my mother too blindly, the other day. I am my own

mistress, by law and by her approval. She can do nothing to me; she has done nothing. She has never alluded to those hard words I used about her. ”

“ She has made you feel them, I’ll promise you! ” said Newman.

“ It’s my conscience that makes me feel them. ”

“ Your conscience seems to me to be rather mixed! ” exclaimed Newman, passionately.

“ It has been in great trouble, but now it is very clear, ” said Madame de Cintré. “ I don’t give you up for any worldly advantage or for any worldly happiness. ”

“ Oh, you don’t give me up for Lord Deepmere, I know, ” said Newman. “ I won’t pretend, even to provoke you, that I think that. But that’s what your mother and your brother wanted, and your mother, at that hateful ball of her’s — I liked it at the time, but the very thought of it now makes me rabid — tried to push him on to make up to you. ”

“ Who told you this? ” said Madame de Cintré, softly.

“ Not Valentin. I observed it. I guessed it. I did n’t know at the time that I was observing it, but it stuck in my memory. And afterwards, you recollect, I saw Lord Deepmere with you in the conservatory. You said then that you would tell me at another time what he had said to you. ”

“ That was before — before *this*, ” said Madame de Cintré.

“ It does n’t matter, ” said Newman; “ and, besides, I think I know. He’s an honest little Englishman. He came and told you what your mother was up to — that she wanted him to run me off the track; not being a commercial person. If he would make you an offer she would undertake to bring you round and give me the slip. Lord Deepmere is n’t very intellectual, so she had to spell it out to him. He said he admired you ‘ no end, ’ and that he wanted you to know it; but he did n’t like being mixed up with that sort of underhand work, and he came to you and told tales. That was about the amount of it, was n’t it? And then you said you were perfectly happy. ”

"I don't see why we should talk of Lord Deepmere," said Madame de Cintré. "It was not for that you came here. And about my mother, it does n't matter what you suspect and what you know. When once my mind has been made up, as it is now, I should not discuss these things. Discussing anything, now, is very idle. We must try and live each as we can. I believe you will be happy again; even, sometimes, when you think of me. When you do so, think this—that it was not easy, and that I did the best I could. I have things to reckon with that you don't know. I mean I have feelings. I must do as they force me—I must, I must. They would haunt me otherwise," she cried, with vehemence; "they would kill me!"

"I know what your feelings are: they are superstitions! They are the feeling that, after all, though I *am* a good fellow I have been in business; the feeling that your mother's looks are law and your brother's words are gospel, that you all hang together, and that it's a part of the everlasting proprieties that they should have a hand in everything you do. It makes my blood boil. That is cold; you are right. And what I feel here," and Newman struck his heart and became more poetical than he knew, "is a glowing fire!"

A spectator less preoccupied than Madame de Cintré's distracted wooer would have felt sure from the first that her appealing calm of manner was the result of violent effort, in spite of which the tide of agitation was rapidly rising. On these last words of Newman's it overflowed, though at first she spoke low, for fear of her voice betraying her. "No, I was not right—I am not cold! I believe that if I am doing what seems so bad it is not mere weakness and falsehood. Mr. Newman, it's like a religion. I can't tell you—I can't! It's cruel of you to insist. I don't see why I should n't ask you to believe me—and pity me. It's like a religion. There's a curse upon the house; I don't know what—I don't know why—don't ask me. We must all bear it. I have been too selfish; I wanted to escape from it. You

offered me a great chance—besides my liking you. It seemed good to change completely, to break, to go away. And then I admired you. But I can't—it has overtaken and come back to me." Her self-control had now completely abandoned her, and her words were broken with long sobs. "Why do such dreadful things happen to us—why is my brother Valentin killed, like a beast, in the midst of his youth and his gaiety and his brightness, and all that we loved him for? Why are there things I can't ask about—that I am afraid to know? Why are there places I can't look at, sounds I can't hear? Why is it given to me to choose, to decide, in a case so hard and so terrible as this? I am not meant for that—I am not made for boldness and defiance. I was made to be happy in a quiet, natural way." At this Newman gave a most expressive groan, but Madame de Cintré went on. "I was made to do gladly and gratefully what is expected of me. My mother has always been very good to me; that's all I can say. I must n't judge her; I must n't criticise her. If I did, it would come back to me. I can't change!"

"No," said Newman, bitterly; "I must change—if I break in two in the effort!"

"You are different. You are a man; you will get over it. You have all kinds of consolation. You were born—you were trained to changes. Besides—besides, I shall always think of you."

"I don't care for that!" said Newman. "You are cruel—you are terribly cruel. God forgive you! You may have the best reasons and the finest feelings in the world; that makes no difference. You are a mystery to me; I don't see how such hardness can go with such loveliness."

Madame de Cintré fixed him a moment with her swimming eyes. "You believe I am hard, then?"

Newman answered her look, and then broke out, "You are a perfect, faultless creature! Stay by me!"

"Of course I am hard," she went on. "Whenever we give pain we are hard. And we *must* give pain; that's the world,

—the hateful, miserable world. Ah!" and she gave a long, deep sigh, "I can't even say I am glad to have known you — though I am. That too is to wrong you. I can say nothing that is not cruel. Therefore let us part, without more of this. Good-by!" And she put out her hand.

Newman stood and looked at it without taking it, and then raised his eyes to her face. He felt, himself, like shedding tears of rage. "What are you going to do?" he asked. "Where are you going?"

"Where I shall give no more pain and suspect no more evil. I am going out of the world."

"Out of the world?"

"I am going into a convent."

"Into a convent!" Newman repeated the words with the deepest dismay; it was as if she had said she was going into a hospital. "Into a convent — you!"

"I told you that it was not for my worldly advantage or pleasure I was leaving you."

But still Newman hardly understood. "You are going to be a nun," he went on, "in a cell — for life — with a gown and white veil?"

"A nun — a Carmelite nun," said Madame de Cintré. "For life, with God's leave."

The idea struck Newman as too dark and horrible for belief, and made him feel as he would have done if she had told him that she was going to mutilate her beautiful face, or drink some potion that would make her mad. He clasped his hands and began to tremble, visibly.

"Madame de Cintré, don't, don't!" he said. "I beseech you! On my knees, if you like, I'll beseech you."

She laid her hand upon his arm, with a tender, pitying, almost reassuring gesture. "You don't understand," she

said. "You have wrong ideas. It's nothing horrible. It is only peace and safety. It is to be out of the world, where such troubles as this come to the innocent, to the best. And for life — that's the blessing of it! They can't begin again."

Newman dropped into a chair and sat looking at her with a long, inarticulate murmur. That this superb woman, in whom he had seen all human grace and domestic sovereignty, should turn from him and all this compassing brightness that he offered her, — him and his future and his fortune and his fidelity, — to muffle herself in ascetic rags and entomb herself in a convent, was a confounding combination of the inexorable and the grotesque. As the image deepened before him, the grotesque seemed to expand and overspread it; it was a reduction to the absurd of the trial to which he was subjected. "You — you a nun!" he exclaimed; "you with your beauty defaced — you behind locks and bars! Never, never, if I can prevent it!" And he sprang to his feet with a violent laugh.

"You can't prevent it," said Madame de Cintré; "and it ought — a little — to satisfy you. Do you suppose I will go on living in the world still beside you, and yet not with you? It is all arranged. Good-by, good-by."

This time he took her hand, took it in both his own. "Forever?" he said. Her lips made an inaudible movement and his own uttered a deep imprecation. She closed her eyes, as if with the pain of hearing it; then he drew her towards him and clasped her to his breast. He kissed her white face; for an instant she resisted and for a moment she submitted; then, with force, she disengaged herself and hurried away over the long, shining floor. The next moment the door closed behind her.

Newman made his way out as he could.

Henry James, Jr.

A DUTCH PICTURE.

SIMON DANZ has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weather-cocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old sea-faring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlor to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

[THE editors of *The Atlantic Monthly* have received from a South Carolina contributor the following paper, to the striking statements of which the fact that the writer is by birth, education, traditions, associations, and residence a Southerner ought to give additional value. Their interest in the present political juncture it is believed will amply justify the devotion of these pages to them. The writer's name is withheld for obvious reasons.]

The appearance of the Northern armies in the South during the late war was everywhere hailed with rejoicings by the negroes, and on the full achievement of their liberty through the defeat of the South their exultation was unbounded. The carpet-baggers came here in the army, in the service of the Freedmen's Bureau, and as agents of Northern churches and benevolent associations. They at once took the negro by the hand, and told him that the Northerners had freed him and intended to keep him free, give him property, and educate his chil-

dren. The negro listened eagerly, and, well knowing his old masters were anything but satisfied with the new order of things, blindly followed the guidance of his new friends. Supplies were distributed, colored schools were founded, and the blacks were induced to leave the white churches and worship apart. Many colored men from the North, superior to their Southern brethren in culture, also came to help on the work.

A few of the carpet-baggers were pure men, zealots and philanthropists; but many were dishonest, adventurers who had left their country for their country's good. Reconstruction came. The enfranchised freedmen were utterly at sea in politics; they needed leaders. The Southern whites refused the opportunity, though it is doubtful if they could have secured it, with scorn. The carpet-baggers seized it. Their authority over the blacks was already assured, but to make it doubly sure the Union Leagues were established. Every negro joined them, and was awed by their mystic rites. Free political use was also made

of the churches. The negro went to the polls, took a ballot from a carpet-bag friend, and without looking at it (with reason, for he could not read) dropped it in the box. He did not know what voting meant; he had only a vague though all-absorbing idea that it would bring him great good and avert great evil.

The constitutional convention of this State was held early in 1868. It was composed of carpet-baggers, scalawags (native white republicans), and a moiety of the brightest field-hands, ignorant of the alphabet. A constitution was framed — with a bill of rights prefixed which would have made Calhoun gasp and satisfied Jefferson and Sumner themselves — with clauses by which the State that originated nullification and secession is officiously made to declare that its citizens owe paramount allegiance to the constitution and government of the United States, and that the “State shall ever remain a member of the American Union; and all attempts, from whatever source or upon whatever pretext, to dissolve the said Union shall be resisted with the whole power of the State.”

The constitution was adopted and the first legislature and administration were chosen. The composition of the legislature was like that of the convention; the governor, attorney-general, and state treasurer were carpet-baggers; the lieutenant-governor and secretary of state were negroes; the house selected a scalawag for speaker. Then began those fantastic tricks which for six years made the government of South Carolina the worst mockery of the name ever seen on earth. In the legislature no bills, unless of a purely legal character, could be passed without bribery, and by bribery any bill whatever could be passed. A formidable lobby sprang up, and presently organized depredations were commenced on the public; I will merely summarize the main performances. In the cases of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad and the Blue Ridge Railroad, the State had guaranteed railroad bonds to the extent of \$6,000,000, reserving mortgages on the roads sufficient to cover the amount. Rings composed of carpet-

baggers and native speculators paid the legislature to enact laws by which the State released her mortgages, still retaining her liability for the \$6,000,000, and authorized the roads to pledge their property anew. In the case of the bank of the State, whose notes the State was bound to redeem, fraudulent notes to the amount of \$750,000 were approved and assumed. The state-house was gorgeously fitted out: there were clocks at \$180, mirrors at \$750, and chandeliers at \$650 apiece; elegant toilet sets were placed in the rooms of officials; there were two hundred fine porcelain spittoons at eight dollars apiece; and costly carpets, mirrors, sofas, etc., under the pretense of fitting up committee rooms, were furnished members for their apartments at boarding-houses. The real debt thus incurred was \$50,000, but the contractor by sharing the spoil procured an appropriation of \$95,000. Contingent funds became a notorious leak in the treasury; during the six years preceding 1875 they aggregated \$376,000. During the same years the expenses incurred for the public printing ran up to the astounding figure of \$1,104,000. During 1871, 1872, and 1873, they amounted to \$900,000, or a thousand dollars a day.

The bonded debt of the State, amounting to \$5,800,000 when the new régime began, was run up to \$27,900,000; and as the State was also liable for \$6,000,000 of railroad debts, as above explained, its total debt was well-nigh \$34,000,000. Most of the money raised on the bonds was deliberately stolen; and the legislature in 1873, alarmed by the clamor of the people and grudging the money paid for interest, repudiated about half the debt. The rate of taxation was almost incredibly heightened. Before the war the taxable value of property in the State was \$490,000,000, and the taxes averaged \$400,000 a year, the highest ever known being \$515,678 in 1851. The valuation of taxable property since the war has been \$184,000,000, and the annual taxes, state and county, have averaged \$2,000,000! This is confiscation, pure and simple; and besides this the assessments have been outrageous.

It is doubtful if the property assessed at \$184,000,000 would bring \$100,000,000 in market. Men were appointed auditors (assessors) whose figures would increase the amounts sent to the treasury to be stolen. I am personally familiar with seven or eight instances in which, owing to over-assessment, the tax amounted to five per cent. of the real value of the property; and complaint on the subject was general. Municipal taxes, too, were extravagant. Such distress was engendered that at times half the real estate in a county would be advertised for sale for delinquent taxes.

The officials in Columbia grew fabulously rich. Men, white and black, of no property went there, and, with no perceivable or conceivable means of honest living beyond a moderate official salary, would soon build palatial residences and support landaulets and blooded horses, worth more than their pay for a year. The state administration exceeded the legislature in corruption. They made stupendous over-issues when an issue of bonds was authorized, and pocketed the proceeds. In connection with the financial agency in New York, they perpetrated some of the boldest swindles that were undertaken. A commission had been appointed to buy \$700,000 worth of lands to sell to freedmen, who met with difficulty at first in persuading their old owners to sell them land. This commission, by charging the State five or six times as much as they paid for lands, succeeded in stealing over a half million of dollars. The treasury was annually rifled of the taxes till it became bankrupt.

The executive of South Carolina has unusual powers. With the approval of the senate he appoints the justices of the peace (called trial-justices here), county auditors, county treasurers, and many other local officers. The appointees for six years were corrupt whites, or equally corrupt and far more ignorant blacks, all rabid partisans. The colored justices could rarely read or write, and sent out their warrants signed with cross-marks. These officers were paid by fees, and were eager to listen

to trivial complaints against whites, or to stir up litigation. The treasurers of the counties were often in default; and as they owed their appointment generally to the state senator from their county, they were compelled to supply him with the public funds whenever he called for them. The local officers elected by the people were on a par with the appointees of the governor.

To make matters worse, the fountains of justice were corrupted. The supreme court was composed of one carpet-bagger, one scalawag, and one negro. The circuit courts, however, were not degraded. There were only two or three white or colored republicans competent to exercise judicial functions; and the whites, it was well understood, would not allow a perversion of power in this direction. So native white lawyers were generally selected for circuit judges — men who, retaining their honesty, would consent to keep quiet on politics, or openly profess republicanism. But to offset this there were juries composed chiefly of illiterate and degraded negroes, who thought their only duty was to find no bill or not guilty in all cases of blacks prosecuted by whites. Negro felons sent to the penitentiary were pardoned out by the wholesale. The highest number of prisoners in the penitentiary at Columbia (our only state prison) at any one time since the war has been four hundred and eighty. Yet in 1870 two hundred and five convicts there confined were pardoned. Pardons were granted as freely to men sentenced to serve for life or a term of years as to felons of a less degree of guilt. Negro convicts were generally pardoned, for political purposes, but money could obtain pardons for undeserving whites.

The demoralization became inconceivable. Larceny was universal. If a man hung up his coat at one end of a field, before he could plow to the other end and back it was stolen. Cows turned loose to browse came home milked dry. Live stock of all kinds was killed in the woods in the day-time. Cotton was picked from the fields at night, and corn "slip-shucked." Gardens and or-

chards were stripped, and water-melons actually became a rarity on white men's tables. Burglary, especially of smoke-houses and barns, was common. Everybody had dogs and guns, and thousands kept watch at night over their property.

In short, from 1868 to 1874 inclusive, the government of South Carolina was a grand carnival of crime and debauchery. After a year or so, the oppression grew so grinding that in many counties Ku-Klux Klans were organized. But their excesses soon carried the score over on the other side, and drew down the just indignation of the national government. They existed chiefly in counties where the whites outnumbered the negroes, and which had escaped the ravages of the war.

All these matters were aggravated by the management of the state militia. The militia officers appointed by the governors were all blacks, and the negro population eagerly enlisted. The whites scornfully refused to enlist under colored officers. The governor had power to receive any organization of private individuals, as part of the militia; but if he refused them, it was made highly penal to continue the organization. In several places the whites formed companies of their own, and offered themselves to the governor, who invariably refused them, and caused them to disband; but for the negro militia, one thousand Winchester and nineteen thousand Springfield rifles, with plenty of ammunition, were purchased. Armed with these, they drilled in a manner highly insulting and alarming to the whites. The military companies were used to tickle the negro's taste for martial pomp, and keep the negro vote consolidated.

It is now time to contemplate the other side of the picture.

For years after the fall of the Confederacy the people could not hear a renewal of war mentioned without a shudder. Politics fell into abhorrence. The leaders of secession lost their influence. We had been told that the Yankees would back up against the North Pole

before they would fight; that one man could drink all the blood which would be shed. But the North had warred promptly, aggressively, and successfully, and rivers of blood had run; consequently, the commands of the North were obeyed, the ordinance of secession was repealed, the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery was ratified, reconstruction was not resisted. The old leaders, indeed, were not disposed to submit. They bitterly protested against the enfranchisement of the freedmen, railed at the military government and the constitutional convention, tried to stir up enthusiasm for Seymour and Blair and a white-line democratic state ticket in 1868, and in every manner to rouse up the people; but their exertions were but ill-seconded. There were state conventions of the democracy, indeed; but it is a remarkable fact that, for nearly eleven years after the war, there were, except here and there, no democratic primaries—precinct clubs—in South Carolina. Efforts were repeatedly made to form them, but the people would not join them, or, having joined, attend. It became the custom to elect delegates to the state conventions by calling mass-meetings of the county democracy at the county courthouse. These meetings elected the delegates, or made county nominations. Their only attendants, generally, were ten or a dozen gentlemen who had been our statesmen before the war.

The people regretted their defeat, and looked with hostility on both the emancipation and the enfranchisement of their slaves. The war and its results had cost them blood, property, and liberty; "But," said they, "it's no use trying to resist the current; the North is too strong for us, and is bound to have its way." To the solicitations of their more sanguine leaders they replied, "You have misled us once; we will be more prudent in the future." The course of President Johnson inspired them with hopes, but these fled when the unity of the North was perceived. The prospect of electing Seymour animated them to some extent, but events soon chilled them again. For years, voting was regarded as a

mournful and onerous farce, and thousands refrained from it.

Even the new *régime*, with all its horrors, was submitted to, the sporadic outbreaks of the Ku-Klux forming the one exception. The leaders tried a change of tactics. In 1870 they dubbed the state democracy the Citizens' Reform Party, and, in the hope of catching part of the negro vote, nominated a Northern-born republican resident for governor, who accepted because dissatisfied with the party corruption. They hoped through success to make a step towards regaining power. But the negroes remained solid, and the regular republican ticket was again elected. The leaders of the whites now acquiesced in the do-nothing policy. For four years the whites kept almost altogether out of politics. The nomination of Greeley, indeed, excited their hopes powerfully at first, but his election was soon perceived to be impossible. No state ticket was run in 1872. There were two republican tickets in the field: the regular nominees supported by the corrupt element — and consequently the bulk — of the party, and a bolting ticket supported by some republican leaders, with their followers, who were in favor of reform. The few whites who turned out to vote for Greeley also voted for the bolting candidates, who, however, were defeated. The tax-paying democrats met once or twice after this to consult over their grievances, but confined themselves to temperate remonstrances, petitions, and non-partisan investigations.

In the election of 1874 there was again a split among the republicans. The party convention nominated a ticket at the head of which was Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain, for governor. He was supposed to be corrupt, as he had been attorney-general and a member of various important commissions at the time when corruption was greatest. The honest element again bolted. The whites met in convention, and resolved to support the bolting ticket. In return the bolters divided many local nominations with the democrats. The whites almost to a man voted for the bolting candidates, —

county, legislative, and state, — although many of them (even the nominee for lieutenant-governor) were colored; so desperate at last had they become under governmental oppression. Mr. Chamberlain and the other regular candidates for state officers were elected; but the bolters and democrats elected about two fifths of the legislature.

The whites now expected the oppression to be redoubled. But when Mr. Chamberlain was installed, a curious spectacle was presented. He had made the usual promises of reform on the stump, amidst the smiles of his supporters, who had nominated him because they thought him a congenial spirit. He now announced that he had spoken in earnest. He made wholesale removals of the corrupt officers appointed by his predecessors, and replaced them by honest and competent men, in large part democrats. The corrupt schemes of the legislature were relentlessly vetoed. It was as bad as any preceding body, and elected two infamous men as circuit judges. Terrible excitement arose, which the governor quieted by refusing to commission the judges on a legal quibble; and by his threatening to veto the usual extortionate tax-bill, the most reasonable one known since 1867 was procured. The corrupt regular republicans went into vehement opposition to the governor, while the bolters and the democrats rallied to sustain his vetoes.

The reforms in justice, however, were most widely, deeply, and immediately felt. The wholesale pardoning at once stopped; the penitentiary began to fill up; good jury commissioners (the executive names them), who would select decent blacks for jurors and give the whites half the panels, were appointed. The whites began to take interest in the courts, and to look with less disfavor on colored jurors; the corrupt justices walked the plank by scores; a great decrease of crime was perceptible in a few months; race hatred greatly subsided. It is impossible to express the immense feeling of relief experienced at the restoration of confidence in the government.

The whites were unable to make too

much of their savior. He was admitted into the most aristocratic society. He was elected orator by the colleges, called on by fashionable associations to respond to toasts, and lionized everywhere. The white leaders and the papers called loudly for his reelection, and though the corrupt element of his party were determined to nominate another man or bolt should he carry the convention, a large section was in favor of re-nominating him. The whites shuddered at the terrible ordeal they had gone through, and seemed ready to recognize the rights of the negro and do anything in the way of compromise to avert such evil in the future. In several municipal elections (noticeably in Charleston) mixed tickets, half democrats and half blacks or republicans, were elected. It seemed as if a political millennium were about to dawn.

The motives of the governor have been variously construed. The belief became common that he was a pure man and had been slandered in the past. Many, however, believed him to be talented, ambitious, and unscrupulous; declaring that he had been a corruptionist while it suited his designs, but that on becoming governor he had determined to turn over to the whites, get socially recognized, procure an election to the United States Senate, and go there with such a powerful Southern support behind him that he could play an important part in national politics. This is the belief of the whites at present. Governor Chamberlain is a cold, elegant man, a graduate of Yale, and a lawyer. He is a student of comparative literature, and is thoroughly familiar with the course of modern thought. Some cultivated men in the State say that he went with the current till he gained power to control it; that then, out of pure love of political science, he undertook to bring about a reconciliation between the races and solve the great problem of Southern reconstruction and harmony. That he has ambition they do not deny; but they look on it as the ambition of a statesman, not of a politician. They recall the cold, judge-like neutrality with which he presided

over the people. He did not truckle to the whites, as has been charged. He associated with them professedly as a republican, but avoided insulting their prejudices. He always gave the blacks strict justice. In his appointments he preferred republicans, when fit ones could be found; but where none were fit, he would select democrats.

The governor of South Carolina is elected every two years. Mr. Chamberlain was elected in November, 1874, simultaneously with the democratic national House of Representatives. The election of that house was hailed with thanksgiving in South Carolina, as an indication that the North had determined to protest against the oppression of the Southern whites by their old slaves and the carpet-baggers. But, after a time, the fact began to attract attention that a majority of the democratic congressmen were Southerners, and many of those Southerners ex-Confederate generals. A wild hope seized our old political leaders that the palmy *ante-bellum* times were about to return, that the democracy was again to control the national government, and that the South was again to rule the councils of the democracy. Every Southern State was now democratic except South Carolina and Louisiana, and Louisiana was on the verge of a change. Even Mississippi, than which only South Carolina was worse Africanized, had been carried by the white-liners. Good government, indeed, was now restored in our State and by their assistance could be maintained. But it was not a government under their own auspices, or those of the democratic party; and while it continued they could hope neither to be heard at Washington nor to practice their cherished traditions at home.

From the beginning of 1876 they set themselves to the task of arousing the people. A violent cry was raised against the governor, and the whites were called on to follow the example of their brethren in the other Southern States. Social pressure was brought to bear, an energetic canvass begun, and newspapers were bought up or new ones founded; for the main body of the whites were

still disposed to hesitate. "We had better wait," said they, "and see how things go in the North. If the democrats carry the elections there in November, and get control of the national government, why, of course, we can rise up and throw off republican rule in the State. But we have a good government now, and had best let well-enough alone, for fear our old oppression might be re-established." But the work went on. At the Fort Moultrie centennial thousands of Confederate soldiers, once more under arms, were paraded before the people of the State. Wade Hampton was their captain. Hot Southern speeches were made, and the troops in attendance from Georgia, disgusted at the unwonted spectacle of negroes in office, rode rough-shod over the colored police of Charleston. Mr. Tilden had just been nominated at St. Louis, and the brilliant prospects of electing him were triumphantly paraded. Then came race conflicts: the killing of a colored legislator in Darlington County, the lynching of two negroes in Marlboro' and six in Edgefield, and finally the Hamburg massacre. This last and the governor's action concerning it were followed by appeals to the whites, made with all the old vehemence of Carolinians. Everybody was urged to buy arms; rifle clubs and mounted companies were everywhere formed, the young men being cheered on to join them; and the old system of browbeating and challenging all non-conformists to the duello was vigorously put in operation.

The whites in the old Ku-Klux counties, where the negroes are in the minority, turned over *en masse* to the revolutionary policy; in the other counties they held back for a long time, discouraging violence as inexpedient, as likely to hurt Tilden in the North, as being, in short, *premature*. But gradually they half fell, were half driven, into line; though not all; for when the state democratic convention met on August 15th there was still a powerful minority (about two fifths) in favor of postponing action until it should be seen what the republicans would do about Chamberlain. It is useless to say, however, that the

majority carried their point. General Wade Hampton, the Murat of the Confederacy, in whom are strikingly crystallized all the arrogant old plantation qualities of the South, was nominated for governor with a corresponding ticket. It was determined to carry the State by the method known as the Mississippi Plan.

I will merely summarize the means used; I was in the State during the whole campaign, and know whereof I speak. The plan was, first, to arouse the white population to secession or nullification madness; next, to get as many negroes as possible to vote the democratic ticket, and prevent as many as possible from voting the republican; and finally, to put such a face on their doings as to work no harm to the democratic cause outside the State.

In the first matter they thoroughly succeeded. General Hampton, an orator of no mean order, an accomplished gentleman sprung from the best Carolina stock, our greatest and most celebrated soldier, in company with numerous other ex-Confederate generals and officers (among whom were some from other States, including Toombs, Hill, and Gordon), began a systematic canvass of the State, speaking at every county town and at other places of size. Such delirium as they aroused can be paralleled only by itself even in this delirious State. Their whole tour was a vast triumphal procession; at every depot they were received by a tremendous concourse of citizens and escorts of cavalry. Their meetings drew the whole white population, male and female (for the ladies turned out by tens of thousands to greet and listen to the heroic Hampton), for scores of miles around, and had to be held invariably in the open air. They were preceded by processions of the rifle clubs, mounted and on foot, miles in length, marching amidst the strains of music and the booming of cannon; at night there were torch-light processions equally imposing. The speakers aroused in thousands the memories of old, and called on their hearers to redeem the grand old State and restore it to its an-

cient place of honor in the republic. The wildest cheering followed. The enthusiasm, as Confederate veterans pressed forward to wring their old general's hand was indescribable. Large columns of mounted men escorted the canvassers from place to place while off the railroad. They were entertained at the houses of leading citizens, held receptions attended by all the wealth, intelligence, and brilliance of the community, and used all the vast social power they possessed to help on the work.

Besides this, the fearful memories of the ante-Chamberlain days were revived. The governor's participation in them was maliciously asserted. The acknowledged fact that the mass of the negroes had opposed his reforms was skillfully paraded. His attempts to secure United States troops were denounced as a damning outrage; "South Carolina should be ruled by South Carolinians" was repeated from mountain to sea-board.

The work of buying arms and organizing democratic primaries and rifle clubs was energetically pushed on, till every democrat in the State had a gun and was enrolled in a primary, and three fourths of the whites belonged to the military. The ostracism and dragooning of all who hung back was carried to the last extreme, until the whites were as consolidated as in 1860.

The negroes saw these portentous movements; they saw the soldiery drilling, and every white man spending hours daily at the target. Rumors of Hampton reached them. Their former masters urgently importuned them to vote for Hampton. Every republican meeting was interrupted by armed multitudes of democrats, half the time demanded for democratic speakers, the republican orators jeered at, interrupted, vilely insulted, and hissed down, while the intruding speakers plainly announced that the whites were going to carry the election at all hazards and that the negroes had better vote the democratic ticket to save themselves trouble. Long lines of cavalry were kept constantly parading and proved particularly effective. Then another holocaust took place at Ellen-

ton, and was talked about by the whites all over the State in the presence of the negroes. The whites, furthermore, suddenly assumed a dictatorial demeanor in their daily intercourse with the colored people, knocked them down or shot them on the slightest provocation, and by free use of menaces prevented indictments. Prominent republicans, white and colored, were threatened with ambuscades or followed by crowds of bullies if they left towns to canvass in the country; the negroes and white republicans were insulted on the streets; if troublesome, they were forced into fights by bravoes or picked off by "chance" shots during the course of pretended drunken rows got up near them. Terrorism soon reigned supreme.

To conceal these things systematic deception was used. Hundreds of false affidavits were procured, charging the negroes with aggression at both Hamburg and Ellenton, and justifying the whites in everything, even in the murder of prisoners; the responsibility for every deed of democratic violence was fixed on republicans; reconciliation to the results of the war was loudly professed. For over a month hardly any negroes turned democrats, yet large accessions were triumphantly claimed in the papers; ten colored democrats were nominated for the legislature in counties sure to go republican; the negro majority, which the last census gives as thirty-five thousand (seventy-five thousand white voters and one hundred and ten thousand colored), was boldly asserted to be only ten or fifteen thousand; and the judges (mostly democratic whites who had professed republicanism, or consented to preserve silence) were induced to declare for Hampton and Hayes (the latter for effect North), and denounce Chamberlain; *though a few months before, each and every one of them had been the very loudest supporters he had in the State.*

So few colored men joined the democratic clubs during the earlier weeks of the campaign that, to make the matter sure, there came proposals in the press and resolutions by the precinct and rifle clubs to employ no colored republicans

as laborers, and to give no patronage to republican brick-layers, blacksmiths, carpenters, hack-men, market-men, etc., when democratic negroes were accessible. Thousands of republicans at once had ruin or democracy staring them in the face as alternatives; and hundreds of them finally began to turn.

For election day a *coup d'état* was contemplated. The members of the rifle clubs informally agreed among themselves to guard the polls and systematically patrol the public roads in a menacing manner, so as to frighten off the negroes and keep them at home.

But suddenly the governor came out with his proclamation. In the earlier part of his administration he had accepted ten or a dozen rifle clubs as militia; but the hundreds that had been organized since the opening of the campaign had asked no permission and were clearly illegal. So he ordered them to disband, and (as commander-in-chief) he disbanded those he had accepted, they too having been turned into political machines. The papers announced a day or two beforehand that the order was to be issued, and added, falsely and maliciously, that the arms of the clubs would also be demanded, although private property, each member having purchased his own gun. It would have taken but a wave of Hampton's hand to cause a frightful outbreak; but he counseled submission, especially when the president's proclamation came out, as the more expedient course, and the clubs ceased drilling and parading, though, of course, retaining their arms; it would have taken but a drum beat to make most of them fall into ranks. Then United States troops were poured into the State, and a garrison was stationed at every important town. The interference with republican meetings was immediately stopped.

When the democrats first began their demonstrations the negroes were cowed all over the State. They kept remarkably quiet, and it seemed as if their old fear of their masters would so reassert itself as soon to force them into the democratic ranks. But after a while, in some of the counties where they pre-

dominate — noticeably Charleston, Darlington, and Orangeburg — they became intensely excited at what they judged this evident blow at their liberty. They purchased guns and ammunition as fast as they were able, burnished the arms the State had given them, had broken or rusty weapons repaired, got knives, clubs, and torches ready, consulted together secretly, and evinced a stern determination to resist aggression to the death. They furthermore, alarmed at the daily defections from their ranks on account of work taken from republicans, began in the most fearful manner to maltreat and intimidate every colored man who gave promise of turning democrat. The excitement over this matter in Charleston resulted in a terrible riot, during which the city for one night and practically for several days was in the hands of black savages, who shot or beat every white who appeared on the streets. Indignant at the breaking up of their meetings by democratic soldiery, they began to attend armed. The bloody collision at Cainhoys was the consequence of this policy. After the arrival of the garrisons, the negroes all over the State broke out into extravagant expressions of joy and thanksgiving, appeared under arms on every occasion, and acted in the most alarming manner everywhere. Their orators advised them to cut the throats of white women and children, if the shot-gun policy were continued, and to apply the torch to the dwelling of any man who discharged them on account of politics. In a week or two the increase of crime was positively appalling. The whites had conjured up a spirit which threatened to tear them in pieces.

The republican convention met on the 12th of September. Governor Chamberlain used all his official power and personal influence to pack it with his adherents and the honest element of the party; but the corrupt element was in the majority. The governor was a candidate for renomination, and he urged as candidates for the other high offices men of acknowledged integrity and uprightness. But so bitterly had the corruptionists come to hate him that they

made a violent onslaught on him; and although they knew that without his interference the whites would out-Mississippi Mississippi in the election, they gave him plainly to understand that they must no longer be trodden on by him. That it was necessary to success to renominate him they bitterly admitted; but beyond this they resolutely refused to go. The governor had either to stoop, or to turn over the State to the strongest and fiercest spirits of the section which had tried to tear the Union asunder. A compromise was effected, and the governor was renominated; a few of the highest offices were given to his adherents, and the rest were given to the corruptest men in the corrupt section of the party. It was a sorry ticket; but, thanks to his efforts, it was the best put forward by the party convention since reconstruction. Similar compromises in the nominations were effected afterwards in many localities; but in a majority of counties the corruptionists broke out in open rebellion, put up their own men, and refused to give the Chamberlainites a showing; and the Chamberlainites and Mr. Chamberlain acquiesced.

The coming of the troops was a terrible backset for the democrats; but they had gone too far to recede. The troops were loudly welcomed, and their gentlemanly West Point officers entertained at formal but polite dinners to keep up appearances; although the furious deportment of the negroes soon made the whites, now unorganized, *really* glad that the troops were among them to prevent overt violence. A day of prayer and fasting for democratic success was appointed by the central committee of the party, and, at their request, religious services with the same object (an unknown thing) were held in every church — even Episcopal and Catholic — in the State. The “preference policy” was sternly pursued. Thousands of colored republicans lost their situations. Negro tenants (republican) were everywhere warned to leave. On trying to rent new lands they were coldly asked, “Are you going to vote for Hampton?” Repub-

lican craftsmen were everywhere idle. The papers and orators unintermittingly declared that every democrat should make it his duty to secure at least one negro to vote for Hampton, by fair means or foul, and watch him deposit his ballot. This was the famous “one man apiece” policy. In consequence, all the whites, especially gentlemen of property emulated each other in purchasing voters. Thousands of negroes had liens on their crops released, land rented them at nothing, supplies promised for next year, or money paid them outright in consideration of their turning democrats, or of staying away from the polls. In consequence of the discharge of colored laborers, the torch began its terrible work all over the country, and the whites were compelled to keep watch over their property at night. The streets of every village were patrolled. All the more bravely did the whites face the torch, all the more zealously did they work, after the significance of the democratic victory in Indiana began to appear. It was well known that the republican party there had made the issue on the “bloody shirt” and the “solid South,” and on that issue had been defeated. Grant was furiously denounced from one end of the State to the other, and the people loudly called on to aid in electing a democratic president who would keep his hands off the South in the future. And the leaders, thinking everything was going for Tilden and the democrats, became absolutely frantic with the desire, which had been strong enough before, to participate in the victory, to get back to Washington, and to restore Palmetto ascendancy in the national councils.

As the election day approached, there were signs that the republicans, frightened at the immense depletion of their strength, would attempt performances in repeating unparalleled in the history of elections; and the democrats began on all sides to say that if the republicans tried that game the democrats should try it too. The rowdies and fire-eaters among the lower classes of whites were worked up with the notion, and made ready for anything.

The election passed off amid terrible excitement, but, on the whole, peaceably. United States troops were posted at a large proportion of the polls and places where trouble or overt intimidation was apprehended, and were called on frequently to repress incipient tumults. Both parties turned out in full force, and stayed at the polls all day. Guns were brought by both parties, and concealed in houses near many polls, but the troops would not allow any to be shown. The whites, though, to a man, wore pistols as usual, as did all the negroes, few in number, who had been able to buy them. In Barnwell County, however, the ballot-box at a rural poll in a negro section, where no troops were posted, was fired on by an unknown party (supposed of course to be whites) from a neighboring swamp, and a stampede occurred. The poll was closed. Afterwards the managers reopened it in an adjoining place, and the negroes were rallied, inspired with mob courage, and deposited 2027 votes. The democrats afterwards protested against the counting of these votes. In Charleston County the colored militia turned out at rural polls under arms, stood on guard near such as had no troops near them, and prevented scores of colored democrats from voting, or intimidated them into "voting right."

The election itself was one of the grandest farces ever seen. In counties where the negroes had terrorized affairs, streams of colored republicans poured from poll to poll all day, voting everywhere. The largest vote ever cast before in Charleston County had been twenty thousand. Yet on election day, although three or four thousand negroes were bribed or led by fear of starvation to refrain from voting, and although five or six hundred who did vote cast the democratic ticket, the total vote thrown reached the amazing figure of 23,891 and the county went republican by 6391 votes — six thousand having been the average majority in the past. In counties terrorized by the whites, white braves rode from poll to poll, and voted time and again. Hundreds of Geor-

gians and North Carolinians crossed the borders and joined in the work. In Edgefield County the influx of Georgians and the repeating were simply tremendous. The total number of voters in that county, according to the recent state census (*which was denounced as exaggerating the population by the democratic press*, because the census takers were paid by a fee of five cents for every name recorded instead of by a salary), is 7122, and the county has always, hitherto, gone republican by one thousand votes; yet, although a thousand negroes certainly, and an unknown number above that, were induced by money or fear of starvation to refrain from voting, the total number of votes cast was 9289, and the democrats carried the county by the astounding and tell-tale majority of 3225! Similarly startling in most of the counties were the changes as compared with the census or past elections. Every democrat with whom I have talked since election day has something of this sort to say: "Why, the negroes at my precinct repeated and voted their minors on a tremendous scale; for their total vote was almost as high as ever before, although we kept away fifty or sixty from voting and got about a dozen to vote with us. Why, I carried one negro to the polls myself, and saw him put in his ballot all right, and his two brothers stayed at home all day, for I told them if they voted against us I would turn them off."

The ballots were undoubtedly counted fairly at the polls. Through Governor Chamberlain's influence, one democrat and two republicans had been appointed managers at every precinct. The board of county canvassers, appointed to aggregate the returns for each county, was similarly composed. But in compiling the vote they made some changes of the precinct returns; for instance, the names of some candidates of each party had been misspelt on the tickets by country printers, and in several cases candidates running for certain offices had by mistake received votes for other offices. The precinct managers returned the votes as cast, but the county boards

credited the candidates really intended to be voted for with the erroneous votes. The returns were awaited amidst the most intense excitement. They were exceedingly close, but at last it became apparent that, according to the precinct returns (excluding the Barnwell box where the voting was interrupted), the democratic ticket was ahead. But presently it was ascertained that the returns of the board of county canvassers would put the result in doubt, and that if the Barnwell box were received the republican ticket would prevail. This caused wild excitement, for the board of state canvassers, composed of the secretary of state, attorney-general, state treasurer, etc., has power to decide when there are variations in the returns, as well as to determine contested elections; and, of course, the republicans contested Edgefield and Barnwell — the latter, because the democrats had carried the county through the exclusion of the votes at the poll, so often referred to by the county canvassers — as well as Laurens County, where foul play was alleged. The whites had had great distrust of the state board from the start, for it had been a corrupt body always, and at present is not above suspicion, besides the fact of all its members being republicans and half of them candidates for reelection.

When the board met, democratic counsel appeared before it, and, though the above-named powers were undoubtedly conferred on it by law, and had been exercised without question for eight years, the board's authority under the law to hear contests was objected to, the constitutionality of the laws constituting it were objected to, the right of the members to sit was objected to, and, in short, everything was objected to on contemptible quibbles (though it must be owned that the man who drew up our election laws might have made them clearer). Finally the board was dragged before the notorious supreme court. The chief-justice is F. J. Moses, Sen., father of the world-famous Robber - Governor who preceded Governor Chamberlain, and who was one of the corrupt pair

whom Chamberlain refused to commission as judges. Father and son are alike inimical to Chamberlain.

I can safely predict one thing: if the ultimate decision be in favor of the republicans, we shall have in South Carolina all the transactions so common in Louisiana — rival governors and legislatures, Penn insurrections and Wiltz *coup d'états*; the democrats are aroused to the last degree, and with difficulty can be held in by their leaders, who are, of course, diplomatic. In the mean while, there is almost a reign of anarchy: the negroes are burning and stealing, the whites are shooting and beating; the papers are filled with reports of crimes and affrays. The races here are so worked up that anything may cause a bloody conflict; the whites could probably defeat the negroes easily, and slaughter them like dogs, but — the torch! The negroes would fire Charleston in a thousand places if driven to bay; the whites know this and restrain the young men; the negroes know it too, and are accordingly insolent and malevolent.

If Chamberlain be installed, he will undoubtedly try to do right; and as the legislature will have its lower house democratic or republican by a few votes only (if the democrats in the latter case will sit), with his aid good government is possible; but it is improbable, for the democrats are now in the mood to rule or ruin, and are likely to refuse to have anything to do with a government of republicans.

The popular terms, "the North" and "the South," the "Confederacy" and the "Union," are, as usual, descriptive of an underlying truth. There is and always has been a difference in national characteristics between the inhabitants of the old free, and those of the old slave States. The Southerners used to look on the Northerners as coarse, money-getting people, given to fanaticism on certain social, political, and religious questions. Their contempt for the commercial character of the North originated, of course, in the aristocratic training of the plantations, and their hatred

for the liberty and equality doctrines of Northern philanthropists arose from the intolerance natural to all aristocracies, and from the dread of a servile insurrection or of losing their slave property. There was, undeniably, much antipathy felt by the people of the South towards the Northerners before the war. Now the war has not diminished, it has intensified this antipathy; the chivalric South, which had borne itself so haughtily and boisterously at Washington, was conquered by the commercial North; the doctrines of the fanatics were triumphant; cherished institutions were revolutionized. The master was made slave, and the slave made master. The hatred of the humiliated Southern people was absolutely unfathomable; and it yet continues. The talk about the healing of the recent wounds, the filling up of the bloody chasm, the reconciliation of the sections, etc., is opposed to common sense, reason, the experience of ages, and the facts in the case. The South is a conquered land, and the Southerners, still retaining their disgust for the commercial and equalizing spirit of the North, have had national hatred added to national antipathy by their defeat. They have been quiet and submissive since the war, through pure exhaustion and animal fear, but ostracism of Northerners has been universal, and intermarriage is forbidden on the pain of social death. Sometimes, it is true, Northern settlers of unimpeachable antecedents, men of tact, who would keep out of politics and set themselves to the task of conciliating and sympathizing, have made some progress towards affiliation; but the main fact is as I have stated it. It is also true that pacific utterances have been heard, that courtesies have been interchanged with Northern military companies, and that Northern visitors (especially newspaper correspondents or distinguished men) have met with hospitality. But all these things have been merely formal, except in the case of the military, who have been actuated not by friendship or reconciliation, but by the chivalric sentiments of soldiers for gallant foes. These things have been

done in the hope of obtaining relief from our bandit governments, or of gaining ascendancy in the national councils.

Indeed, this leads me to observe that hatred for the North is often largely modified into hatred for the republican party; but the party attachment of the whites for Northern democrats is too much like that of hard-pressed soldiers for mutineers in the enemy's camp, to be a healthful sign of reconciliation. The lost cause, our trials during the war, our brilliant deeds in arms, our reverses, our grievances since the peace, form the staple of fireside and social conversation in every Southern family, and will do so for generations. Every child at its mother's knee is told of the brave old days; how its father used to own troops of slaves and counties of land; how he or some other honored relative fell under the banner of Morgan, of Lee, of Stonewall Jackson, or of Hampton; and into its mind is instilled hatred of their slayers and a resolution to avenge their death "some of these days." Shafts to the honor of the Confederate dead are thick in every grave-yard and cemetery, covered with tear-moving inscriptions; and once a year, on Memorial Day, the whole white population turns out, — suspending all business, — amidst the tolling of bells, to decorate the graves of their fallen heroes, and listen to eulogies and poems on them and the cause they died for. I do not reprobate the custom; it is only as natural as it is undeniable.

The Southern press teems with publications relating to the war — with the histories of Pollard and of Alexander H. Stephens (which are found in every white school as text-books), the rabid memoirs of Admiral Semmes, and lives without number of Lee and Jackson. The historical societies, since the great speech of General Hill, have been busily collecting statistics justifying the prison management of the Confederate government, and proving that Confederate prisoners were worse used than Unionists.

It is true that democratic conventions and democratic leaders in the South

have pledged themselves to abide by the issues of the war. But these utterances are worth no more than platforms and diplomatic professions in general. Beyond all things would Southerners rejoice to be free, to achieve their independence of the nation which has conquered them, of which they, *volens nolens*, must form a part. But they have tested the strength of the North, and learned to dread it. Nothing could induce them to engage the North single-handed again; and the more so, that they now have a possible intestine foe, the negro, to deter them. But contingencies may be easily imagined which would tempt them to rise: for instance, should they get the South solid, put the negro down at home, get him sufficiently intimidated or pacified to use as a Sepoy force, and a war should break out between the United States and some foreign power with which the South could side.

There is another kind of contingency which seems likely to occur at no very distant period. The excitement in the South over the presidential contest is literally frightful. Should it be adverse to Mr. Tilden, the national House of Representatives and Mr. Tilden have it in their power to cause an explosion in the South so terrific that the outbreak of 1860-61 will be almost forgotten. The most dangerous hopes and emotions are agitating the bosom of every Southerner. At every street corner and fireside, on the steps of every store, you may hear men saying that the hour of the republicans is striking, they have got to submit, the North is split, and "We'll try them this time with Tilden and New York to help us."

Next to separation from the Union, the South would relish ruling the Union. Her representatives would be as intolerant as of old. Once solid, she will always remain solid. Mr. Nordhoff is in error with regard to the probability of a whig revival in the South. As he says, there were, undoubtedly, thousands of men in the South before the war who were conservative and opposed to secession; but they were dragooned into con-

formity by the fire-eating element then, and can be dragooned again; and, besides, many of them have become alienated from the North in consequence of having participated in Southern reverses, and they could hope to do nothing in the face of the popular animosity engendered by the strife. The fire-eaters would rule and keep the white vote consolidated, and thus hope to govern the Union through divisions in the Northern vote; for they are confident that the North cannot be kept as solid as the South.

Three evils are to be chiefly dreaded under Southern ascendancy at Washington. The first is a tremendous rush of office seekers and bonanza jobbers from the South. Thousands of Southerners, not reared to exertion, have been compelled to struggle hard for a living since the war, and would, of course, naturally abandon uncongenial or ill-paying avocations for the delights of office; and from the willingness to get all the spoils possible *there would be a great clamor all over the South for internal improvements.* The second is the much-talked-of danger of the payment of Southern claims, compensation for the slaves, assumption of the Confederate debt, etc. The Southerners, I know, would undoubtedly be overjoyed could these things be accomplished; but they fear that any attempt to accomplish them might rouse the North so powerfully that they would be put down decisively, and kept down. They consider the attempt unsafe; but here, again, the question is one of expediency, not of principle. Attempts would probably be made to carry the same points indirectly. The third, and, in my opinion, the most formidable evil would be the danger of a warlike foreign policy. The spirit of the South — and especially of the leading element, the aristocracy — is at present dangerously martial. The Southerners, naturally spirited, fond of hunting and the turf, and devotees of the code, took astonishingly well to war; reared as gentlemen, relieved from labor by their slaves, and utterly unaccustomed to steady exertion, they have repined much against the hard

fate which has forced them to work like other people for a living; and the vast majority of them, bursting with impatience under their restraint, would gladly hail the excitement and dangers of a campaign as a refreshing intermission, a picnic as it were, in the dreary monotony of the remorseless struggle for existence. The Southern papers were vehement for war with Spain about the Virginius matter, and have been bitter against the president on account of his non-aggressive policy towards Mexico. "Tilden will stop these incursions on the border" has been a frequent editorial remark. In social intercourse, I have heard dozens of influential Southern gentlemen exclaim, "Wouldn't it be glorious if we could have two new Southern States — another Texas from the Mexican territory, and Cuba from Spain!" There is, furthermore, the hope that in the event of war the South could secede if she chose, or confirm her sway over the Union by threatening to join the enemy.

The hostility with which the whites regarded the enfranchisement of the negro has made itself felt in the sternest ostracism of Southerners who have turned republican, even if they were sincere and shunned office. In this State the negro legislature is called the menagerie, and is never referred to without a malediction. It is true that the whites have at times (noticeably in 1874) voted for negroes for office, and even high office; but it was done only to escape confiscation. Large numbers of irreconcilables refused outright to do it, and were secretly admired by those who yielded, and openly applauded by the ladies. When the bolters in 1874 spoke at one time of nominating a negro for governor, the only daily journal then in Charleston, the leading democratic paper of the State and the South, said that South Carolinians might contrive to put up with a colored lieutenant-governor, but could not stomach a colored executive; there was a line which might God forbid they should ever pass.

Colored politicians, who can be dis-

tinguished by their shiny, dressy appearance, have always been held in detestation; their appearance is the signal for wrathful silence, scowls, and derisive winks; if one of them, in the open air, passes a group of young white men, either silence falls on them till he is past, or they burst into laughter and jeer him as long as he remains in sight.

The intimidation and killing of negroes during election campaigns is a lamentable but significant sign. Negro citizenship rests solely on the very insecure support of United States bayonets; in this matter, again, the whites are guided by expediency alone. Whenever they dare, the whites in the Southern States will disfranchise the negro outright and by law; and in the mean while they will, in States they control, practically disfranchise him. For instance, the negro always evades paying taxes — even a poll-tax — as long as he can, and is notoriously given to roost-liftings, stealing cotton by night, killing hogs, etc., in the woods; accordingly, I am not surprised to see that in Georgia non-payment of taxes — even the poll-tax — is made to disfranchise a voter, that half the negroes are already disfranchised for non-payment, and that every man in Alabama convicted of larceny is disfranchised. White employers object to their hands taking time to vote, and one discharged for this reason cannot obtain reemployment. Young braves turn out upon election day, and jeer at, bully, or force negroes coming to vote into fights. In some riotous districts of Georgia, which the democrats now carry by the significant majority of eighty thousand, not a negro vote is polled; the increase of the democratic majority in Alabama since the State fell into democratic hands is well known. In Georgia there are no colored state officers, not even constables or police, and a negro has not been summoned to serve on a jury there for years; there is only one colored man in the legislature. An educational qualification, which is loudly clamored for in some Southern States, would disfranchise ninety-five negroes out of a hundred; and though many poor whites would murmur

at such a measure, the fire-eaters would quickly bring them round by a judicious use of the cane and the pistol. So I should not be surprised to see that plan adopted in the Southern States before long.

The whites, I believe, will never attempt to reënslave the negro, even should they get out of the Union, or the North refuse to interfere. The matter is often in people's minds, as may be judged by the recurrence of such remarks as "I wonder what will be the end of this thing?" "What must we do with the negro?" etc. But reënslavement presents great difficulties and dangers. The negroes would resist it to the death: kill women and children, use the torch freely, flee to the swamps, and thence sally out to fight and ravage, so dearly have they come to prize their liberty. And even should they be ultimately subjected, there would be daily and nightly outbreaks, keeping the whites in constant suspense. But it is unmistakable that the inexpediency, not the wrong of the measure, would constitute the obstacle. The whites clearly regard subordination in all things as the natural condition of the negro.

Should the North ever grant free play, or a separation occur, I should look for the whites to go as far as they dare in restricting colored liberty by black codes or detached laws, without actually re-establishing personal servitude. For instance, from the irritation felt in consequence of the stealing and selling of cotton at night, and their incursions into chicken, meat, and potato houses, and barns, we may expect negroes to be prohibited from stirring from home at night after some curfew hour, save under patrol or police regulations. From the animosity evinced towards their Union Leagues, political clubs, mass-meetings, etc., we may look for the prohibition of all colored assemblages; their churches would probably be put under police espionage, to prevent the discussion of political themes. From the great irritation felt at colored men who support their wives in idleness, or send their children (needed to work on the plantation) to

school, we should anticipate stringent vagrant laws, and laws forbidding colored children to attend school during work hours, if at all. From the exasperating disposition of the negro to quit employers before his time is out, and to work unsteadily while employed, we may predict laws prescribing the manner in which they shall hire themselves (perhaps requiring strict contracts, holding them to labor for stated periods at stated wages), severely punishing idleness and making the violations of contract by a negro a penal offense. Bills of that purport have been introduced into the Georgia legislature, and voted down as premature. Finally, from the delight with which the killing of a negro leader is hailed who shows any signs of becoming "dangerous" through his intelligence or culture, it is easy to foresee that whites would be lightly punished (if juries would ever convict them) for crimes against blacks, while the criminal law would be severe on black offenders, and convictions easy.

The Union Leagues gave the negroes their first notions of parliamentary law and debating. They were encouraged to attend courts as spectators, were inducted into jury and militia service, and their prominent men were elevated to office. For several years—until 1872—in this State they unresistingly followed the guidance of their white friends. There was little debate at their meetings, and most measures were passed unanimously. On juries, in the legislature, etc., they were sheepish, quiet, awkward, and docile. But gradually they began to pick up hints and to see things for themselves. They became ambitious for office and distinction, acquired confidence, joined in debate, and criticised the measures proposed by their white leaders; and for a few years past they have been growing the most irrepressible democrats it is possible to conceive. They delight in attending, either to mingle in or to look on at, all sorts of assemblages, — church services and meetings, political clubs and conventions, mass-meetings, the courts, — as well as to serve on juries or in the

militia. They are astonishingly quick at imitation, and are a mere second edition of the whites. At their gatherings all have something to say, and all are up at once. They have a free flow of language, and their older men exhibit a practical, get-at-the-facts disposition (narrow-minded of necessity, yet intense from that very circumstance) which is a near approach to that sterling English quality, hard common sense. They are to the last degree good-humored unless persistently opposed, when they become excited, demonstrative, and violent, in both demeanor and language. While they are speaking, their orators are subjected to all kinds of interruptions,—questions, impertinences, points of order, etc. Consequently much disorder prevails at their meetings. In the legislature knives and pistols have been drawn, and members have been expelled for disorderly conduct.

The negroes undoubtedly have a genius for intriguing. They understand all the arts of the lobby. They are quick with points of order—tack on riders, hurry jobs through under the previous question, etc. They understand well how to make corporations pay for bills, and candidates for nominations. Rings are well known in their politics. They have gerrymandered the congressional districts so as to deprive the whites of two representatives they might fairly elect. To insure the elections, they have refused to pass laws providing for registration, as the constitution directs; and under this safeguard (every voter being allowed to vote at any precinct whatever in his county, if he swears that he is voting for the first time) they have rivaled in repeating any feats of Tammany or Philadelphia roughs. Charleston County has been chiefly the theatre of these deeds. Negroes in swarms go voting from poll to poll in the country, and then enter the city and vote at several precincts there. Negroes do this all over the State on a smaller scale, and they frequently cross from county to county to vote; while the voting, or attempts to vote, of boys under twenty-one is notorious. Until 1874 their managers

also proved themselves adepts in packing ballot-boxes, or in manipulating returns; such frauds being easily detected by keeping lists of how many negroes and how many whites voted, the voting having generally been on the color line. The meetings of bolting republicans are frequently packed by regulars, their orators hissed, resolutions voted down, and their opposite carried.

The negroes moreover are as intolerant of opposition as the whites. They expel from the church, ostracize, and, if they can, mob and kill all of their own, though not of the white race, who would turn democrats; and they have done so ever since the war. The women are worse than the men, refusing to talk to or marry a renegade, and aiding in mobbing him. They treat bolting republicans in the same way. But in some counties the bolters at times, happening to outnumber the regulars, have proceeded to reverse the game, and intimidate the regulars into conformity. Charleston County for many years has had two republican factions waging relentless mob war on each other, the division originating in the rivalry of two noted white leaders. When a negro does turn democrat, he surpasses the most rabid fire-eater in violence, and on every occasion delights to banter, insult, or bully republican negroes, if white men are near to protect him.

On national questions the negroes, as is well known, implicitly follow the dictation of Northern republicans; but in home matters they are more independent. For three or four years they have displayed great dissatisfaction with their white leaders. "Our votes keep the party in power," they say, "and we ought to have the offices." In consequence, many white leaders have been discarded, and those who yet retain prominence have had to use money and official patronage freely to retain their influence. Out of about one hundred and twenty-five republicans in the two legislative houses last session, about one hundred and ten were colored. I speak from memory, but am substantially correct.

The negroes have been accused of be-

ing easily led by demagogues; but they really rule the demagogues, not the demagogues them. Let the politicians do anything which is distasteful, and opponents spring up in every quarter. They are extremely jealous of any one's assuming to dictate to them. They are impatient of trespasses and domiciliary visits to a degree only exceeded by the English races, and often resist search-warrants. They also resist arrests, and have to be vigorously clubbed. One thing, though, must be mentioned. Their fear of being reënslaved offers a means by which dexterous politicians can often impose on them. If you can prove to their

satisfaction that any measure will tend to give the whites any advantage over them, it is instantly quashed and its opposite forthwith carried, *nem con*. The intense love the negro has acquired for liberty was conspicuously manifested in the recent canvass, when it became apparent that the whites were determined to carry the election on the Mississippi Plan, and, as the negroes thought, rob them of liberty. As to the negro's capacity for government, I must say frankly that he is no more fit for it than a crowd of Irish roughs picked up promiscuously in the streets of a Northern city.

A South Carolinian.

THE OLD GRAVE.

'T is an old, old grave; the snows and rains
Of a hundred years have left their stains
On the broken slab, which some kind hand
Has pieced with an iron bolt and band,
Long since, — for the headstone leans awry,
Like a wheat-sheaf when the wind sweeps by.

'T is an old, old grave; the once trim mound
Is level now with the sloping ground;
From the tangled grass the buttercup
With a startled, wild-fawn air looks up,
And the coarse-leaved burdocks make their home
Where the mower's scythe has ceased to come.

'T is an old, old grave, — how came I here?
I — I don't know. It is many a year
Since I went from home, and yet to-day
It seems I've been but an hour away!
How odd that I'm standing here alone
With the Past so blotted out and gone!

I know the place, — as a boy have played
With my mates beneath that walnut's shade;
It was smaller then — no! I declare
'T was a chestnut-tree that once stood there!
How all is changed in the spot I knew, —
How thick are the graves that once were few!

How the moss has spread, how the wall sags down, —
 I saw it built! . . . Why, I think the town
 Is nearer now than it used to be
 When I was a boy. . . What's this I see,
 As I scrape the lichen from the stone?
 What name do I read? Good God, my own!

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

COMEDY.

I.

THE Ponkwasset Hotel stands on the slope of a hill and fronts the irregular mass of Ponkwasset Mountain, on which the galleries and northern windows of the parlor look out. The parlor is furnished with two hair-cloth sofas, two hair-cloth easy-chairs, and cane-seated chairs of 'divers patterns; against one side of the room stands a piano; in the centre is a marble-topped table supporting a state-lamp of kerosene, — a perfume by day, a flame by night, — and near this table sit two young ladies with what they call work in their hands and laps.

Miss Maggie Wallace, with her left wrist curved in the act of rolling up a part of her work, at which she looks down with a very thoughtful air: "I don't think I shall cut it bias, after all, Lilly."

Miss Lilly Roberts, letting her work fall into her lap, in amazement: "Why, Maggie!"

Maggie. "No. Or at least I shan't decide to do so till I've had Leslie's opinion on it. She has *perfect* taste, and she could tell at a glance whether it would do."

Lilly. "I wonder she is n't here, now. The stage must be very late."

Maggie. "I suppose the postmaster at South Herodias waited to finish his supper before he 'changed the mail,' as they call it. I was so in hopes she would come while they were at tea! It will so

disgust her to see them all strung along the piazza and staring their eyes out at the arrivals, when the stage drives up." Miss Wallace dreamily contemplates the horrible picture in a mental vision.

Lilly. "Why don't you go down, too, Maggie? Perhaps she'd find a familiar face a relief."

Maggie, recalled to herself by the wild suggestion: "Thank you, Lilly. I'd rather not be thought so vulgar as *that*, by Leslie Bellingham, if it's quite the same to other friends. Imagine her catching sight of me in that crowd! I should simply wither away."

Lilly, rebelliously: "Well, I don't see why she should feel authorized to overawe people in that manner. What does she do to show her immense superiority?"

Maggie. "Everything! In the first place she's so refined and cultivated, you can't live; and then she takes your breath away, she's so perfectly lovely; and then she kills you dead with her style, and all that. She is n't the least stiff. She's the kindest to other people you ever saw, and the carefulest of their feelings; and she has the grandest principles, and she's *divinely* impulsive! But somehow you feel that if you do anything that's a little vulgar in her presence, you'd better die at once. It was always so at school, and it always will be. Why you would no more dare to do or say anything just a little common, don't you know, with Leslie Bellingham" —

While Miss Wallace has been speaking, a young lady, tall, slender, and with an air of delicate distinction, has appeared at the door of the parlor. She is of that type of beauty which approaches the English, without losing the American fineness and grace; she is fair, and her eyes are rather gray than blue; her nose is slightly aquiline; her expression is serious, but it becomes amused as she listens to Miss Wallace. She wears one of those blonde traveling-costumes, whose fashionableness she somehow subduces into character with herself; over her arm she carries a shawl. She drifts lightly into the room. At the rustling of her dress Miss Wallace looks up, and with a cry of surprise and joy springs from her chair, scattering the contents of her work-box in every direction over the floor, and flings herself into Miss Leslie Bellingham's embrace. Then she starts away from her and gazes rapturously into her face, while they prettily clasp hands and hold each other at arm's length: "Leslie! You heard every word!"

Leslie. "Every syllable, my child. And when you came to my grand principles, I simply said to myself, 'Then listening at keyholes is heroic,' and kept on eavesdropping without a murmur. Had you quite finished?"

Maggie. "Oh, Leslie! You know I never can finish when I get on that subject! It inspires me to greater and greater flights every minute. Where is your mother? Where is Mrs. Murray? Where is the stage? Why, excuse me! This is Miss Roberts. Lilly, it's Leslie Bellingham! Oh, how happy I am to see you together at last! Did n't the stage?" —

Leslie, having bowed to Miss Roberts: "No, Maggie. The stage did n't bring me here. I walked."

Maggie. "Why, Leslie! How perfectly ghastly!"

Leslie. "The stage has done nothing but disgrace itself ever since we left the station. In the first place it pretended to carry ten or twelve people and their baggage, with two horses. Four horses ought n't to drag such a load up these

precipices; and wherever the driver would stop for me, I insisted upon getting out to walk."

Maggie. "How like you, Leslie!"

Leslie. "Yes; I wish the resemblance were not so striking. I'm here in character, Maggie, if you like, but almost nothing else. I've nothing but a hand-bag to bless me with for the next twenty-four hours. Shall you be very much ashamed of me?"

Maggie. "Why, you don't mean to say you've lost your trunks? Horrors!"

Leslie. "No. I mean that I was n't going to let the driver add them to the cruel load he had already, and I made him leave them at the station till to-morrow night."

Maggie, embracing her: "Oh, you dear, good, grand, generous Leslie! How — Why, but Leslie! He'll have just as many people to-morrow night, and your trunks besides theirs!"

Leslie, after reflection following profound sensation: "Very well! Then I shall not be there to see the outrage. I will not have suffering or injustice of any kind inflicted in my presence, if I can help it. That is all." She sinks into one of the arm-chairs with an air of mingled mortification and resolution, and taps the toe of her boot with the point of her umbrella.

Maggie. "But where is your hand-bag?"

Leslie, with mystery: "Oh, he's bringing it."

Maggie. "He?"

Leslie. "A young man, the good genius of the drive. He's bringing it from the foot of the hill; the stage had its final disaster there; and I left him in charge of mamma and aunt Kate, and came on to explore and surprise, and he made me leave the bag with him, too. But that is n't the worst. I shall know what to do with the hand-bag when it gets here, but I shan't know what to do with the young man."

Maggie. "With the young man? Why, Leslie, a young man is worth a thousand hand-bags in a place like this! You don't know what you're talking about, Leslie. A young man" —

Leslie, rising and going toward the window: "My dear, he's out of the question. You may as well make up your mind to that, for you'll see at once that he'll never do. He's going to stop here, and as he's been very kind to us it makes his never doing all the harder to manage. He's a hero, if you like, but if you can imagine it he is n't quite — well, what you've been used to. Don't you see how a person could be everything that was unselfish and obliging, and yet not — not?"

Maggie, eagerly: "Oh, yes!"

Leslie. "Well, he's that. It seems to me that he's been doing something for mamma, or aunt Kate, or me, ever since we left the station. To begin with, he gave up his place inside to one of us, and when he went to get on top, he found all the places taken there; and so he had to sit on the trunks behind — whenever he rode; for he walked most of the way, and helped me over the bad places in the road when I insisted on getting out. You know how aunt Kate is, Maggie, and how many wants she has. Well, there was n't one of them that this young man did n't gratify: he handed her bag up to the driver on top because it crowded her, and handed it down because she could n't do without it; he got her out and put her back so that she could face the front, and then restored her to her place because an old gentleman who had been traveling a long way kept falling asleep on her shoulder; he buttoned her curtain down because she was sure it was going to rain, and rolled it up because it made the air too close; he fetched water for her; he looked every now and then to see if her trunks were all right, and made her more and more ungrateful every minute. Whenever the stage broke down — as it did twice before the present smash-up — he befriended everybody, encouraged old ladies, quieted children, and shamed the other men into trying to be of some use; and if it had n't been for him, I don't see how the stage would ever have got out of its troubles; he always knew just what was the matter and just how to mend it. Is that the window that com-

mands a magnificent prospect of Ponkwasset Mountain — in the advertisement?"

Maggie. "The very window!"

Leslie. "Does it condescend to overlook so common a thing as the road up to the house?"

Maggie. "Of course; but why?"

Leslie, going to the open window, steps through it upon the gallery, whither the other young ladies follow her, and where her voice is heard: "Yes, there they come! But I can't see my young man. Is it possible that he's riding? No, there he is! He was on the other side of the stage. Don't you see him? Why he need n't carry my hand-bag! He certainly might have let that ride. I do wonder what he means by it! Or is it only absent-mindedness? Don't let him see us looking! It would be altogether too silly. Do let's go in!"

Maggie, on their return to the parlor: "What a great pity it is that he won't do! Is he handsome, Leslie? Why won't he do?"

Leslie. "You can tell in a moment, when you've seen him, Maggie. He's perfectly respectful and nice, of course, but he's no more social perspective than — the man in the moon. He's never obtrusive, but he's as free and equal as the Declaration of Independence; and when you did get up some little perspective with him, and tried to let him know, don't you know, that there was such a thing as a vanishing point somewhere, he was sure to do or say something so unconscious that away went your perspective — one simple crush."

Maggie. "How ridiculous!"

Leslie. "Yes. It was funny. But not just in that way. He is n't in the least common or uncouth. Nobody could say that. But he's going to be here two or three weeks, and it's impossible not to be civil, and it's very embarrassing, don't you see?"

Lilly. "Let me comfort you, Miss Bellingham. It will be the simplest thing in the world. We're all on the same level in the Ponkwasset Hotel. The landlord will bring him up during the evening and introduce him. Our table

girls teach school in the winter and are as good as anybody. Mine calls me 'Lilly,' and I'm so small I can't help it. They dress up in the afternoon, and play the piano. The cook 's as affable, when you meet her in society, as can be."

Maggie. "Lilly!"

Leslie, listening to Miss Roberts with whimsical trepidation: "Well, this certainly complicates matters. But I think we shall be able to manage." At a sound of voices in the hall without, Miss Bellingham starts from her chair and runs to the corridor, where she is heard: "Thanks, ever so much. So very good of you to take all this trouble. Come into the parlor, mamma — there 's nobody there but Maggie Wallace and Miss Roberts — and we'll leave our things there till after tea." She reënters the parlor with her mother and her aunt Kate, Mrs. Murray; after whom comes Stephen Blake, with Leslie's bag in his hand, and the wraps of the other ladies over his arm. His dress, which is evidently a prosperous fortuity of the clothing store, takes character from his tall, sinewy shape; a smile of somewhat whimsical patience lights his black eyes and shapes his handsome moustache, as he waits in tranquil self-possession the pleasure of the ladies.

Mrs. Bellingham, a matronly, middle-aged lady of comfortable, not cumbrous bulk, takes Miss Wallace by the hand and kisses her: "My dear child, how pleasant it is to see you so strong again! You're a living testimony to the excellence of the air! How well you look!"

Leslie. "Mamma, — Miss Roberts." Mrs. Bellingham murmurously shakes hands with Miss Roberts, and provisionally quiesces into a corner of the sofa.

Mrs. Murray. "Well, a more fatiguing drive I certainly never knew! How do you do, Maggie?" She kisses Miss Wallace in a casual, uninterested way, and takes Lilly's hand. "Is n't this Miss Roberts? I am Mrs. Murray. I used to know your family — your uncle George, before that dreadful business of his. I know it all came out right; he was n't to blame; but it was a shocking

experience." Mrs. Murray turns from Lilly, and refers herself to the company in general: "It seems as if I should expire on the spot. I feel as if I had been packed away in my own hat-box for a week, and here, just as we arrive, the landlord informs us that he did n't expect us till to-morrow night, and he has n't an empty room in the house!"

Maggie. "No room! To-morrow night! What nonsense! Why it's perfectly frantic! How could he have misunderstood? Why, it seems to me that I've done *nothing* for a week past but tell him you were coming to-night!"

Mrs. Murray. "I have no doubt of it. But it does n't alter the state of the case. You may well tell us to leave our things till *after tea*, Leslie. If they can't make up beds on the sofas and the piano, I don't know where we're going to pass the night." There is a moment of distressful sensation, and then Miss Wallace whispers something eagerly to her friend, Miss Roberts.

Maggie, with a laughing glance at Leslie and her mother, and then going on with her whispering: "Excuse the little confidence!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Conspiracy, I'm afraid. What are you plotting, Maggie?"

Maggie, finishing her confidence: "Oh, we need n't make a mystery of such a little thing. We're going to offer you one of our rooms."

Mrs. Bellingham. "My dear, you are going to do nothing of the kind. We will never allow it."

Maggie. "Now, Mrs. Bellingham, you break my heart! It's nothing, it's less than nothing. I believe we can make room for all three of you."

Mrs. Murray, promptly: "Let me go with you, young ladies. I'm an old housekeeper, and I can help you plan."

Maggie. "Oh, do, Mrs. Murray. You can tell which room you'd better take, Lilly's or mine. Lilly's is" — Mrs. Murray is about to leave the room with the two young girls, when her eye falls upon Blake, who is still present, with his burden of hand-bags and shawls.

Mrs. Murray. "Oh! I had forgotten

that we were detaining you! Leave the things on the table, please. We are obliged to you." Mrs. Murray speaks with a certain finality of manner and tone which there is no mistaking; Blake stares at her a moment, and then, without replying, lays down the things and turns to leave the room, when Leslie rises with a grand air from her mother's side, on the sofa, and sweeps towards him.

Leslie, very graciously: "Don't let our private afflictions drive you from a public room, Mr." —

Blake. "Blake."

Leslie. "Mr. Blake. This is my mother, Mr. Blake, who wishes to thank you for all your kindness to us."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Yes, indeed, Mr. Blake, we are truly grateful to you."

Leslie, with increasing significance: "And my aunt, Mrs. Murray; and my friend, Miss Wallace; and Miss Roberts." Blake bows to each of the ladies as they are named, and persisting in his movement to quit the room, Leslie impressively offers him her hand. "Must you go? Thank you, ever, ever so much!" She follows him to the door in his withdrawal, and then turns and confronts her aunt with an embattled front of defiance.

Maggie, with an effort breaking the embarrassing silence that ensues: "Come, Lilly. Let us go and take a look at our resources. We'll be back in a moment, Mrs. Bellingham."

Leslie, as her aunt goes out with the two young girls, comes forward abruptly and droops meekly in front of her mother, who remains seated on the sofa: "Well, mamma!"

Mrs. Bellingham, tranquilly contemplating her for a moment: "Well, Leslie!" She pauses, and again silently regards her daughter. "Perhaps you may be said to have overdone it."

Leslie, passionately: "I can't help it, mother. I could n't see him sent away in that insolent manner, I don't care who or what he is. Aunt Kate's tone was outrageous, atrocious, hideous! And after accepting, yes, *demanding* every service he could possibly render, the

whole afternoon! It made me blush for her, and I was n't going to stand it."

Mrs. Bellingham. "If you mean by all that that your poor aunt is a very ungracious and exacting woman, I shall not dispute you. But she's your father's sister; and she's very much older than you. You seem to have forgotten, too, that your mother was present to do any justice that was needed. It's very unfortunate that he should have been able to do us so many favors, but that can't be helped now. It's one of the risks of coming to these out-of-the-way places, that you're so apt to be thrown in with nondescript people that you don't know how to get rid of afterwards. And now that he's been so cordially introduced to us all! Well, I hope you won't have to be crueller in the end, my dear, than your aunt meant to be in the beginning. So far, of course, he has behaved with perfect delicacy; but you must see yourself, Leslie, that even as a mere acquaintance he's quite out of the question; that however kind and thoughtful he's been, and no one could have been more so, he is n't a gentleman."

Leslie, impatiently: "Well, then, mother, I am! And so are you. And I think we are bound to behave like gentlemen at any cost. I did n't mean to ignore you. I did n't consider. I acted as I thought Charley would have done."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Oh, my dear, my dear! Don't you see there's a very important difference? Your brother is a man, and he can act without reference to consequences. But you are a young lady, and you can't be as gentlemanly as you like without being liable to misinterpretation. I shall expect you to behave very discreetly indeed from this time forth. We must consider now how our new friend can be kindly, yet firmly and promptly, dropped."

Leslie. "Oh, it's another of those embarrassments that aunt Kate's always getting me into! I *was* discreet about it till she acted so horribly. You can ask Maggie if I did n't talk in the wisest way about it; like a perfect — owl. I

saw it just as you do, mamma, and I was going to drop him, and so I will, yet; but I could n't see him so ungratefully trampled on. It's *all* her doing! Who wanted to come here to this out-of-the-way place? Why, aunt Kate, — when I was eager to go to Conway! I declare it's too bad! I wish" —

Mrs. Bellingham. "That will do, Leslie."

Leslie. "And now she's gone off with those poor girls to crowd them out of house and home, I suppose. It's a shame! Why did you let her, mamma?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "For the same reason that I let you talk on, my dear, when I've bidden you stop."

Leslie. "Oh, you dear, kind old mamma, you! You're a gentleman, and you always were! I only wish I could be half like you!" She throws her arms round her mother's neck and kisses her. "I know you're right about this matter, but you must n't expect me to acknowledge that aunt Kate is. If you both said exactly the same thing, you would be right and she would be wrong, you'd say it so differently!"

Mrs. Murray, who returns alone with signs of discontent and perplexity, and flings herself into a chair: "Their rooms are mere coops, and I don't see how even two of us are to squeeze into one of them. It's little better than impertinence to offer it to us. I've been down to see the landlord again, and you'll be pleased to know, Marion, that the only vacant room in the house had been engaged by the person to whom we've all just had the honor of an introduction." Leslie makes an impetuous movement, as if she were about to speak, but at a gesture from her mother she restrains herself, and *Mrs. Murray* continues: "Of course, if he had been a gentleman, in the lowest sense of the word, he would have offered his room to ladies who had none, at once. As long as he could make social capital out of his obtrusive services to us he was very profuse with them, but as soon as it came to a question of real self-sacrifice — to giving up his own ease and comfort for a single night" — The bell

rings for supper, and at the sound *Mrs. Bellingham* rises.

Mrs. Bellingham. "I think a cup of tea will put a cheerfuller face on our affairs. I don't at all agree with you about Mr. Blake's obligation to give up his room, nor about his services to us this afternoon; I'm sure common justice requires us to acknowledge that he was everything that was kind and thoughtful. Oh, you good child!" — as *Miss Wallace* appears at the door, — "have you come to show us the way to supper? Are you quite sure you've not gone without tea on our account as well as given up your room?" She puts her arm fondly round the young girl's waist, and presses her cheek against her own breast.

Maggie, with enthusiasm: "Oh, Mrs. Bellingham, you know I would n't ask anything better than to starve on your account. I wish I *had n't* been to tea! I'm afraid that you'll think the room is a very slight offering when you come to see it — it is such a little room; why, when I took Mrs. Murray into it, it seemed all at once as if I saw it through the wrong end of an opera-glass — it did dwindle so!"

Leslie. "Never mind, Maggie; you're only too good, as it is. If your room was an inch bigger, we could n't bear it. I hope you may be without a roof over your head yourself, some day! Can I say anything handsomer than that?" She kisses her friend, and they embrace with rapture. "Don't wait for me, mamma; I'll find the dining-room myself. I'm rather too crumpled even for a houseless wanderer." She opens her bag where it stands on the table. "I am going to make a flying toilet at one of these glasses. Do you think any one will come in, Maggie?"

Maggie. "There is n't the least danger. This is the parlor of the 'transients,' as they call them, — the occasional guests, — and Lilly and I have it mostly to ourselves when there are no transients. The regular boarders stay in the lower parlor. Shan't I help you, Leslie?"

Leslie, rummaging through her bag:

"No, indeed! It's only a question of brush and hair-pins. Do go with mamma!" As the others go out, Leslie finds her brush, and going to one of the mirrors touches the blonde masses of her hair, and then remains a moment, lightly turning her head from side to side to get the effect. She suddenly claps her hand to one ear. "Oh, horrors! That ear-drop's gone again!" She runs to the table, reopens her bag, and searches it in every part, talking rapidly to herself. "Well, really, it seems as if sorrows would never end! To think of that working out a third time! To think of my coming away without getting the clasp fixed! And to think of my not leaving them in my trunk at the station! Oh, dear me, I shall certainly go wild! What *shall* I do? It is n't in the bag at all. It *must* be on the floor." Keeping her hand in helpless incredulity upon the ear from which the jewel is missing, she scrutinizes the matting far and near, with a countenance of acute anguish. Footsteps are heard approaching the door, where they hesitatingly arrest themselves. "Have you come back for me? Oh, I've met with *such* a calamity! I've lost one of my ear-rings. I could cry. Do come and help me mope for it." There is no response to this invitation, and Leslie, lifting her eyes, in a little dismay confronts the silent intruder. "Mr. Blake!"

Blake. "Excuse me. I expected to find your mother here. I did n't mean to disturb" —

Leslie, haughtily: "There's no disturbance. It's a public room: I had forgotten that. Mamma has gone to tea. I thought it was my friend Miss Wallace. I" — With a flash of indignation: "When you knew it was n't, why did you let me speak to you in that way?"

Blake, with a smile: "I could n't know whom you took me for, and I had n't time to prevent you speaking."

Leslie. "You remained."

Blake, with a touch of resentment tempering his amusement: "I could n't go away after I had come without speaking to you. It was Mrs. Bellingham I

was looking for. I'm sorry not to find her, and I'll go, now."

Leslie, hastily: "Oh, no — I beg your pardon. I did n't mean" —

Blake, advancing toward her, and stooping to pick up something from the floor, near the table: "Is this what you lost? — if I've a right to know that you lost anything."

Leslie. "Oh, my ear-ring! Oh, thanks. How did you see it? I thought I had looked and felt everywhere." A quick color flies over her face as she takes the jewel from the palm of his hand. As she turns to the mirror, and, seizing the tip of her delicate ear between the thumb and forefinger of one hand, hooks the pendant into place with the other, and then gives her head a little shake, the young man lightly sighs. She turns toward him, with the warmth still lingering in her cheeks. "I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Blake. I wish I had your gift of doing all sorts of services — favors — to people. I wish I could find something for you."

Blake. "I wish you could — if it were the key to my room, which I came back in hopes of finding. I've mislaid it somewhere, and I thought I might have put it down with your shawls here on the table." Leslie lifts one of the shawls, and the key drops from it. "That's it. Miss Bellingham, I have a favor to ask: will you give this key to your mother?"

Leslie. "This key?"

Blake. "I have found a place to sleep at a farm-house just down the road, and I want your mother to take my room; I have n't looked into it yet, and I don't know that it's worth taking. But I suppose it's better than no room at all; and I know you have none."

Leslie remains some moments without replying, while she looks absently at him. Then with cold hauteur: "Thanks. It's quite impossible. My mother would never consent."

Blake. "The room will stand empty, then. I meant to give it up from the first, — as soon as I found that you were not provided for, — but I hated to make a display of doing it before all the people

down there in the office. I'll go now and leave the key with the landlord, as I ought to have done, without troubling you. But—I had hardly the chance of doing so after we came here."

Leslie, with enthusiasm: "Oh, Mr. Blake, do you really mean to give us your room after you've been so odiously— Oh, it's too bad; it's too bad! You must n't; no, you shall not."

Blake. "I will leave the key on the table here. Good night. Or—I shall not see you in the morning: perhaps I had better say good-by."

Leslie. "Good-by?— In the morning?"—

Blake. "I've changed my plans, and I'm going away to-morrow. Good-by."

Leslie. "Going— Mamma will be very sorry to— Oh, Mr. Blake, I hope you are not going because— But indeed—I want you to believe"—

Blake, devoutly: "I believe it. Good-by!" He turns away to go, and *Leslie*, standing bewildered and irresolute, lets him leave the room; then she hastens to the door after him, and encounters her mother.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Well, *Leslie*. Are you quite ready? We went to look at *Maggie's* room before going down to tea. It's small, but we shall manage somehow. Come, dear. She's waiting for us at the head of the stairs. Why, *Leslie*!"

Leslie, touching her handkerchief to her eyes: "I was a little overwrought, mamma. I'm tired." After a moment: "Mamma, Mr. Blake"—

Mrs. Bellingham, with a look at her daughter: "I met him in the hall."

Leslie. "Yes, he has been here; and I thought I had lost one of my ear-rings; and of course he found it on the floor the instant he came in. And"—

Mrs. Murray, surging into the room, and going up to the table: "Well, *Marion*, the tea— What key is this? What in the world is *Leslie* crying about?"

Leslie, with supreme disregard of her aunt, and adamant self-control: "Mr. Blake had come"— she hands the key to *Mrs. Bellingham*—"to offer you the

key of his room. He asked me to give it."

Mrs. Bellingham. "The key of his room?"

Leslie. "He offers you his room; he had always meant to offer it."

Mrs. Bellingham, gravely: "Mr. Blake had no right to know that we had no room. It is too great an obli— kindness. We can't accept it, *Leslie*. I hope you told him so, my dear."

Leslie. "Yes, mamma. But he said he was going to lodge at one of the farm-houses in the neighborhood, and the room would be vacant if you did n't take it. I could n't prevent his leaving the key."

Mrs. Bellingham. "That is all very well. But it does n't alter the case, as far as we are concerned. It is very good of Mr. Blake, but after what has occurred, it's simply impossible. We can't take it."

Mrs. Murray. "Occurred? Not take it? Of course we will take it, *Marion*! I certainly am astonished. The man will get a much better bed at the farmer's than he's accustomed to. You talk as if it were some act of self-sacrifice. I've no doubt he's made the most of it. I've no doubt he's given it an effect of heroism—or tried to. But that you should fall in with his vulgar conception of the affair, *Marion*, and *Leslie* should be affected to tears by his magnanimity, is a little too comical. One would think, really, that he had imperiled life and limb on our account. All this sentiment about a room on the third floor! Give the key to me, *Marion*." She possesses herself of it from *Mrs. Bellingham's* passive hand. "*Leslie* will wish to stay with you, so as to be near her young friends. I will occupy this vacant room!"

II.

Under the shelter of some pines near a lonely by-road, in the neighborhood of the Ponkwasset Hotel, lie two tramps asleep. One of them, having made his bed of the pine-boughs, has pillowed his head upon the bundle he carries by day;

the other is stretched, face downward, on the thick brown carpet of pine-needles. The sun, which strikes through the thin screen of the trees upon the bodies of the two men, is high in the heavens. The rattle of wheels is heard from time to time on the remoter highway; the harsh clatter of a kingfisher, poising over the water, comes from the direction of the river near at hand. A squirrel descends the trunk of an oak near the pines under which the men lie, and at sight of them stops, barks harshly, and then, as one of them stirs in his sleep, whisks back into the top of the oak. It is the luxurious tramp on the pine-boughs who stirs, and who alertly opens his eyes and sits up in his bed, as if the noisy rush of the squirrel had startled him from his sleep.

First Tramp, casting a malign glance at the top of the oak: "If I had a fair shot at you with this club, my fine fellow, I'd break you of that trick of waking people before the bell rings in the morning, and I'd give 'em broiled squirrel for breakfast when they did get up." He takes his bundle into his lap, and, tremulously untying it, reveals a motley heap of tatters; from these he searches out a flask, which he holds against the light, shakes at his ear, and inverts upon his lips. "Not a drop; not a square smell, even! I dreamt it." He lies down with a groan, and remains a moment with his head pillowed in his hands. Presently he reaches for his stick, and again rising to a sitting posture strikes his sleeping comrade across the shoulders. "Get up!"

Second Tramp, who speaks with a slight brogue, briskly springs to his feet, and rubs his shoulders: "And what for, my strange bedfellow?"

First Tramp. "For breakfast. What do people generally get up for in the morning?"

Second Tramp. "Upon me soul, I'd as soon have had mine in bed; I've a day of leisure before me. And let me say a word to you, my friend: the next time you see a gentleman dreaming of one of the most elegant repasts in the world, and just waiting for his stew to

cool, don't you intrude upon him with that little stick of yours. I don't care for a stroke or two in sport, but when I think of the meal I've lost, I could find it in me heart to break your head for you, you ugly brute. Have you got anything to eat there in your wardrobe?"

First Tramp. "Not a crumb."

Second Tramp. "Or to drink?"

First Tramp. "Not a drop."

Second Tramp. "Or to smoke?"

First Tramp. "No."

Second Tramp. "Faith, you're nearer a broken head than ever, my friend. Wake a man out of a dream of that sort!"

First Tramp. "I've had enough of this. What do you intend to do?"

Second Tramp. "I'm going to assume the character of an imposter, and pretend at the next farm-house that I have n't had any breakfast, and have n't any money to buy one. It's a bare-faced deceit, I know, but" — looking down at his broken shoes and tattered clothes — "I flatter myself that I dress the part pretty well. To be sure, the women are not as ready to listen as they were once. The tramping-trade is overdone; there's too many in it; the ladies can't believe we're all destitute; it don't stand to reason."

First Tramp. "I'm tired of the whole thing."

Second Tramp. "I don't like it myself. But there's worse things. There's work, for example. By me soul, there's nothing disgusts me like these places where they tell you to go out and hoe potatoes, and your breakfast will be ready in an hour. I never could work with any more pleasure on an empty stomach than a full one. And the poor devils always think they've said something so fine when they tell you that and the joke's so stale! I can tell them I'm not a thing to be got rid of so easy. I'm not the lazy, dirty vagabond I look, at all; I'm the inevitable result of the conflict between labor and capital; I'm the logical consequence of the corruptions in high places. I read it on the bit of newspaper they gave me round my dinner, yesterday; it was cold

beef of a quality that you don't often find in the country."

First Tramp, sullenly: "Well, I'm sick of the whole thing. I'm going out of it."

Second Tramp. "And what'll you do? Are ye going to work?"

First Tramp. "To work? No. To steal."

Second Tramp. "Faith, I don't call that going out of it, then. It's quite in the line of business. You're no bad dab at a hen-roost, now, as I know very well; and for any little thing that a gentleman can shove under his coat, while the lady of the house has her back turned buttering his lunch for him, I don't know the man I'd call master."

First Tramp. "If I could get a man to tell me the time of day by a watch I liked, I'd as lief knock him over as look at him."

Second Tramp. "Oh, if it's highway robbery you mean, partner, I don't follow you."

First Tramp. "What's the difference?"

Second Tramp. "Not much, if you take it one way, but a good deal if you take it another. It's the difference between petty larceny and grand larceny; it's the difference between three months in the House of Correction and three years in the State's Prison, if you're caught; not to mention the risks of the profession."

First Tramp. "I'd take the risks if I saw my chance." He lies down with his arms crossed under his head, and stares up into the pine. His comrade glances at him, and then moves stiffly out from the shelter of the trees, and, shading his eyes with one hand, peers down the road.

Second Tramp. "I did n't know but I might see your chance, partner. You would n't like an old gentleman with a load of potatoes to begin on, would ye? There's one just gone up the cross-road. And yonder goes an umbrella-mender. I'm afraid we shan't take any purses to speak of, in this neighborhood. Whoosh! Wait a bit—here's somebody coming this way." The first tramp is sufficient-

ly interested to sit up. "Faith, here's your chance at last, then, if you're in earnest, my friend; but it stands six feet in its stockings, and it carries a stick as well as a watch. I won't ask a share of the plunder, partner; I've rags enough of me own without wanting to divide your property with the gentleman coming." He goes back and lies down at the foot of one of the trees, while the other, who has risen from his pine-boughs, comes cautiously forward; after a glance at the approaching wayfarer he flings away his cudgel, and, taking a pipe from his pocket, drops into a cringing attitude. The Irishman grins. In another moment Blake appears from under the cover of the woods and advances with long strides, striking with his stick at the stones in the road as he comes on, in an absent-minded fashion.

First Tramp. "I say, mister!" Blake looks up, and his eye falls upon the squalid figure of the tramp; he stops. "Could n't you give a poor fellow a little tobacco for his pipe? A smoke comes good, if you don't happen to know where you're going to get your breakfast."

Second Tramp, coming forward, with his pipe in his hand: "True for you, partner. A little tobacco in the hand is worth a deal of breakfast in the bush." Blake looks from one to the other, and then takes a paper of tobacco from his pocket and gives it to the first tramp, who helps himself and passes it to his comrade; the latter offers to return it, after filling his pipe; Blake declines it with a wave of his hand, and walks on.

Second Tramp, calling after him: "God bless you! May you never want it!"

First Tramp. "Thank you, mister. You're a gentleman!"

Blake. "All right." He goes out of sight under the trees down the road, and then suddenly reappears and walks up to the two tramps, who remain where he left them and are feeling in their pockets for a match. "Did one of you call me a gentleman?"

First Tramp. "Yes, I did, mister. No offense in that, I hope?"

Blake. "No. But why did you do it?"

First Tramp. "Well, you did n't ask us why we did n't go to work; and you did n't say that men who had n't any money to buy breakfast had better not smoke; and you gave us this tobacco. I'll call any man a gentleman that'll do that."

Blake. "Oh, that's a gentleman, is it? All right." He turns to go away, when the second tramp detains him.

Second Tramp. "Does your honor happen to have ever a match about you?" *Blake* takes out his match-case and strikes a light. "God bless your honor. You're a real gentleman."

Blake. "Then this makes me a gentleman past a doubt?"

Second Tramp. "Sure, it does that."

Blake. "I'm glad to have the matter settled." He walks on absently as before, and the tramps stand staring a moment in the direction in which he has gone.

Second Tramp, who goes back to the tree where he has been sitting and stretches himself out with his head on one arm for a quiet smoke. "That's a queer genius. By me soul, I'd like to take the road in *his* company. Sure, I think there is n't the woman alive would be out of cold victuals and old clothes when he put that handsome face of his in at the kitchen windy."

First Tramp, looking down the road: "I wonder if that fellow could have a drop of spirits about him! I say, mister!" calling after *Blake*. "Hello, there, I say!"

Second Tramp. "It's too late, me worthy friend. He'll never hear you; and it's not likely he'd come back to fill your flask for you, if he did. A gentleman of his character'd think twice before he gave a tramp whisky. Tobacco's another thing." He takes out the half-paper of tobacco, and looks at the label on it. "What an extravagant dog! It's the real cut Cavendish; and it smells as nice as it smokes. This luxury is what's destroying the country. 'With the present reckless expenditure in all classes of the population, and the prodigious influx of ignorant and de-

graded foreigners, there must be a constant increase of tramps.' True for you, Mr. Newspaper. 'T would have been an act of benevolence to take his watch from him, partner, and he never could tell how fast he was going to ruin. But you can't always befriend a man six feet high and wiry as a cat." He offers to put the tobacco into his pocket again, when his comrade slouches up, and makes a clutch at it.

First Tramp. "I want that."

Second Tramp. "Why, so ye do!"

First Tramp. "It's mine."

Second Tramp. "I'm keeping it for ye."

First Tramp. "I tell you the man gave it to me."

Second Tramp. "And he would n't take it back from me. Ah, will you, ye brute?" The other seizes the wrist of the hand with which the Irishman holds the tobacco; they wrestle together, when women's voices are heard at some distance down the road. "Whoosh! Ladies coming." The first tramp listens, kneeling. The Irishman springs to his feet and thrusts the paper of tobacco into his pocket, and, coming quickly forward, looks down the road. "Fortune favors the brave, partner! Here comes another opportunity—three of them, faith, and pretty ones at that! Business before pleasure; I'll put off that beating again; it's all the better for keeping. Besides, it's not the thing, quarreling before ladies." He is about to crouch down again at the foot of the tree as before, when his comrade hastily gathers up his bundle, and seizing him by the arm drags him back into the thicket behind the pine-trees. After a moment or two, Miss Bellingham, Miss Wallace, and Miss Roberts come sauntering slowly along the road.

Lilly, delicately sniffing the air: "Fee, fi, fo, fum; I smell the pipe of an Irishman."

Leslie. "Never! I know the flavor of refined tobacco, thanks to a smoking brother. Oh, what a lonely road!"

Lilly. "This loneliness is one of the charms of the Ponkwasset neighborhood. When you're once out of sight of the

hotel and the picnic-grounds you'd think you were a thousand miles away from civilization. Not an empty sardine-box or a torn paper collar anywhere! The scent of tobacco is an unheard-of intrusion."

Maggie, archly: "Perhaps Mr. Blake went this way. Does he smoke, Leslie?"

Leslie, coldly: "How should I know, Maggie? A gentleman would hardly smoke in ladies' company — strange ladies." She sinks down upon a log at the wayside, and gazes slowly about with an air of fastidious criticism that gradually changes to a rapture of admiration. "Well, I certainly think that, take it all in all, I never saw anything more fascinating. It's wonderful! This little nook itself, with that brown carpet of needles under the pines, and that heavy fringe of ferns there, behind those trunks; and then those ghostly birches stretching up and away, yonder — thousands of them! How tall and slim and stylish they are! And how they do march into the distance! I never saw such multitudes; and their lovely paleness makes them look as if one saw them by moonlight. Oh, oh! How perfectly divine! If one could only have their phantom-like procession painted! But Corot himself could n't paint them. Oh, I *must* make some sort of memorandum — I won't have the presumption to call it a sketch." She takes a sketch-book from under her arm, and lays it on her knees, and then with her pencil nervously traces on the air the lines of the distant birches. "Yes; I *must*. I never shall see them so beautiful again! Just jot down a few lines, and wash in the background when I get to the hotel — But girls; you must n't stay! Go on and get the flowers, and I'll be done by the time you're back. I could n't bear to have you overlooking me; I've all the sensitiveness of a great artist. Do go! But don't be gone long." She begins to work at her sketch, without looking at them.

Maggie. "I'm so glad, Leslie. I knew you'd be perfectly fascinated with this spot, and so I did n't tell you about it. I wanted it to *burst* upon you."

Leslie, with a little impatient surprise, as if she had thought they were gone: "Yes, yes; never mind. You did quite right. Don't stay long." She continues to sketch, looking up now and then at the scene before her, but not glancing at her companions, who walk away from her some paces, when Miss Wallace comes back.

Maggie. "What time is it, Leslie? Leslie!"

Leslie, nervously: "Oh! What a start you gave me." Glancing at her watch: "It's nine minutes past ten — I mean ten minutes past nine." Still without looking at her: "Be back soon."

Maggie. "Oh, it is n't far." Again she turns away with Miss Roberts, but before they are quite out of sight Leslie springs to her feet and runs after them.

Leslie. "Oh, girls — girls!"

Maggie, anxiously, starting back toward her: "What? What?"

Leslie, dreamily, as she returns to her place and sits down: "Oh, nothing. I just happened to think of it." She closes her eyes to a narrow line, and looks up at the birches. "There are so many horrid stories in the papers. But of course there can't be any in this out-of-the-way place, so far from the cities."

Maggie. "Any *what*, Leslie?"

Leslie, remotely: "Tramps."

Maggie, scornfully: "There never was such a thing heard of in the whole region."

Leslie. "I thought not." She is again absorbed in study of the birches; and, after a moment of hesitation, the other two retreat down the road once more, lingering a little to look back in admiration of her picturesque devotion to art, and then vanishing under the flickering light and shadow. Leslie works diligently on, humming softly to herself, and pausing now and then to look at the birches, for which object she rises at times, and, gracefully bending from side to side, or stooping forward to make sure of some effect that she has too slightly glimpsed, resumes her seat and begins anew. "No, that won't do!" — vigorously plying her india-rubber on

certain lines of the sketch. "How stupid!" Then beginning to draw again, and throwing back her head for the desired distance on her sketch: "Ah, that's more like! Still, nobody could accuse it of slavish fidelity. Well!" She sings:—

"Through starry palm-roofs on Old Nile
The full-orbed moon looked clear;
The bulbul sang to the crocodile,
'Ah, why that bitter tear?'

"With thy tender breast against the thorn,
Why that society-smile?
The bird was mute. In silent scorn
Slow winked the crocodile."

"How perfectly ridiculous! *Slow winked*" — Miss Bellingham alternately applies pencil and rubber — "*slow winked the croco*—I never shall get that right; it's too bad! — *dile*." While she continues to sketch, and sing *da capo*, the tramps creep stealthily from their covert. Apparently in accordance with some preconcerted plan, the surlier and huger ruffian goes down the road in the direction taken by Leslie's friends, and the Irishman unobserved stations himself at her side and supports himself with both hands resting upon the top of his stick, in an attitude of deferential patience and insinuating gallantry. She ceases singing and looks up.

Second Tramp. "Not to be interrupting you, miss," — Leslie stares at his grinning face in dumb and motionless horror, — "would ye tell a poor traveler the time of day, so that he need n't be eating his breakfast prematurely, if he happens to get any?"

First Tramp, from his station down the road, in a loud, hoarse undertone: "Snatch it out of her belt, you fool! Snatch it! He's coming back. Quick!" Leslie starts to her feet.

Second Tramp. "Ye see, miss, my friend's impatient." Soothingly: "Just let me examine your watch. I give ye my honor I won't hurt you; don't lose your presence of mind, my dear; don't be frightened." As she shrinks back, he clutches at her watch-chain.

Leslie, in terror-stricken simplicity: "Oh, oh, no! Don't! Don't take my watch. My father gave it to me — and he's dead."

Second Tramp. "Then he'll never miss it, my dear. Don't oblige me to use harsh measures with a lady. Give it here, at once, that's a dear."

First Tramp. "Hurry, hurry! He's coming!" As the Irishman seizes her by the wrist, she utters one wild shriek after another; to which the other young girls respond, as they reappear under the trees down the road.

Maggie. "Leslie, Leslie! What is it?"

Lilly, at sight of Leslie struggling with the tramp: "Oh, help, help, help, somebody — do!"

Maggie. "Murder!"

First Tramp, rushing past them to the aid of his fellow: "Clap your hand over her mouth! Stop her noise, somehow! Choke her!" He springs forward, and while the Irishman stifles her cries with his hands, the other tears the watch-chain loose from its fastening. They suddenly release her, and as she totters gasping and swooning away, some one has the larger villain by the throat, who struggles with his assailant backward into the undergrowth; whence the crash of broken branches, with cries and curses, makes itself heard. Following this tumult comes the noise of a rush through the ferns, and then rapid footfalls, as of flight and pursuit on the hard road, that die away in the distance, while Maggie and Lilly hang over Leslie, striving to make out from her incoherent moans and laments what has happened.

Maggie. "Oh, Leslie, Leslie, Leslie, what was it? Do try to think! Do try to tell! Oh, I shall go wild if you don't tell what's the matter."

Leslie. "Oh, it was — Oh, oh, I feel as if I should never be clean again! How can I endure it? That filthy hand on my mouth! Their loathsome rags, their sickening faces! Ugh! Oh, I shall dream of it as long as I live! Why, why did I ever come to this horrid place?"

Maggie. "Leslie, — dear, good Leslie, — what was it all?"

Leslie, panting and sobbing: "Oh, two horrid, disgusting men! Don't ask me! And they told me to give them my watch, and I begged them not to take it. And

one was a hideous little Irish wretch, and he kept running all round me, and oh, dear! the other was worse than he was; yes, worse! And he told him — oh, girls! — to choke me! And he came running up, and then the other put one of his hands over my mouth; and I thought I should die; and I could n't breathe; but I was n't going to let the wretches have my watch, if I could help it; and I kept struggling; and all at once they ran away, and " — putting her hand to her belt — " Oh, it's gone, it's gone, it's gone! Oh, papa, papa! The watch you gave me is gone!" She crouches down upon the log, and leaning her head upon her hands against the trunk of a tree gives way to her tears and sobs, while the others kneel beside her in helpless distress. Upon this scene of inarticulate desolation Blake emerges from the road down which the steps were heard. His face is pale, and he advances with his right arm held behind him, while the left clasps something which he extends as he speaks.

Blake. "Here is your watch, Miss Bellingham."

Leslie, whirling swiftly round and rising to her feet: "My watch? Oh, where did you find it?" She springs towards him and joyfully seizing it from his hand scans it eagerly, and then kisses it in a rapture. "Safe, safe, safe! Not hurt the least! My precious gift! Oh, how glad I am! It's even going yet! How did you get it? Where did you get it?"

Blake, who speaks with a certain painful effort while he moves slowly away backward from her: "I found it — I got it from the thief."

Leslie, looking confusedly at him: "How did you know they had it?"

Maggie. "Oh, it was you, Mr. Blake, who came flying past us, and drove them away! Did you have to fight them? Oh, did they hurt you?"

Leslie. "It was you — Why, how pale you look! There's blood on your face! Why, where were you? How did it all happen? It was you that drove them away? You — And I never thought of you! And I only thought about myself — my watch! I never can forgive myself." She lets fall the watch from her heedless grasp, and he mechanically puts out the hand which he has been keeping behind him; she impetuously seizes it in her own and, suddenly shrinking, he subdues the groan that breaks from him to a sort of gasp and reels to the place where Leslie has been sitting.

Lilly. "Oh, see, Miss Bellingham; they've broken his wrist!"

Blake, panting: "It's nothing; don't — don't" —

Maggie. "Oh, dear, he's going to faint! What *shall* we do if he does? I did n't know they *ever* fainted!" She wrings her hands in despair, while Leslie flings herself upon her knees at Blake's side. "Ought n't we to support him, somehow? Oh, yes, do let's support him, all of us!"

Leslie, imperiously: "Run down to the river as fast as ever you can, and wet your handkerchiefs to sprink'e his face with." She passes her arm round Blake's, and tenderly gathers his broken wrist into her right hand. "One can support him."

W. D. Howells.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XIX.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
February 7, 1831.

MY DEAR H——: I found your lecture waiting for me on my return from Brighton; I call it thus because if your two last were less than letters your yesterday's one is more; but I shall not attempt at present to follow you to the misty heights whither our nature tends, or dive with you into the muddy depths whence it springs. I have heard from my brother John, and now expect almost hourly to see him. The Spanish revolution, as he now sees and as many foresaw, is a mere vision. The people are unready, unripe, unfit, and therefore unwilling; had it not been so they would have done their work themselves; it is as impossible to urge on the completion of such a change before the time as to oppose it when the time is come. John now writes that all hope of rousing the Spaniards being over, and their party consequently dispersing, he is thinking of bending his steps homewards, and talks of once more turning his attention to the study of the law. I know not what to say or think. My cousin, Horace Twiss, was put into Parliament by Lord Clarendon, but the days of such parliamentary patronage are numbered, and I do not much deplore it, though I sometimes fancy that the House of Commons, could it by any means have been opened to him, might perhaps have been the best sphere for John. His natural abilities are brilliant, and his eloquence, energy, and activity of mind might perhaps have been made more and more quickly available for good purposes in that than in any other career.

I have just received your letter dated February 4th. The weather which you describe as so awful would, I should think, prevent the possibility of your traveling; we have full confidence in you, however. Come if you reasonably can; if you do not we will reasonably conclude that you

could not. I am not familiar with all that Burns has written; I have read his letters, and know most of his songs by heart. His passions were so violent that he seems to me in that respect to have been rather a subject for poetry than a poet; for though a poet should perhaps have a strongly passionate nature, he should also have power enough over it to be able to observe, describe, and, if I may so say, experimentalize with it, as he would with the passions of others. I think it would better qualify a man to be a poet to be able to perceive rather than liable to feel violent passion or emotion. May not such things be known of without absolute experience? What is the use of the poetical imagination, that lower inspiration, which, like the higher one of faith, is the "evidence of things not seen"? Troubled and billowy waters reflect nothing distinctly on their surface; it is the still, deep, placid element that gives back the images by which it is surrounded or that pass over its surface. I do not of course believe that a good man is necessarily a poet, but I think a devout man is almost always a man with a poetical imagination; he is familiar with ideas which are essentially sublime, and in the act of adoration he springs to the source of all beauty through the channel by which our spirits escape most effectually from their chain, the flesh, and their prison-house, the world, and rise into communion with that supreme excellence from which they originally emanated and into whose bosom they will return. I cannot now go into all I think about this, for I have so many other things to talk about. Since I began this letter I have heard a report that John is a prisoner, that he has been arrested and sent to Madrid. Luckily I do not believe a word of this; if he has rendered himself obnoxious to the British authorities in Gibraltar they may have locked him up for a week or two there, and I see no great harm in

that; but that he should have been delivered to the Spaniards and sent to Madrid I do not believe, because I know that the whole revolutionary party is going to pieces and that they have neither the power nor the means to render themselves liable to such a disagreeable distinction. We expect him home every day. Only conceive, dear H—, the ill-fortune that attends us: my father, or rather the theatre, is involved in *six* law-suits! He and my mother are neither of them quite well, anxiety naturally has much share in their indisposition.

I learnt Beatrice this morning, and the whole of it, in an hour, which I tell you because I consider it a feat. I am delighted at the thoughts of acting it; it will be the second part which I shall have acted with real pleasure; Portia is the other, but Beatrice is not nearly so nice. I am to act it next Thursday, when pray think of me.

I have finished the sketch of the play I have had so long on my hands, and now that Lent is bringing me a few holidays, I hope to work hard at it; I do not like it though, and shall not, but I will finish it.

I do not know whether you have seen anything in the papers about a third theatre; we have had much anxiety, vexation, and expense about it, but I have no doubt that Mr. Arnold will carry the question. The great people want a plaything for this season, and have set their hearts upon that. I acted Belvidera to my father's Jaffier at Brighton; you cannot imagine how great a difference it produced in my acting. Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill had a great advantage over me in their tragic partners. Have you heard that Mr. Hope, the author of *Anastasius*, is just dead? That was a wonderfully clever book, of rather questionable moral effect, I think; the same sort of cynical gloom and discontent which pervade Byron's writings prevail in that; and I thought it a pity, because in other respects it seems a genuine book, true to life and human nature. A few days before I heard of his death, Mr. Harness

was discussing with me a theory of Hope's respecting the destiny of the human soul hereafter. His notion is that all spirit is after death to form but one whole spiritual existence, a sort of *lumping* which I object to. I should like always to be able to know myself from somebody else.

I do read the papers sometimes, dear H—, and, whenever I do, wonder at you and all sensible people who make a daily practice of it; the proceedings of Parliament would make one angry if they did not make one so sad, and some of the debates would seem to me laughable but that I know they are lamentable.

I have just finished Channing's essay on Milton, which is admirable.

My cousin Harry sails for India on Thursday; his mother is making a brave fight of it, poor soul! I met them all at my aunt Siddons's last night; she was remarkably well, and "charming," as she styles herself when that is the case. Ceey and I had a long talk about you; she says you frighten her, and I tell her she should talk nonsense to you; you will never have the best of that with anybody, so that one has but to get you on the right ground to rout you and make you run. Good-by. Always affectionately yours,

FANNY.

I suppose it is one of the peculiarities of the real poetical temperament to receive, as it were, a double impression of its own phenomena,—one through the senses, affections, and passions, and one through the imagination,—and to have a perpetual tendency to make intellectual capital of the experiences of its own sensuous, sentimental, and passionate nature. In the above letter, written so many years ago, I have used the term *experimentalizing* with his own nature as the process of a poet's mind; but though self-consciousness and self-observation are almost inseparable from the poetical organization, Goethe is the only instance I know of what could, with any propriety, be termed self-experimentalizing,—he who wrung the heart and turned the head of the whole reading Europe of his day by his own love passages with Ma-

dame Kestner transcribed into *The Sorrows of Werther*.

Self-illustration is perhaps a better term for the result of that passionate egotism which is so strong an element in the nature of most poets, and the secret of so much of their power. *Ils s'intéressent tellement à ce qui les regarde*, that they interest us profoundly in it too, and by the law of our common nature, and the sympathy that pervades it, their great difference from their kind serves but to enforce their greater likeness to it.

Goethe's nature, however, was not at all a predominantly passionate one; so much the contrary, indeed, that one hardly escapes the impression all through his own record of his life that he *felt* through his overmastering intellect rather than his heart; and that he analyzed too well the processes of his own feelings ever to have been carried by them beyond the permission of his will, or out of sight of that æsthetic self-culture, that development, which really seems to have been his prevailing passion. A strong histrionic vein mixes, too, with his more imaginative mental qualities, and perpetually reveals itself in his assumption of fictitious characters, in his desire for producing "situations" in his daily life, and in his conscious "effects" upon those whom he sought to impress.

His genius sometimes reminds me of Ariel, — the subtle spirit who, observing from aloof, as it were (that is, from the infinite distance of his own *unmoral*, demoniacal nature), the follies and sins and sorrows of humanity, understands them all and sympathizes with none of them; and describes, with equal indifference, the drunken, brutish delight in his music expressed by the coarse Neapolitan buffoons and the savage gorilla, Caliban, and the abject self-reproach and bitter, poignant remorse exhibited by Antonio and his fellow conspirators; telling Prospero that if he saw them he would pity them, and adding, in his passionless perception of their anguish, "I should, sir, *were I human*."

There is a species of remote impartiality in Goethe's mode of delineating the sins and sorrows of his fellows, that

seems hardly human and still less divine; "*Das ist dämonisch*," to use his own expression about Shakespeare, who, however, had nothing whatever in common with that quality of moral *neutrality* of the great German genius.

Perhaps nothing indicates what I should call Goethe's intellectual *unhumanity* so much as his absolute want of sympathy with the progress of the race. He was but mortal man, however, though he had the head of Jove, and Pallas Athena might have sprung all armed from it. Once, and once only, if I remember rightly, in his conversations with Eckermann, the cause of mankind elicits an expression of faith and hope from him, in some reference to the future of America. I recollect on reading the second part of *Faust* with my friend Abeken (assuredly the most competent of all expounders of that extraordinary composition), when I asked him what was the signification of that final cultivation of the barren sea sand, in *Faust's* blind old age, and cried, "Is it possible that he wishes to indicate the hopelessness of all attempt at progress?" his replying, "I am afraid he was no believer in it." And so it comes that his letters to Madame von Stein leave one only amazed with the more sorrowful admiration that the unrivaled genius of the civilized world in its most civilized age found perfect satisfaction in the inane routine of the life of a court dignitary in a petty German principality.

It is worthy of note how, in the two instances of his great masterpieces, *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*, Goethe has worked up in a sequel all the superabundant material he had gathered for his subject; and in each case how the life-blood of the poet pulses through the first part, while the second is, as it were, a mere storehouse of splendid intellectual supply which he has wrought into elaborate phantasmagoria, dazzling in their brilliancy and wonderful in their variety, but all alike difficult to comprehend and sympathize with, — the rare mental fragments, precious like diamond dust, left after the cutting of those two perfect gems.

I remember once dining at the house of the great French painter, Ary Scheffer, when a discussion took place upon the subject of the nature of poetic genius. Madame Scheffer undertook to define it, in which difficult attempt she was not altogether successful; but Scheffer himself closed — perhaps I should say shut up — the argument by peremptorily referring the highest poetic inspiration to moral sources, and was compelled for consistency's sake to maintain that Longfellow was a greater poet than Byron.

I do not know whether he or circumstances were guilty of inconsistency in the marriage of his daughter, but there is something curiously anomalous in the idea of the child of the painter of the *Holy Women*, *St. Augustine* and *St. Monica*, the *Christus Consolator*, and the *Christus Judicator*, becoming the wife of Renan the anti-Christian writer.

Free-trade had hardly uttered a whisper yet upon any subject of national importance when the monopoly of theatrical property was attacked by Mr. Arnold, of the English Opera House, who assailed the patents of the two great theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and demanded that the right to act the legitimate drama (till then their especial privilege) should be extended to all British subjects desirous to open play-houses and perform plays. A lawsuit ensued, and the proprietors of the great houses — “his majesty’s servants,” by his majesty’s royal patent since the days of the merry monarch — defended their monopoly to the best of their ability. My father, questioned before a committee of the House of Commons upon the subject, showed forth the evils likely, in his opinion, to result to the dramatic art and the public taste by throwing open to unlimited speculation the right to establish theatres and give theatrical representations. The great companies of good sterling actors would be broken up and dispersed, and there would no longer exist establishments sufficiently important to maintain any large body of them; the best plays would no longer find adequate representatives in any but a few of the principal parts, the character of theat-

rical pieces produced would be lowered, the school of fine and careful acting would be lost, no play of Shakespeare’s could be decorously put on the stage, and the profession and the public would alike fare the worse for the change. But he was one of the patented proprietors, one of the monopolists, a party most deeply interested in the issue, and therefore, perhaps, an incompetent judge in the matter. The cause went against us, and every item of his prophecy concerning the stage has undoubtedly come to pass. The fine companies of the great theatres were dissolved, and each member of the body that together formed so bright a constellation went off to be the solitary star or planet of some minor sphere. The best plays no longer found decent representatives for any but one or two of their first parts; the pieces of more serious character and higher pretension as dramatic works were supplanted by burlesques and parodies of themselves; the school of acting of the Kembles, Young, the Keans, Macready, and their contemporaries, gave place to no school at all of very clever ladies and gentlemen, who certainly had no pretension to act tragedy or declaim blank verse, but who played low comedy better than high, and lowest farce best of all; and who for the most part wore the clothes of the sex to which they did not belong. Shakespeare’s plays all became historical, and the profession was decidedly the worse for the change; I am not aware, however, that the public has suffered much by it.

While our own small corner of sky was darkened by these clouds, the low mutterings of the disturbed political atmosphere were making themselves heard from end to end of the country; and the pressure of change and the passion for withstanding it were culminating in the national struggle of the Reform Bill, the first momentous parliamentary reform, which has drawn in its train, as its legitimate consequences, Catholic emancipation, the repeal of the corn-laws, free-trade, the extension of the franchise, and all the great measures of enlightened progress which, God guiding, have led

the country onward, in unshaken security and increasing prosperity, to the present day. No one's private interests at that time could possibly absorb them to the degree of insensibility to the march of public events; but we were all bigoted anti-reformers; we had been the special servants of royalty, my father and mother were decided aristocrats, and we thought it good taste to be tories. The hand of change, radical reform in matters dramatic, had been laid upon our property; our patent had been annulled, our privilege abolished, our pride humbled; we had no doubt at all that the House of Peers was going to perdition, and the country to the dogs, — for had not the great play-houses gone thither! We were very sure "the sky was falling;" so I wrote imaginary speeches, for imaginary peers, against the obnoxious bill, pasquinades against Lord Brougham and Lord Grey and the reformed House of Commons, in which sat Mr. Gully the boxer, and turned up my nose at the course of public events. A comical instance of the partisan frenzy of the day, at any rate in young ladies political, was the close of a vehement discussion between my sister and myself, when she exclaimed, "Very well, if the bill is thrown out, I should like to head a reform mob through the streets of London;" and I retorted, "Very well, and if you did, I should like to head the streets of London with cannon and sweep you and your mob out of them with grape-shot." My sister, a damsel of fifteen, was the only reformer in the family.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
March 5, 1831. }

MY DEAREST H——: I am extremely obliged to you for your long account of Mrs. John Kemble, and all the details respecting her with which, as you knew how intensely interesting they were likely to be to me, you have so kindly filled your letter. Another time, if you can afford to give a page or two to her interesting dog, Pincher, I shall be still more grateful; you know it is but omitting the superfluous word or two you squeeze in about yourself.

As for the journal I keep, it is — as what is not? — a matter of mingled good and bad influences and results. I am so much alone that I find this pouring out of my thoughts and feelings a certain satisfaction; but unfortunately one's book is only a recipient, and not a commentary, and I miss the sifting, examining, scrutinizing, discussing intercourse that compels one to the analysis of one's own ideas and sentiments, and makes the society of any one with whom one communicates unreservedly so much more profitable, as well as pleasurable, than this everlasting self-communion. I miss my wholesome bitters, my daily dose of contradiction; and you need not be jealous of my book, for it is a miserable *pis aller* for our interminable talks.

I had a visit from J—— F——, the other day, and she stayed an hour, talking very pleasantly, and a little after your fashion; for she propounded the influence of matter over mind and the impossibility of preserving a sound and vigorous spirit in a weak and suffering body. I am blessed with such robust health that my moral short-comings, however anxious I may be to refer them to side-ache, tooth-ache, or any other ache, I am afraid deserve small mercy on the score of physical infirmity; but she, poor thing, I am sorry to say, suffers much and often from ill health, and complained, with evident experience, of the difficulty of preserving a cheerful spirit and an even temper in the dreary atmosphere of a sick room.

When she was gone I set to work with Francis I., and corrected all the errors in the metre which Mr. Milman had had the kindness to point out to me. I then went over Beatrice with my mother, who takes infinite pains with me and seems to think I profit. She went to the play with Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Edward Romilly, who is a daughter of Mrs. Marcet, and, owing to A——'s detestation of that learned lady's elementary book on natural philosophy, I was very desirous they should not meet one another, though certainly, if any of Mrs. Marcet's works are dry and dull, it is not this charming daughter of hers.

But A—— was rabid against “Nat. Phil.,” as she ignominiously nick-named Mrs. Marcet’s work on natural philosophy, and so I brought her to the theatre with me; and she stayed in my dressing-room when I was there, and in my aunt Siddons’s little box when I was acting, as you used to do; but she sang all the while she was with me, and though I made no sign, it gave me the nervous fidgets to such a degree that I almost forgot my part. In spite of which I acted better, for my mother said so; and there is some hope that by the time the play is withdrawn I shall not play Beatrice “like the chief mourner at a funeral,” which is what she benignly compares my performance of the part to.

The alteration in my gowns met with her entire approbation, I mean the taking away of the plaits from round the waist, and my aunt Dall pronounced it an immense improvement and wished you could see it.

Lady Dacre and her daughter, Mrs. Sullivan, and Mr. James Wortley were in the orchestra, and came after the play to supper with us, as did Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Edward Romilly, and Mr. Harness; a very pleasant party, for the ladies are all clever and charming, and got on admirably together.

It is right, as you are a shareholder in that valuable property of ours, Covent Garden, that you should know that there was a very fine house, though I cannot exactly tell you the amount of the receipts.

I miss you dreadfully, my dear H——, and I do wish you could come back to us when Dorothy has left you; but I know that cannot be, and so I look forward to the summer time, the sunny time, the rosy time, when I shall be with you again at Ardgillan.

Yesterday, I read for the first time Joanna Baillie’s *Count Basil*. I am not sure that the love she describes does not affect me more even than Shakespeare’s delineation of the passion in *Romeo and Juliet*. There is a nerveless despondency about it that seems to me more intolerable than all the vivid palpitating anguish of the tragedy of *Verona*;

it is like dying of slow poison, or malarial fever, compared with being shot or stabbed or even bleeding to death, which is life pouring out from one, instead of drying up in one’s brains. I think the lines beginning, —

“I have seen the last look of her heavenly eyes,” some of the most poignantly pathetic I know. I afterwards read over again Mr. Procter’s play; it is extremely well written, but I am afraid it would not act as well as it reads. I believe I told you that Inez de Castro was finally given up.

Sally and Lizzy Siddons came and sat with me for some time; they seem well and cheerful. Their mother, they said, was not very well; how should she be! though indeed regret would be selfish. Her son is gone to fulfill his own wishes in pursuing the career for which he was most fit; he will find in his uncle George Siddons’s house in Calcutta almost a second home. Sally, whom you know I respect almost as much as love, said it was surprising how soon they had learnt to accept and become reconciled to their brother’s departure. Besides all our self-invoked aids of reason and religion, nature’s own provision for the need of our sorrows is more bountiful and beneficent than we always perceive or acknowledge. No one can go on living upon agony; we cannot grieve forever if we would, and our most strenuous efforts of self-control derive help from the inevitable law of change, against which we sometimes murmur and struggle as if it wronged our consistency in sorrow and constancy in love. The tendency to *heal* is as universal as the liability to *smart*. You always speak of change with a sort of vague horror that surprises me. Though all things round us are forever shifting and altering, and though we ourselves vary and change, there is a supreme spirit of steadfastness in the midst of this huge unrest, and an abiding, unshaken, immovable principle of good guiding this vanishing world of fluctuating atoms, in whose eternal permanence of nature we largely participate, and our tendency towards and aspiration for whose perfect stability is

one of the very causes of the progress, and therefore mutability, of our existence. Perhaps the most painful of all the forms in which change confronts us is in the increased infirmities and diminished graces which after long absence we observe in those we love; the failure of power and vitality in the outward frame, the lessened vividness of the intellect we have admired, strike us with a sharp surprise of distress, and it is startling to have revealed suddenly to us, in the conditions of others, how rapidly, powerfully, and unobservedly time has been dealing with ourselves. But those who believe in eternity should be able to accept time, and the ruin of the altar from which the flame leaps up to heaven signifies little.

My father and I went to visit Macdonald's collection of sculpture to-day. I was very much pleased with some of the things; there are some good colossal figures, and an exquisite statue of a kneeling girl, that charmed me greatly; there are some excellent busts, too. How wonderfully that irrevocable substance assumes the soft, round forms of life! The color in its passionless purity (absence of color, I suppose I should say) is really harder than the substance itself of marble. I could not fall in love with a statue, as the poor girl in Procter's poem did with the Apollo Belvedere, though I think I could with a fine portrait; how could one fall in love with what had no eyes! Was it not Thorwaldsen who said that the three materials in which sculptors worked — clay, plaster, and marble — were like life, death, and immortality? I thought my own bust (the one Macdonald executed in Edinburgh, you know) very good; the marble is beautiful, and I really think my friend did wonders with his impracticable subject; the shape of the head and shoulders is very pretty. I wonder what Sappho was like! An ugly woman, it is said; I do not know upon what authority, unless her own; but I wonder what kind of ugliness she enjoyed! Among other heads, we saw one of Brougham's mother, a venerable and striking countenance, very becoming the mother of

the Chancellor of England. There was a bust, too, of poor Mr. Huskisson, taken after death. I heard a curious thing of him to-day: it seems that on the night before the opening of the railroad, as he was sitting with some friends, he said, "I cannot tell what ails me; I have a strange weight on my spirits; I am sure something dreadful will happen to-morrow; I wish it were over;" and that, when they recapitulated all the precautions, and all the means that had been taken for security, comfort, and pleasure, all he replied was, "I wish to God it were over!" There is something awful in these stories of presentiments, that always impresses me deeply, — this warning shadow, projected by no perceptible object, falling darkly and chilly over one; this indistinct whisper of destiny, of which one hears the sound, without distinguishing the sense; this muffled tread of Fate approaching us!

Did you read Horace Twiss's speech on the Reform Bill? Every one seems to think it was excellent, whether they agree with his opinions and sentiments or not. I saw by the paper, to-day, that an earthquake had been felt along the coast near Dover. A — says the world is coming to an end. We certainly live in strange times, but for that matter so has everybody that ever lived.

[In the admirable letter of Lord Macaulay to Mr. Ellis, describing the division of the house on the second reading of the Reform Bill, given in Mr. Trevelyan's life of his uncle, the great historian says Horace Twiss's countenance at the liberal victory looked like that of a "damned soul." If, instead of a lost soul, he had said poor Horace looked like a *lost seat*, he would have been more accurate, if not as picturesque. Mr. Twiss sat for one of Lord Clarendon's boroughs, and the passage of the Reform Bill was sure to dismiss him from Parliament; a serious thing in his future career, fortunes, and position.]

I must now tell you what I do next week, that you may know where to find me. Monday, the king goes to hear Cinderella, and I have a holiday and go with my mother to a party at Dr.

Granville's. Tuesday, I act Belvidera, and *afterwards* go to Lady Dacre's; I do this because, as I fixed the day myself for her party, not expecting to act that night, I cannot decently get off. Lady Macdonald's dinner party is put off; so until Saturday, when I play Beatrice, I shall spend my time in practicing, reading, writing (*not arithmetic*), walking, working cross-stitch, and similar young-ladyisms.

Good-by, my dear H——. Give my love to Dorothy, if she will take it; if not, put it to your own share. I think this letter deserves a long answer. It treats chiefly of myself, 'tis true, but what else have I to treat you to? and what else do you care so much to hear about? I heard yesterday of a lady who from the *age of seven to that of sixty* kept a daily journal. I should like to have seen such a history of any mind, — I take it for granted she wrote her mind; in the record of all those years she must have done so, consciously or unconsciously. I never read a syllable of Rousseau, in my life, and just before I got your letter speaking of his writings was wishing I had done so; I suppose I shall, some day. Mrs. Norton, Chantrey, and Barry Cornwall have come in while I have been finishing this letter; does not that sound pretty and pleasant? and don't you envy us some of our *privileges*? My mother has been seeing P——'s picture of my father in Macbeth this morning, and you never heard anything funnier than her rage at it: "A fat, red, round, staring, *pudsy* thing! the eyes no more like his than mine are! (certainly, no human eyes could be more dissimilar); and then, his jaw! bless my soul, how could he miss it! the Kemble jaw-bone! Why it was as notorious as Samson's!" Good-by. Your affectionate

FANNY.

Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, the famous friends of Llangollen, kept during the whole life they spent together under such peculiar circumstances a daily diary, so minute as to include the mention not only of every one they saw (and it must be remembered that

their hermitage was a place of fashionable pilgrimage, as well as a hospitable refuge), but also *what they had for dinner every day*, — so I have been told.

The little box on the stage I have alluded to in this letter as Mrs. Siddons's was a small recess opposite the prompter's box, and of much the same proportions, that my father had fitted up for the especial convenience of my aunt Siddons whenever she chose to honor my performances with her presence. She came to it several times, but the draughts in crossing the stage were bad, and the exertion and excitement too much for her, and her life was not prolonged much after my coming upon the stage.

Lord and Lady Dacre were among my kindest friends. With Lady Dacre I corresponded from the beginning of our acquaintance until her death, which took place at a very advanced age. She was strikingly handsome, with a magnificent figure and great vivacity and charm of manner and conversation. Her accomplishments were various, and all of so masterly an excellence that her performances would have borne comparison with the best works of professional artists. She drew admirably, especially animals, of which she was extremely fond. I have seen drawings of groups of cattle by her that without the advantage of color recall the life and spirit of Rosa Bonheur's pictures. She was a perfect Italian scholar, having studied enthusiastically that divine tongue with the enthusiast, Ugo Foscolo, whose patriotic exile and misfortunes were cheered and soothed by the admiring friendship and cordial kindness of Lord and Lady Dacre. Among all the specimens of translation with which I am acquainted, her English version of Petrarch's sonnets is one of the most ren arkable for fidelity, beauty, and the grace and sweetness with which she has achieved the difficult feat of following in English the precise form of the complicated and peculiar Italian prosody. These translations seem to me as nearly perfect as that species of literature can be. But the most striking demonstrations of her genius were the groups of horses which Lady Dacre modeled

from nature, and which, copied and multiplied in plaster casts, have been long familiar to the public, without many of those who know and admire them being aware who was their author. It is hardly possible to see anything more graceful and spirited, truer at once to nature and the finest art, than these compositions, faithful in the minutest details of execution, and highly poetical in their entire conception. Lady Dacre was the finest female rider and driver in England; that is saying in the world. Had she lived in Italy in the sixteenth century her name would be among the noted names of that great artistic era; but as she was an Englishwoman of the nineteenth, in spite of her intellectual culture and accomplishments she was *only* an exceedingly clever, amiable, kind lady of fashionable London society.

Of Lord Dacre it is not easy to speak with all the praise which he deserved. He inherited his title from his mother, who had married Mr. Brand of the Hoo, Hertfordshire, and at the moment of his becoming heir to that estate was on the point of leaving England with Colonel Talbot, son of Lord Talbot de Malahide, to found with him a colony in British Canada, where Arcadia was to revive again, at a distance from all the depraved and degraded social systems of Europe, under the auspices of these two enthusiastic young reformers. Mr. Brand had completed his studies in Germany, and acquired, by assiduous reading and intimate personal acquaintance with the most enlightened and profound thinkers of the philosophical school of which Kant was the apostle, a mental cultivation very unlike, in its depth and direction, the usual intellectual culture of young Englishmen of his class.

He was an enthusiast of the most generous description, in love with liberty and ardent for progress; the political as well as the social and intellectual systems of Europe appeared to him, in his youthful zeal for the improvement of his fellow-beings, belated if not benighted on the road to it, and he had embraced with the most ardent hopes and purposes the scheme of emigration of Colonel Tal-

bot, for forming in the New World a colony where all the errors of the Old were to be avoided. But his mother died, and the young emigrant withdrew his foot from the deck of the Canadian ship to take his place in the British peerage, to bear an ancient English title and become master of an old English estate, to marry a brilliant woman of English fashionable society, and be thenceforth the ideal of an English country gentleman, that most enviable of mortals, as far as outward circumstance and position can make a man so.

His serious early German studies had elevated and enlarged his mind far beyond the usual level and scope of the English country gentleman's brain, and freed him from the peculiarly narrow class prejudices which it harbors. He was an enlightened liberal, not only in politics but in every domain of human thought; he was a great reader, with a wide range of foreign as well as English literary knowledge. He had exquisite taste, was a fine connoisseur and critic in matters of art, and was the kindest natured and mannered man alive.

At his house in Hertfordshire, the Hoo, I used to meet Earl Grey; his son, the present earl (then Lord Howick); Lord Melbourne; the Duke of Bedford; Earl Russell (then Lord John), and Sidney and Bobus Smith, — all of them distinguished men, but few of them, I think, Lord Dacre's superiors in mental power. Altogether the society that he and Lady Dacre gathered round them was as delightful as it was intellectually remarkable; it was composed of persons eminent for ability, and influential members of a great world in which extraordinary capacity was never an excuse for want of urbanity or the absence of the desire to please; their intercourse was charming as well as profoundly interesting to me.

During a conversation I once had with Lady Dacre about her husband, she gave me the following extract from the writings of Madame Huber, the celebrated Therèse Heyne, whose first husband, Johann Georg Forster, was one of the delegates which sympathizing Mentz sent to Paris in 1793, to solicit from the revolu-

tionary government the favor of annexation to the French republic.

"In the year 1790 Forster had attached to himself and introduced in his establishment a young Englishman, who came to Germany with the view of studying the German philosophy [Kant's system] in its original language. He was nearly connected with some of the leaders of the then opposition. He was so noble, so simple, that each virtue seemed in him an instinct, and so stoical in his views that he considered every noble action as the victory of self-control, and never felt himself good enough. The friends [Huber and Forster] who loved him with parental tenderness sometimes repeated with reference to him the words of Shakespeare, —

"So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long." But, thanks to fate, he has falsified that prophecy; the youth is grown into manhood; he lives, unclaimed by any mere political party, with the more valuable portion of his people, and satisfies himself with being a good man so long as circumstances prevent him from acting in his sense as a good citizen. Our daily intercourse with this youth enabled us to combine a knowledge of English events with our participation in the proceedings on the Continent. His patriotism moderated many of our extreme views with regard to his country; his estimate of many individuals, of whom from his position he possessed accurate knowledge, decided many a disputed point amongst us; and the tenderness which we all felt for this beloved and valued friend tended to produce justice and moderation in all our conflicts of opinion."¹

Lady Dacre had had by her first marriage, to Mr. Wilmot, an only child, the Mrs. Sullivan I have mentioned in this letter, wife of the Reverend Frederick Sullivan, Vicar of Kimpton. She was an excellent and most agreeable person, who inherited her mother's literary and artistic genius in a remarkable degree, though her different position and less leisurely circumstances as wife of a coun-

try clergyman and mother of a large family, devoted to the important duties of both callings, probably prevented the full development and manifestation of her fine intellectual gifts. She was a singularly modest and diffident person, and this as well as her more serious avocations may have stood in the way of her doing justice to her uncommon abilities, of which, however, there is abundant evidence in her drawings and groups of modeled figures, and in the five volumes of charming stories called *Tales of a Chaperon*, and *Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry*, which were not published with her name but simply as edited by Lady Dacre, to whom their authorship was, I think, generally attributed. The mental gifts of Lady Dacre appear to be heirlooms, for they have been inherited for three generations, and in each case by her female descendants.

The gentleman who accompanied her to our house, on the evening I referred to in my letter, was the Honorable James Stuart Wortley, youngest son of the Earl of Wharnccliffe, who was prevented by failure of health alone from reaching the very highest honors of the legal profession, in which he had already attained the rank of solicitor-general, when his career was prematurely closed by disastrous illness. At the time of my first acquaintance with him he was a very clever and attractive young man, and though intended for a future Lord Chancellor he condescended to sing sentimental songs very charmingly.

Of my excellent and amiable friend, the Reverend William Harness, a biography has been published which tells all there is to be told of his uneventful life and career. Endowed with a handsome face and sweet countenance and very fine voice, he was at one time, a fashionable London preacher, a vocation not incompatible, when he exercised it, with a great admiration for the drama. He was an enthusiastic frequenter of the theatre, published a valuable edition of Shakespeare, and wrote two plays in blank verse which had considerable merit; but his preëminent gift was goodness, in which I have known few people

¹ Sketch of Lord Dacre's character by Madame Huber.

who surpassed him. Objecting from conscientious motives to hold more than one living, he received from his friend, Lord Lansdowne, an appointment in the Home Office, the duties of which did not interfere with those of his clerical profession. He was of a delightfully sunny, cheerful temper, and very fond of society, mixing in the best that London afforded, and frequently receiving with cordial hospitality some of its most distinguished members in his small, modest residence. He was a devoted friend of my family, had an ardent admiration for my aunt Siddons, and honored me with a kind and constant regard.

Miss Joanna Baillie was a great friend of Mrs. Siddons's, and wrote expressly for her the part of Jane de Montfort, in her play of *De Montfort*. My father and mother had the honor of her acquaintance, and I went more than once to pay my respects to her at the cottage in Hampstead where she passed the last years of her life.

The peculiar plan upon which she wrote her fine plays, making each of them illustrate a single passion, was in great measure the cause of their unfitness for the stage. *De Montfort*, which has always been considered the most dramatic of them, had only a very partial success, in spite of its very great poetical merit and considerable power of passion, and the favorable circumstance that the two principal characters in it were represented by the eminent actors for whom the authoress originally designed them. In fact, though Joanna Baillie selected and preferred the dramatic form for her poetical compositions, they are wanting in the real dramatic element, resemblance to life and human nature, and are infinitely finer as poems than plays.

But the desire and ambition of her life had been to write for the stage, and the reputation she achieved as a poet did not reconcile her to her failure as a dramatist. I remember old Mr. Sotheby, the poet (I add his title to his name, though his title to it was by some esteemed but slender), telling me of a visit he had once paid her, when, calling him

into her little kitchen (she was not rich, kept few servants, and did not disdain sometimes to make her own pies and puddings), she bade him, as she was up to the elbows in flour and paste, draw from her pocket a paper; it was a play-bill, sent to her by some friend in the country, setting forth that some obscure provincial company was about to perform Miss Joanna Baillie's celebrated tragedy of *De Montfort*. "There," exclaimed the culinary Melpomene, "there, Sotheby, I am so happy! You see my plays can be acted somewhere!" Well, too, do I remember the tone of half-regretful congratulation in which she said to me: "Oh, you lucky girl — you lucky girl; you are going to have your play acted!" This was Francis I., the production of which on the stage was a bitter annoyance to me, to prevent which I would have given anything I possessed, but which made me (vexed and unhappy though I was at the circumstance on which I was being congratulated) an object of positive envy to the distinguished authoress and kind old lady.

In order to steer clear of the passion of revenge, which is in fact hatred proceeding from a sense of injury, Miss Joanna Baillie in her fine tragedy of *De Montfort* has inevitably made the subject of it an *antipathy*, that is, an instinctive, unreasoning, partly physical antagonism, producing abhorrence and detestation the most intense, without any adequate motive; and the secret of the failure of her noble play on the stage is precisely that this is not (fortunately) a natural passion common to the majority of human beings (which hatred that *has* a motive undoubtedly is, in a greater or less degree), but an abnormal element in exceptionally morbid natures, and therefore a sentiment (or sensation) with which no great number of people or large proportion of a public audience can sympathize or even understand. Intense and causeless hatred is one of the commonest indications of insanity, and, alas! one that too often exhibits itself towards those who have been objects of the tenderest love; but *De Montfort* is not insane, and his loathing is un-

accountable to healthy minds upon any other plea, and can find no comprehension in audiences quite prepared to understand, if not to sympathize with, the vindictive malignity of Shylock and the savage ferocity of Zanga. Goethe, in his grand play of Tasso, gives the poet this morbid detestation of the accomplished courtier and man of the world, Antonio; but then, Tasso is represented as on the very verge of that madness into the dark abyss of which he subsequently sinks.

Shakespeare's treatment of the passion of hatred, in *The Merchant of Venice*, is worthy of all admiration for the profound insight with which he has discriminated between that form of it which all men comprehend, and can sympathize with, and that which, being really nothing but diseased idiosyncrasy, appears to the majority of healthy minds a mere form of madness.

In his first introduction to us the Jew accounts for his detestation of Antonio upon three very comprehensible grounds: national race hatred, in feeling and exciting which the Jews have been quite a "peculiar people" from the earliest records of history; personal injury in the defeat of his usurious prospects of gain; and personal insult in the unmanly treatment to which Antonio had subjected him. However excessive in degree, his hatred is undoubtedly shown to have a perfectly comprehensible, if not adequate cause and nature, and is a *reasonable* hatred, except from such a moral point of view as allows of none.

An audience can therefore tolerate him with mitigated disgust through the opening portions of the play. When, however, in the grand climax of the trial scene Shakespeare intends that he shall be no longer tolerated or tolerable, but condemned alike by his Venetian judges and his English audience, he carefully avoids putting into his mouth any one of the reasons with which in the opening of the play he explains and justifies his hatred. He does not make him quote the centuries-old Hebrew scorn of and aversion to the Gentiles, nor the merchant's interference with his

commercial speculations, nor the man's unprovoked spitting at, spurning, and abuse of him; but he will and *can* give no reason for his abhorrence of Antonio, whom he says he *loathes* with the inexplicable revulsion of nature that certain men feel towards certain animals; and the mastery of the poet shows itself in thus making Shylock's cruelty monstrous and accounting for it as an abnormal monstrosity.

Hatred that has a reasonable cause may cease with its removal. Supposing Antonio to have become a converted Jew, or to have withdrawn all opposition to Shylock's usury and compensated him largely for the losses he had caused him by it, and to have expressed publicly, with the utmost humility, contrition for his former insults and sincere promises of future honor, respect, and reverence, it is possible to imagine Shylock relenting in a hatred of which the reasons he assigned for it no longer existed. But from the moment he says he has no reason for his hatred other than the insuperable disgust and innate enmity of an antagonistic nature, — the deadly, sickening, physical loathing that in rare instances affects certain human beings towards others of their species, and towards certain animals, — then there are no calculable bounds to the ferocity of such a blind instinct, no possibility of mitigating, by considerations of reflection or feeling, an inherent, integral element of a morbid organization. And Shakespeare, in giving this aspect to the last exhibition of Shylock's vindictiveness, cancels the original appeal to possible sympathy for his previous wrongs, and presents him as a dangerous maniac or wild beast, from whose fury no one is safe, and whom it is every one's interest to strike down; so that at the miserable Jew's final defeat the whole audience gasps with a sense of unspeakable relief. Perhaps, too, the master meant to show — at any rate he has shown — that the deadly sin of hatred, indulged even with a cause, ends in the dire disease of causeless hate and the rabid frenzy of a maniac.

It has sometimes been objected to this

wonderful scene that Portia's reticence and delay in relieving Antonio and her husband from their suspense is unnatural. But Portia is a very *superior woman*, able to control not only her own palpitating sympathy with their anguish, but her impatient yearning to put an end to it, till she has made every effort to redeem the wretch whose hardness of heart fills her with incredulous amazement, — a heavenly instinct akin to the divine love that desires not that a sinner should perish, which enables her to postpone her own relief and that of those precious to her till she has exhausted endeavor to soften Shylock; and Shakespeare thus not only justifies the stern severity of her ultimate sentence on him, but shows her endowed with the highest powers of self-command, and patient, long-suffering with evil; her teasing her husband half to death afterward restores the balance of her humanity, which was sinking heavily towards perfection.

Bryan Waller Procter, dear Barry Cornwall, — beloved by all who knew him, even his fellow-poets, for his sweet, gentle disposition, — had married (as I have said elsewhere) Anne Skepper, the daughter of our friend, Mrs. Basil Montague. They were among our most intimate and friendly acquaintance. Their house was the resort of all the choice spirits of the London society of their day, her pungent epigrams and brilliant sallies making the most delightful contrast imaginable to the cordial kindness of his conversation and the affectionate tenderness of his manner; she was like a fresh lemon, — golden, fragrant, firm, and wholesome, — and he was like the honey of Hymettus; they were an incomparable compound.

The play which I speak of as his, in my last letter, was Ford's *White Devil*, of which the notorious Vittoria Corrombona, Duchess of Bracciano, is the heroine. The powerful but coarse treatment of the Italian story by the Elizabethan playwright had been chastened into something more adapted to modern taste by Barry Cornwall; but, even with his kindred power and skillful handling, the work of the early master retained too

rough a flavor for the public palate of our day, and very reluctantly the project of bringing it out was abandoned.

The tragical story of Vittoria Corrombona, eminently tragical in that age of dramatic lives and deaths, has furnished not only the subject of this fine play of Ford's, but that of a magnificent historical novel, by the great German writer, Tieck, in which it is difficult to say which predominates, the intense interest of the heroine's individual career, or that created by the splendid delineation of the whole state of Italy at that period, — the days of the grand old Sixtus the Fifth in Rome, and of the contemporary Medici in Florence; it is altogether a masterpiece by a great master. Superior in tragic horror, because unrelieved by the general picture of contemporaneous events, but quite inferior as a work of imagination, is the comparatively short sketch of Vittoria Corrombona's life and death contained in a collection of Italian stories called *Crimes Célèbres*, by Stendahl, where it keeps company with other tragedies of private life, which during the same century occupied with their atrocious details the tribunals of justice in Rome. Among the collection is the story from which Mr. Fechter's melodrama of *Bel Demonio* was taken, the story of the Cenci, and the story of a certain Duchess of Pagliano, all of them inconceivably horrible and revolting.

About the same time that this play of Barry Cornwall's was given up, a long negotiation between Miss Mitford and the management of Covent Garden came to a conclusion by her withdrawal of her play of *Inez de Castro*, a tragedy founded upon one of the most romantic and picturesque incidents in the Spanish chronicle. After much uncertainty and many difficulties, the project of bringing it out was abandoned. I remember thinking I could do nothing with the part of the heroine, whose corpse is produced in the last act, seated on the throne and receiving the homage of the subjects of her husband, Pedro the Cruel, — a very ghastly incident in the story, which I think would in itself have endangered the success of the play. My de-

spondency about the part of Iñez had nothing to do with the possible effect of this situation, however, but was my invariable impression with regard to every new part that was assigned to me on first reading it. But I am sure Miss Mitford had no cause to regret that I had not undertaken this; the success of her play in my hands ran a risk such as her fine play of Rienzi, in those of Mr. Young or Mr. Macready, could never have incurred; and it was well for her that to their delineation of her Roman tribune, and not mine of her Aragonese lady, her reputation with the public as a dramatic writer was confided.

I have mentioned in this last letter a morning visit from Chantrey, the eminent sculptor, who was among our frequenters. His appearance and manners were simple and almost rustic, and he was shy and silent in society, all which may have been results of his obscure birth and early want of education. He was apprenticed in his youth to a carpenter, and dining with Rogers one day after his fame as an artist had long been recognized by the world, he said, pointing to a sideboard in the dining-room, "I once mended that piece of furniture for you," and pointed out some trifling repairs which in his days of joining and cabinet-making he had been sent by his master-carpenter to execute. It was to Sir Francis Chantrey that my father's friends applied for the design of the beautiful silver vase which they presented to him at the end of his professional career. The sculptor's idea seemed to me a very happy and appropriate one, and the design was admirably executed; it consisted of a simple and elegant figure of Hamlet on the cover of the vase, and round it, in fine relief, the Seven Ages of Man, from Jaques's speech in *As You Like It*; the whole work was very beautiful, and has a double interest for me, as that not only of an eminent artist, but a kind friend of my father's.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
March 7, 1831. }

MY DEAREST H—: With regard to change as we contemplate it when part-

ing from those we love, I confess I should shrink from the idea of years intervening before you and I met again; not that I apprehend any diminution of our affection, but it would be painful to be no longer young, or to have grown suddenly old to each other. But I hope this will not be so; I hope we may go on meeting often enough for that change which is inevitable to be long imperceptible; I hope we may be allowed to go on *wondering* together, till we meet where you will certainly be happy, if wonder is for once joined to *knowledge*. I remember my aunt Whitelock saying that when she went to America she left my father a toddling thing that she used to dandle and carry about; and the first time she saw him after her return, he had a baby of his own in his arms. That sort of thing makes one's heart jump into one's mouth with dismay; it seems as if all the time one had been *living away*, unconsciously, was thrown in a lump at one's head.

J— F— told me on Thursday that her sister, whose wedding-day seemed to me about yesterday, was the mother of four children; she has lost no time, it is true, but my "yesterday" must be five years old. After dinner, yesterday, wrote a new last scene to Francis I. I mean to send it to Murray.

A— says you seem younger to her than I do; which considering your fourteen years' seniority over me is curious; but the truth is, though she does not know it, I am still *too young*; I have not lived, experienced, and suffered enough to have acquired the self-forgetfulness and gentle forbearance that make us good and pleasant companions to our *youngers*.

Henry got into a scrape, yesterday, about the college report, which states him to have been "absent and late" several times. I believe there was really some mistake in the statement; nevertheless, a conviction is irresistibly borne in upon all our minds that it is hardly possible to be dancing till four in the morning and in college at eight with a clear head and one's studying wits about one.

Henry and I are going together to the Zoological Gardens one of these days;

that lovely tigress haags about my heart
and I must go and see her again. Ever
your affectionate F. A. KEMBLE.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
March 9, 1831. }

MY DEAR H—: Why are you not here to kiss and congratulate me? I am so proud and happy! Mr. Murray has given me four hundred and fifty pounds for my play alone! the other things he does not wish to publish with it. Only think of it—was there ever such publishing munificence! My father has the face to say *it is not enough!* but looks so proud and pleased that his face alone shows it is *too much* by a great deal; my mother is enchanted, and I am so happy, so thankful for this prosperous result of my work, so delighted at earning so much, so surprised and charmed to think that what gave me nothing but pleasure in the doing has brought me such an after-harvest of profit; it is too good almost to be true, and yet it is true.

But I am happy and have been much excited from another reason, to-day. Richard Trench, John's dear friend and companion, is just returned from Spain, and came here this morning to see us. I sat with him a long while. John is well and in good spirits. Mr. Trench before leaving Gibraltar had used every persuasion to induce my brother to return with him, and had even got him on board the vessel in which they were to sail, but John's heart failed him at the thought of forsaking Torrijos, and he

went back. The account Mr. Trench gives of their proceedings is much as I imagined them to have been. They hired a house which they denominated Constitution Hall, where they passed their time smoking, and drinking ale, John holding forth upon German metaphysics, which grew dense in proportion as the tobacco fumes grew thick and his glass grew empty. You know we had an alarm about their being taken prisoners, which story originated thus: they had agreed with the constitutionalists in Algeciras that on a certain day the latter were to *get rid* of their officers (murder them civilly, I suppose), and then light beacons on the heights, at which signal Torrijos and his companions, among them our party who were lying armed on board a schooner in the bay, were to make good their landing. The English authorities at Gibraltar, however, had note of this, and whilst they lay watching for the signal they were boarded by one of the government ships and taken prisoners. The number of English soldiers in whose custody they found themselves being, however, inferior to their own, they agreed that if the beacons made their appearance they would turn upon their guards and either imprison or kill them. But the beacons were never lighted; their Spanish fellow-revolutionists broke faith with them, and they remained ingloriously on board until next day, when they were ignominiously suffered to go quietly on shore again.

Frances Anne Kemble.

THE HOUSE BELOW THE HILL.

You ask me of the farthest star,
Whither your thought can climb at will,
Forever-questioning child of mine.
I fear it is not half so far
As is the house below the hill,
Where one poor lamp begins to shine,
The lamp that is of death the sign.

Has it indeed been there for years,
 In rain and snow, with ruined roof
 For God to look through, day and night,
 At man's despair and woman's tears,
 While with myself I stood aloof,
 As one by some enchanted right
 Held high from any ghastly sight?

. . . One of my children lightly said,
 "Oh, nothing (Why must we be still?),
 Only the people have to cry
 Because the woman's child is dead
 There in the house below the hill.
 I wish that we could see it fly.
 It has gold wings, and that is why!"

Gold wings it *has*? I only know
 What wasted little hands it had,
 That reached to me for pity, but
 Before I thought to give it—oh,
 On earth's last rose-bud faint and sad,
 Less cold than mine had been, they shut.
 Sharper than steel some things should cut!

. . . I thought the mother showed to me,
 With something of a subtle scorn
 (When morning mocked with bird and dew),
 That brief and bitter courtesy
 Which awes us in the lowliest born.
 Ah, soul, to thine own self be true;
 God's eyes, grown human, look thee through!

"We need no help—we needed it.
 You have not come in time, and so
 The women here did everything.
 You did not know? You did not know!"
 I surely saw the dark brows knit.
 To let the living die for bread,
 Then bring fair shrouds to hide the dead!

What time I cried with Rachel's cry,
 I wondered that I could not wring,
 While sitting at the grave, forlorn,
 Compassion from yon alien sky,
 That knows not death nor anything
 That troubles man of woman born,
 Save that he wounded Christ with thorn.

My sorrow had the right to find
 Immortal pity? I could sit,
 Not hearing at my very feet
 The utter wailing of my kind,
 And dream my dream high over it!

O human heart, what need to beat,
If nothing save your own is sweet?

Ah me, that fluttering flower and leaf,
That weird wan moon and pitiless sun,
And my own shadow in the grass,
Should hide from me this common grief!
Was I not dust? What had I done?
In that fixed face as in a glass
I saw myself to judgment pass!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I AM not sure but that the work which a gifted and enterprising young friend of mine now has in hand is an infringement upon the patent of a well-known *littérateur*. He is writing on what he denominates Elongated Classics, and, being a gentleman of perfect rectitude, it of course goes without saying that he would abandon his task at the first authoritative intimation that he was trespassing upon what was, even constructively, another man's preserves. He came to me a few evenings since for my opinion upon this last point. But all I felt warranted in saying to him was that I had never seen it stated that the gentleman who is now perpetrating Condensed Classics designed, in due course of time, to follow them up with Elongated Classics. I added that it was perhaps only reasonable to presume that, having once acquired a taste for blood, so to speak, the perpetrator of Condensed Classics would not quit his quarry until he had exhausted it; that the one extreme, "condensed," would likely enough suggest the other extreme, "elongated;" and that having condensed and elongated there was no telling but he would put the climax upon the series with Improved Classics and — in response to an encore — Perfected Classics. At this point in my remarks my friend abruptly cut me short with the query,

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Would n't I write to The Atlantic, for instance, stating just what his plan in Elongated Classics was? If I would, why, then, if any man had a prior claim to the vein he was working, that fact would appear and he, my friend, would draw off. "Say, please," he continued, "that I am addressing myself to the task of putting what those who visited the late Centennial Exhibition would designate as substantial 'annexes' upon such of our English classics as I find are inadequate, unsatisfactory, deficient in wholesome *embonpoint*, as they stand. I have begun with the series commonly known as Little Classics, since their very name implies that they are classics that have not attained full growth. I have first elongated Mr. Edward Everett Hale's A Man without a Country. You shake your head? Throw up your hands? Complain of an attack of goose-flesh? Pshaw! Look at Shakespeare. He very plainly indicates that in his opinion one cannot have too much of a good thing, by making Orsino in Twelfth Night exclaim, —

'If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it.'

That is good enough authority for me. Holding fast to the hand of Shakespeare I propose to obey the voice that whispers to me, Write on, give us excess of classics. Swift declared that the man who makes two ears of corn grow where

only one grew before is to be reckoned a public benefactor. Is this remark, think you, intended solely for the encouragement of grangers, and not as well for those who hoe intellectual corn? But to dismiss this point; I think you will agree that I have managed my elongation of A Man without a Country very cleverly. Let me sketch it for you. As Mr. Hale leaves the Little Classic, 'the country yet remains,' but the man is dead in the ocean. I go on to show that Philip Nolan (the man) was consigned to the deep while yet he was alive and vigorous, as part of a plot of his military and naval friends for his escape. The life-preservers which were concealed about his person sustained him until the boat which had been secured to pick him up got him aboard. He was duly landed on American shores, and without losing any time proceeded to Alaska and immediately began to grow up with the country. He was successful in business, and soon was known all over Alaska for his fervent and uncompromising patriotism. Discovering by chance that he was sole heir to the Anneke Jans estate, he brought suit, beat Trinity Church, and came into his property. Dying, he left his vast wealth to be divided into three parts, one to be devoted to completing the Washington Monument, another to the establishment of a Home for Aged and Infirm United States Patriots, and the balance to be invested and the annual interest offered as a prize for the best essay by an American citizen upon Love of Country. How does that seem to strike you?"

I frankly answered that I thought it was sacrilege of the first water; and that I considered him a candidate for bulldozing whose claims could not in justice be ignored.

My friend heard me with a really superior smile upon his face and replied, "I radically differ with you in your judgment upon my conduct; and since I with my Elongated Classics and the perpetrator of Condensed Classics are in the same boat and must necessarily sink or float together, in defending my own position I defend his. Now I notice that the condenser, in the two Condensed

Classics which he has already put forth, explains that his aim has been 'to cut out everything that a skillful novel-reader would naturally skip and everything that he might skip if he knew what were coming.' Of course it's just the reverse with me. My aim, as an elongator, has been to insert everything that a skillful novel-reader would naturally insert and everything that he might insert if he had the brains. The condenser also explains that he prepares his Condensed Classics for the benefit of those who are in a hurry — an unique tribute, you see, to the spirit of the age. It is 'the rapid reader, who desires only the story,' whom he has in his eye as he goes about his task. Precisely the opposite with me. As an elongator, I look for welcome from that large class which always has more time on its hands than it knows what to do with. I elongate for ladies and gentlemen of leisure, who read slowly; in whom, as Tennyson says of Eleanor, —

'There is nothing sudden.'

Paul, you remember, said that he 'both knew how to be abased and how to abound.' Now the only difference between me and the condenser is just this: he thinks certain of our English classics did not know how to be abased, that is, did not have the gift of restraint; I, on the contrary, think that others of them did not know how to abound, that is, did not have the gift of 'sustained effort.' "

Here I broke in and asked my friend these questions: "Do you suppose when the condenser explained in the preface to *Our Mutual Friend*, and *Ivanhoe*, that his aim had been to 'cut out everything that a skillful novel-reader would naturally skip and everything that he might skip if he knew what was coming,' it occurred to him that both Dickens and Scott were skillful novel-readers as well as consummate novel-writers? Both knew just 'what was coming,' and yet neither one ventured upon the skipping which the condenser has perpetrated. Again, do you think the condenser is happy in his definition of a *skillful* novel-reader, as one 'who desires only the

story"? Is not just the contrary true—that it is only the most unskillful, inexperienced, and silly readers (whose taste ought not to be pandered to) who desire only the story? and that the reader who is indeed an expert realizes that to him who reads 'only the story' the story is never fully told? There—those are my questions. Be good enough to favor me with direct answers."

My friend, asking for a little space to collect his thoughts, withdrew. After an hour's absence he returned and remarked with great dignity of manner that, by advice of counsel, he must refuse to answer any and all of my questions.

"Very good," said I; "I am not surprised; but let me try you with a few easier queries. Do you or do you not justify those visitors to the Centennial Exhibition who condensed some of the classics in stone and canvas in Memorial Hall while the policemen were not looking? The managers, you remember, showed their view, by means of placards printed in many tongues and prominently displayed, bearing the legend, 'Do not touch with cane or umbrella.' Were those managers reasonable or unreasonable? And the particular visitor who condensed a Venus by breaking off one of her fingers with a blue cotton umbrella, was he or was he not entitled to have an annex of head put upon him by the sculptor? What say you?"

"Well," returned my friend, "for my part, and I am sure I speak the opinion of the condenser, I cannot see that this condenser of Venus was blameworthy. I really cannot. He was probably influenced in what he did by a laudable desire to help those rapid visitors to Memorial Hall who correspond to those 'rapid readers' of classics of whom the condenser makes mention. Suppose he did break off one finger! Enough certainly remained to give the rapid visitor a correct idea of the style of Venus's hand. The hall was so crowded with things pleasant to the eye that it was simply absurd to suppose that a rapid visitor could or would find

time to devote to every one of Venus's ten fingers. The man who eliminated one of them has a perfect defense in the explanation that he merely cut away an insignificant member which a skillful sight-seer would naturally skip, and a member which he might skip if he knew how much there was to be seen in Memorial Hall. Now when I come to elongate Romeo and Juliet"—

At this point, in a moment of emotional insanity, I seized a paper-knife from the table at which I was sitting and plunged it into the person of the ingenious elongator. That was some eighty hours ago, and as he has not come to yet, I feel warranted in hoping for the best. In this event, I suppose it will not be necessary to solve the doubt I mentioned at the outset.

—When next I visit, as school-committee man, the Training School for Novelists, I mean to ask one of the advanced class what he regards as the chief advantage held by an author in telling his story in an autobiographic form. You would say, would you not,—I believe that is the insinuating method of examination when one wishes to state his own views rather than elicit the pupil's,—that a novelist using this form is confined to pure history of the movements of his characters? He cannot know anything more of their motives than his readers will learn when they have read the story, and he is forbidden to say that they thought thus and thus. Whatever takes place is within the immediate knowledge of the narrator, either coming under his observation or directly reported to him. Hence there will be a simplicity of evolution, since all the action is referred ultimately to a single person, and the reader taking his place by the side of the narrator is never required to leave it. The writer is likely to keep closer to reality, the reader becomes more identified in interest with the writer. The characterization of the first person in the story undoubtedly becomes a more subtle task, but in this solitary case the novelist has the means of bringing into service the thoughts and impressions of a character, as these af-

fect the movement of the story. In all other cases he is restricted to actions, and to those actions which the reader can determine as well as the writer.

Inoticed in reading Mr. James's Roderrick Hudson that I was constantly conceiving Rowland Mallet as the teller of the story, so that when occasionally Rowland is praised, I felt a disagreeable sensation as if the author had praised himself. Looking more narrowly into the story I discovered that my impression arose from the fact that nothing takes place except under the direct cognizance of Mallet. Either he is present, or an incident or scene is reported to him. Whether or not Mr. James distinctly proposed to himself this problem, he has plainly written a story under the assumption of an autobiography, but not in the autobiographic form, and I do not see what he has gained by it. He certainly has lost the directness and intelligibility of the autobiography, and has not gained the freedom which that renounces. His Mallet is as colorless as if he were the teller of the story, and the reader is made in many cases to go twice over the ground because of this numbering of the story-teller among the *dramatis personæ*.

This is rather a curiosity of the autobiographic form, which, by the way, is not to be assumed without counting the cost. It has obvious conditions, which cannot be disregarded at the author's convenience, or forgotten as they sometimes seem to be by one of our cleverest story-tellers. In the story, *Our New Crusade*, the supposed narrator intimates that he is a member of Dr. Claridge's family; at all events an inmate of his house; but he wishes us to understand that he is personally of no account. "Dr. Claridge is a man of the world, though he was a college president. Aunt Lois is not a woman of the world, but she is what is better, a child of God, self-abnegating and self-sacrificing; and I never saw or heard of the exigency that she is not fit for. What Susie is I have tried to tell. What Bernard is you will see. What I am is no matter." In only one scene is the narrator directly recognized

by any character in the book: then he engages in a short conversation, is dispatched on an errand, and so dismissed by the rest of the characters. His name even is not given; but he proves to be the most powerful and penetrating character in the whole book. While no one else pays the slightest attention to him, he is ubiquitous and observing to an almost incredible extent. The lovers, especially, carry on their tenderest conversation loud enough for him to hear them, whether they are driving in a carriage, or walking at dead of night beside a canal, or alone in a conservatory. In this last instance the story-teller takes pains to exclude every other living soul from the orchid house, where his favorite pair of lovers are to come to an understanding, and, as if to prove an *alibi* in his own case for the benefit of the skeptical reader, states incidentally that he was in the drawing-room all the time. Nevertheless, the tones of their voices, their gestures, their starts, their glances no less than their broken and impassioned words, cannot escape him; and yet he has another pair of lovers to look after at the same time, and is obliged to bring the four together and report their mutual congratulations, while he and Miss Clarke and Miss Gilbert are looking on with some wonder at the excited talk and its dumb show. In another instance he goes off with all the company to the supper-room, leaving two of his characters to tell their most cherished confidences to one another, while the person most deeply concerned is hidden in an easy-chair conveniently near. This young girl comes forward at the proper time and confesses to the other young girl; but where was our story-teller all the while? It is true that early in the story he mentions casually that he heard one or two trivial incidents from Susie and aunt Lois, but he cannot have the hardihood to tell us that these young ladies with their tender secrets, and these young men with their manly words, called him aside and bade him make a stenographic report. Taking out the one or two occasions when he asserts that he was present, and the one or two

conversations which he explains were specially reported to him, it is fair to say that the whole story proceeds upon the assumption that the story-teller is not himself an actor, but the creator of the story. The proper relation of the narrator to the other actors is wholly disregarded.

From true autobiographic stories it would not be hard to establish the proposition that theirs is the highest form of the novelist's art.

— An Arcadian thinker might imagine that the piano-forte was an instrument invented and made solely to further the ends of the art of music. I have no doubt that some such idea existed in the brains of the first inventors and makers of the instrument. Piano-forte makers, indeed, still vie with one another in making more or less successful attempts at improving the instrument, and pianists are certainly not behindhand in pushing the art of playing upon it to its uttermost limits. But Music, after innocently dreaming for years that all these commendable endeavors were made in her service, has awakened to the fact that she and her servants have in some unaccountable way exchanged places; that the piano-forte has been the while cunningly binding her, hand and foot, and now asserts its own mastership in a very loud, jingling manner. Pianists who have done their utmost to fit themselves for the service of Art, perhaps even to be the high priests in her temple, and who naturally look upon the piano-forte as *their* servant, now find themselves in the incongruous position of mere advertising agents for the manufacturers. Before going into details, I will give two anecdotes, which I know to be true.

Some years ago a gentleman of my acquaintance was walking in the streets of Bonn on the Rhine with one of the leading London pianists. They were met at a street corner by a man who had a few minutes' conversation with the pianist; after he had gone away, the pianist said to our friend, "That was a member of the firm of —, in —, in the United States. He has just renewed an offer he made me yesterday of — dollars

per month, with all my expenses paid, to give a series of concerts in America *with his firm's piano-fortes.*" The second story is this. Not many years ago a well-known impresario brought a concert troupe to America, one of the members of which was a pianist of some note in England. After a month the pianist severed his connection with the troupe and returned to England. To fill his place the impresario engaged a distinguished American pianist for a certain number of concerts. The pianist expressing a decided preference for the A piano-fortes, the manager said that it was perfectly immaterial to him what instruments were used at his concerts. The next day, thinking over his engagement, the pianist remembered that, somehow or other, nothing had been said about how much he was to be paid; so he called upon the manager.

"You must be the most confiding of men! Here you have engaged me for so many concerts, and have not even asked what my terms are!"

"Well! I am sure I don't see what I have to do with that."

"I should imagine that, as you are to pay me, it might be of some importance to you to know how much I ask."

"I pay you? Nothing of the sort! Mr. A pays you, as you use his piano-fortes."

"You had better see Mr. A before we go any further; for I am sure he will not agree to that arrangement."

"You are joking! I have given concerts in this country for the last ever-so-many years, and have never paid pianists a single cent in my life. The piano-forte makers *always* pay them."

It was found, however, that Mr. A, although perfectly willing to furnish instruments, charge and carriage free, would not agree to pay anything. He knew that it was the custom of many makers to do so, but he had never done it, and never would. The manager was in a huge rage, cut down his engagement with the pianist to five nights, and on paying him, vowed that he had never been so swindled in his life.

The custom of piano-forte makers'

paying pianists to play exclusively upon their instruments has, it must be admitted, one good side. Very probably many of the great pianists who have visited this country would never have come here at all, except for the enterprise of pianoforte makers in bringing them for their own ends. In the beginning, when the public did not know, or care to inquire, about the practice, the "preference" of a great pianist for one piano-forte over all others was a most capital advertisement for the maker. But now that every one knows perfectly well that it is a mere matter of business contract, and that pianists play upon a certain firm's piano-fortes simply because they are hired to do so, and not because they prefer to do so, the excellence of the arrangement as an advertisement consists solely in the A, B, or C piano-forte's standing on the platform at concerts with the maker's name, in large gilt letters, staring the audience out of countenance, and doing its best to put all thoughts of music to flight and impress the public with the all-important fact of its existence. The evils of the system are great. I saw the other day a letter from a noted pianist to the president of one of our musical societies, somewhat to this effect (I quote from memory): "I find myself in a very strange position. I am under contract to Mr. A to play only upon his piano-fortes. I cannot play at the X concerts in Baltimore, because they use only the B piano-fortes; I cannot play at the Y concerts in Cincinnati, because they use only the C piano-fortes; it is the same thing with the Z or W concerts in New York and Philadelphia, where the D and E piano-fortes are used. Unless your society and Mr. F are willing to let me play on the A instrument, I do not see how I can play at your concerts either." Here you see how a pianist can be debarred from a most important musical field all over the country, and the public deprived of the pleasure of hearing him except under very narrow conditions. The fault, no doubt, lies with the pianists themselves who enter upon such engagements. And yet the yearly income of only too many American pia-

nists would be seriously affected for the worse if they did not make these very pernicious contracts with manufacturers.

— Of the causes that go to account for the extensive production and enjoyment of literature destitute of any claim to the dignity or title of art, no one is so potent as the absence of recognized standards of artistic excellence. Our current literature as well as our current criticism is to a very large extent written by persons whose æsthetic consciences, however strong and tender naturally, have received no development through education, while they have been vitiated by daily contact with æsthetic evil, in the form of literary productions wherein every law of art is violated. The truth is, we need both a Bible of art, deriving its authority from the records of the entire æsthetic revelation, and a hierarchy of critics, who shall be faithful interpreters and teachers of the same. The only work that has hitherto attained authority in literature is the fragmentary treatise of Aristotle, *On the Poetic Art*, which is well worthy to be considered the æsthetic decalogue. Though it belongs to the old dispensation, it is still valid; and, while we are waiting for the canon of the new dispensation of pure humanity in literature, we could hardly, I think, do anything better than master it. Its influence upon the literatures of France and Germany is incalculable. To it the former owes its exquisite form and finish, the latter its earnestness and endeavor after unity. From it Lessing, the greatest of modern critics, and Sainte-Beuve,¹ who may perhaps be ranked next to him, drew the principles of their art. It forms the basis of instruction in literary art in Germany, France, and Italy, and in all these countries has been made accessible by almost innumerable translations, commentaries, and academic lectures. In England and America it is almost entirely neglected. The latest English translation — reprinted with a few corrections in J. W. Donaldson's *Theatre of the Greeks* — appeared in 1812, and

¹ I happen to own Sainte-Beuve's private copy of M. Egger's edition of the *Poetics*.

there is no commentary worthy of the name in our language.

What are our universities and colleges doing, that they can afford to neglect this work, a series of lectures upon the doctrines of which would do more to impart correct views of literary art than any other influence that could readily be named or that they could exert?

After Aristotle, a course in Lessing's *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* would be most salutary. Why is that model of criticism, unsparing but just, so little read and imitated?

—I have been watching with interest the progress of the new decoration in Trinity Church, Boston. Mr. John La Farge, of Newport, has undertaken this novel work, seconded by Mr. Francis Lathrop, of New York, and F. D. Millet, of Boston. It was certainly very odd and very inspiring to see these gentlemen at work. The younger artists were busy drawing immense figures or patterns on coarse paper, through which the design was to be pricked and sifted in outline on the church walls or ceiling; at a later stage they might be seen clad in blue overalls, "of many colors" from frequent daubings, and perched on some dizzy remnant of scaffolding in the lofty tower, where they were finishing the work of painting. The figures in the tower have been laid on in colors mixed with wax, a sort of encaustic; and down in the gallery a privileged few might behold the little "camping out" arrangement by which the wax was melted for this purpose. The artists have, of course, been assisted by a corps of journeymen decorators, who carried out the mechanical parts of the work. To me the most delightful element in this whole affair has been the intimate association of the artists and the workmen. The former have worked side by side with the artisans, and have accepted wages but little larger than those of these professional "decorators;" they took service not for commercial gain, but out of love for an ideal pursuit. They will find an enviable reward, though, in the fact that they have advanced American art in a department where it has hitherto been sordid and

mechanical. Their undertaking has been, both in spirit and practice, something quite unprecedented in this country, and vividly recalls the similar labors of mediæval masters and their pupils or friends. Unfortunately, there has been one very modern and American drawback, and that was the frightful haste with which the artists were forced to work. It is strange that when a congregation builds an ambitious church, giving its architect ample time to build properly, so that the building may last for generations, they should have thought it imperative to have it decorated within a couple of months, because they were anxious to consecrate the church at Christmas. As they went in search of real artistic adornment, one would fancy they might respect it enough to wait a little. Is the occupation of the church at a set date so much more momentous than securing a beauty which would last as long as the church itself?

—I am one of your readers who have noted with interest and satisfaction the development of Mr. Edgar Fawcett's curious felicity of expression in the many little poems of his which you have published. I was first struck by the felicity I mention in the four or five poems grouped under the title of *Fancies*, in a number of *The Atlantic* printed three or four years ago.¹ One of them was called *An Oriole*, and in that fancy he richly likened the bird to "some orange tulip, flaked with black," which, —

"Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard,

Desired unspeakably to be a bird."

As I remember the poems, there was in almost every verse some cunning touch of this sort, some striking luck of phrase; but I thought the lines on *A Toad* the most fortunate of all in the qualities I admired in the other poems. He is called a "dull bulk," a "gray lump of mottled clamminess, with that preposterous leer." The opening lines remained with me on one reading: —

"Blue dusk, that brings the dewy hours,
Brings thee, of graceless form in sooth,
Dark stumbler at the roots of flowers,
Flaccid, inert, uncouth."

This I think simply a masterpiece of

¹ May, 1874.

characterization; as far as it goes I do not see how there can be anything better. But the poems are, as they are called, strictly fancies, and their triumphs seem the achievement of sensitive nerves rather than of intellectuation. I don't mean to say that their range bounds Mr. Fawcett's faculty. Shortly after they appeared, you printed a poem of his entitled *Immortelles*,¹ in which there was the deeper stir, the creative thrill of imagination. I allow myself still, even in these hard times, the luxury of being moved by poetry I like, and I recall with emotion some of the vivid phrases in which the poet mused upon those flowers, with their

"pale-gold, brittle petals primly set
About dry, brittle hearts of deeper gold.

"Do I but fancy that an aching need
Lives in the wan, inanimate looks they lift?"

"Yes, if I read their joyless calm aright,
Mere immortality can ill repay
This sluggish veto of corruption's blight,
This dull and charmless challenge to decay!"

"Ah! where in this white urn they dimly smile,
Full oft, I doubt not, each poor bloom has
sighed

*To have been some odorous radiance that erewhile
Divinely was a rose, although it died!"*

This, if I understand and feel such things aright, is fine and lovely poetry. It is a pity that we could not have a collection of the little pieces that Mr. Fawcett has printed with you (and others like them that he may have in his portfolio), in some pretty little volume. I do not believe we should find them monotonous, or tire of them; and I believe that their quality — peculiarly his own, and not reminding me, at least, of any other poet — would make him a fair-sized public at once. I read all his Atlantic verse with pleasure, though I am beginning to tremble for one technical grace of his, which I'm afraid is turning into a vice; I mean the redundant syllabification of his verse, as in the next to the last line quoted. It is a charm that to remain a charm must be sparingly used.

— It seemed to me that whoever wrote of Mr. Bret Harte and the dramatic critics in the Club, last month, hardly did

¹ April, 1875

the theatre-going public justice in what he said of the present difference between the stage and the drama. It is true that most of the plays which nowadays succeed are plays of theatrical rather than dramatic effect, and that they are very far from being good literature. But they are not all so, by any means. I have never read Mr. Charles Reade's *Dora*, but I am sure its charming qualities must be literary; and I have lately been reading the plays of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, which are very good literature indeed. (I am surprised, by the way, that you have not yet criticised in *The Atlantic* the volume of his plays published by Scribner & Co., last year.) This gentleman wrote *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, which was given so exquisitely at the Globe Theatre in Boston several winters ago, and he is the author of three other plays in blank verse which are now printed with the *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*. That is the best of them, to be sure, but they are all good. He has mastered the art of placing some poetic fancy in realistic contact with the verities of every-day life — not to make us laugh at the fancy, but to make us ashamed of our own mean and prosaic conditions. The *Wicked World* is full of charming satire of this sort. The *Palace of Truth* is a comedy in which the fantastic supposition of an edifice where every one is obliged to speak his mind gives rise to many amusing situations: it is pure comedy of the lightest, sweetest, pleasantest sort, and is blank verse of the best dramatic kind. The *Princess* is what the author calls "a respectful parody" of Mr. Tennyson's poem. It is from first to last delicious — the merriest and brightest fun, treating the whole conceit of the poem with airy burlesque. As for *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, you know how beautiful that is on the stage, but I can assure you that it not only bears reading but improves by it — as a play of Shakespeare's does. It is in fact a lovely poem, delicately pathetic in its denouement, where poor *Galatea* dies back into stone heart-broken, and just as delicately humorous and witty in other places. The allegory never lies heavy on the play, but is so

interfused with it as to be the life of the piece, and the persons are not merely puppets to work out the drama, but are skillfully painted characters. This has been a popular play, and still is so. I don't think any audience found it too fine, fine as it was; and I think that our playwrights should not be more mechanical and ordinary than they can help from the mistaken opinion that if they don't fail æsthetically the audience will. At least they need not *aim* to fall below Shakespeare. When they touch his level, it will be time for them to consider.

— I remember now what I wanted to say about Mr. Bret Harte, in answer to his ardent admirer in the January Club. His most fatal defect — Bret Harte's, of course — seems to me a lack of literary *conscience*. It is this which accounts for the frightful inequalities in his work. Apparently he will do well only what he can do easily. There could not be a better illustration of what I say than that same poem, *Concepcion de Arguelo*. What artistic immorality for him to de-face that pathetic, and in the main nobly told story, by such a line as —

'All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler
and guest''

And there are other lines quite as monstrously prosaic.

— I believe that the critics who mock at Deronda's befriending Gwendolen in that high way, at the close of George Eliot's novel, are invariably men. One of the chief moral differences between men and women, and a prolific source of sorrow which is not quite tragedy, is that while women are capable of friendship for both women and men, men can feel it for men only. A man can be almost anything to a woman — her supporter, her teacher, her defender, her lover, her slave, her sacrifice; but her equal and unalterable *friend*, he cannot and will not be, as yet.

— It appears to me an invidious distinction to apply the phrase "American humorists" to a certain small group of writers connected with our journals and magazines. I have come to the conclusion that *all* persons concerned in the manufacture of the purely intellectual

portions of magazines and newspapers are humorists; and I divide them into two classes: the conscious and the unconscious. The unconscious humorist is apt to be the more amusing of the two. What comical verse and prose, — and what comical reviews of them, — not in the least intended to be comical, are served up to us every day of the month, and every month of the year! The grace that is unaware of itself is the perfect grace. To successfully simulate this unconsciousness is the triumph of art. If I were a premeditated humorist instead of a producer of comical serious things, I should waste away to a skeleton and get myself into powder as soon as possible, out of sheer envy of that newspaperman who, the other day, in describing the sudden death of a young lady while visiting some gay friends in the country, said that in the midst of the festivities "the hand of death stepped in." Here is perfection — unintended perfection — perfection pure and simple, with no base alloy of self-consciousness or common sense. I do not see how the professional humorist manages to make a living in this country, where almost every journal or magazine has on its working staff two or three serious penmen quite capable of unwittingly beating him on his own ground. Our comical serious writers have never had justice done them, perhaps because they are for the most part writers of criticism, and cannot conveniently be reviewed. That some of them, in the dearth of native appreciation, have sought foreign shores is evident. Who but an unconscious American humorist could have paid Mr. Aldrich such a handsome compliment as this in the *London Graphic*? "One of Mr. Aldrich's least pretending yarns is the gem of the book!" If that is not the inimitable touch of a fellow-countryman, I have studied our more serious and didactic writers in vain.

— I wish somebody would register scientific observations on the succession of book epidemics; I mean those distinct waves of desire for a particular class of books, which are always making themselves felt. Lately, as you know, we

have been having swarms of literary, artistic, and musical biographies, recollections, etc. They have come in series, in regular rank of compilation and abridgment, or scattered like skirmishers, and anon trundling in lonely ponderosity, like heavy columbiads. The invasion was irresistible. Writers began to feel the necessity of having "reminiscences" about *somebody*, and the publishers were forced to print *everybody's* "recollections." Trevelyan's Macaulay and the Life of McLeod seemed to close the campaign; but the "anecdote-biography" of Shelley comes like a spent shot over the field. And now we have got to take up travel. There is Mr. Schuyler's great book on Turkistan; Rev. Henry M. Field's tour around the world; Mr. B. R. Curtis's ditto; a volume or two on the Servians, already out, with one on Herzegovina, by W. J. Stillman, in press; and a Library of Travel to be edited by Bayard Taylor; not to speak of the English and French visitors to the Centennial Exhibition who are beginning to relieve their minds about us. The thing is aggravated in this country by the popular notion that you can know everything by reading about a few things, that is, that "condensed" army-sausage editions are just as nutritious and more convenient than a diet of full-grown tomes; but besides this, I believe — if proper investigation were made — we should discover conspiracy among writers to get up an overstimulated, intoxicated demand for a particular kind of books, so that all the weak brothers can get their MSS. works of that class accepted by publishers. I suspect that there are secret conventions held, which are captured by those writers who at the moment have homogeneous volumes ready for the press.

— A new face was put upon the familiar fact that all suffering and enjoyment are relative, when I heard two sailors on the day of the great December gale talking of the harm the storm would do at sea, and of how hard it would be for the men. "I tell you," said one of them, "I should hate to be outside, to-day; unless I was laid up, so's't I could n't go on deck." In which case, ap-

parently, he would n't have minded it. Some people might think the city fireside not too snug; but for his part, give him a bunk in a foul forecabin, knocking about through that roaring, raving maniac of a tempest in an old coaster, with a good broken leg, or so, as an excuse for keeping below, and he would show you what comfort was.

— I have been waiting a great while for some one to urge my favorite argument against the study of Greek, and the writer on that topic in your last number inflicted another disappointment upon me. My position is simply this: that if classic Greek had been worth while, on the whole, the Greeks themselves would not have dropped it. Apparently they found the language of Sophocles and Plato too much for human endurance, and, after giving it a fair trial, took up a handier dialect, which serves all the purposes of life without anything like the former wear and tear, and will probably be equal to literature when the modern Greeks have any. If the rest of us had been as wise as they, Greek would not only have been dead but buried, long ago. It is the ridiculous assumption of knowing better than the Greeks themselves, which still burdens the foreign student with the incubus which they have shaken off.

— Here in Boston people have been commenting on the cordial appreciation of Soldene, and the comparative neglect of Mme. Janauschek, during their recent respective engagements. It seems to be as true now as when the Rejected Addresses were written, that

"The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit."

Yet I think I could offer some explanation. That was certainly a highly interesting *tour de force* of Mme. Janauschek's, which the bills called her "grand dual impersonation" of Lady Dedlock and Hortense the French maid, in Bleak House. It reminded me of Plato's argument in the Phædo, that one and one as such do not make two, and that two things become one because they partake of unity. But, besides that, there was plenty of good and subtle art in the acting. Nevertheless, I

could n't help wondering why we all went and sat there to be so deliberately made miserable. This was really the great object of the performance. Every little anguish or terror in the play was dwelt on to a rasping extent, and brought to bear on our nerves like a file. All the theatrical machinery was exerted to squeeze out of the audience their last available drop of emotion. Now and then the acting would come nearly to a stand-still for a minute or so, while the players waited for us to feel as badly as possible: it was like an impromptu intermission for sobs, and you expected to hear tears falling on the floor of the auditorium. Histrionism was sacrificed to sentimentality. Now, people who are in a pathetic situation in real life don't make a spectacle of it; and if French actors had had this play in hand they would have kept its passion and sorrow entire, without losing the dignity or the vivacity of art. I myself, who have never seen an *opéra bouffe*, was simple enough to be a good deal moved by Mme. Janauschek. But the sensation I have just described — that of knowing that my feelings were not only "enlisted" to excess, but fairly kidnapped and conscripted — is one which those people avoid who seek refreshment in the Sol-deneities of the day.

— Isn't it deplorable that a mind like George Eliot's, able psychologically to "track suggestion to her inmost lair," should not have labored rather in the department of history than of fiction? I believe that she might have breathed into past records a rich vitality of explanation. Her talents are peculiarly explanatory. She is a literary dissector, and uses, everybody will admit, her scalpel with a wonderful, sinewy dexterity. In history this sort of surgery might have been admirable enough; for historians, after all, only stand over dead bodies and attempt to tell us what the life has been and what the diseases were that caused death. But fiction deals with living types. Fiction creates. It should not laboriously explain; its characters should

constitute their own reasons for being. If Shakespeare had written novels, he would never have devoted page after page to his own personal thoughts about Othello's jealousy or Hamlet's insanity. He would very probably have made these things speak for themselves, much as they speak now. George Eliot is so utterly lacking in this dramatic faculty of making her characters directly confront the reader, and she so notably possesses the faculty of astonishing and charming him by brilliant accounts of just what, in the judgment of George Eliot, these characters are, that to my thinking *Middlemarch* and *Deronda* are just as much failures in the way of novels as some imaginary history of Elizabeth or James II., wrought by the same hand, might have been an almost immortal success.

— When I have supped full upon the sneers with which it is the habit, in some quarters, to treat our national politics, I find it instructive to glance at the condition with which England is just now blessed. Lord Beaconsfield has had it in his power, by a couple of silly after-dinner speeches, seriously to complicate the position of Great Britain, for a time, on the Eastern question, and to throw the people of that kingdom into extreme tremors. It required a very powerful and well-organized expression of popular opinion to neutralize, even partially, the vagaries of this servile prime minister. His position is as monstrous and as ill-advised as that of the elder Pitt and the opposition who in 1739 overcame the better counsel of the then premier, Walpole, and forced England into unjustifiable and disastrous war with Spain; the difference being that Pitt had the people on his side, while Beaconsfield has them against him. What would be said if a secretary of state at Washington were to take such a course as this? It gives especial pungency to Lord Beaconsfield's performances that he is publicly assumed by the English papers to have drunk too much at the dinners preceding his utterances.

SUNSET SONG.

Words by CELIA THAXTER.

Music by JULIUS EICHBERG.

Andante non lento. Far off against the so - lemn sky Black lie the city's

pp

Ped. * *Ped.*

towers, Be-fore me rustles, dim and dry, My field of gold - en

*

flowers. How thin the wind's cool whis - per draws Through withered leaf and

Ped. * *Ped.*

stalk! Is this the breeze that once would pause With blos - soms bright to

cres. f dim. p *dol.*

* *Ped.* *

talk ? Dark lies the land with twi - - light sad,

cantabile cres. il Basso

No bird sings in its bowers;

pp

Where is the glo - - ry once that clad My

p

field of gold - en flowers ? The distant city rings its bells,

Ped. *

Like memory's tender chime; O sweet, sweet bells, ye speak farewells To life's en -

Ped. ** Ped.* ** Ped.*

cres. f dim. p dol.

- - chant - ed prime! Dark lies the land in twi - light cold, Gone are the sumptuous

Ped. ** Ped.*

hours, The cit - y sleeps, and shadows fold My field of gold - en

molto rit.

flowers. The cit-y sleeps, and shadows fold, My field of golden flowers.

tempo dim. *pp una corda*

RECENT LITERATURE.

It is more than a year since we noticed these memoirs,¹ and now an array of six volumes stands before us. They comprise the latter part of Mr. Adams's service as secretary of state, his presidency, what his son calls "the last two years of leisure," and his stormy service in the lower house of Congress. The latter part we reserve for notice hereafter.

We see no reason to alter our criticisms of last year on the editing of these volumes. It is always candid and impartial. The diary tells nearly all the story; the few notes are judicious. We are still confined in a most tantalizing manner to Mr. Adams's public career, rarely admitted to his private life, because, as we are more than once assured, "these are not matters of public interest." On the contrary, while the long disputes in the House of Representatives may be very well worth depositing in some public library as materials for history, what the public wants is more about Mr. Adams's private life, in a book about one third the size of the present, and that sooner or later it must have. Our notice will touch such points of Mr. Adams's personal character and habits as these volumes strongly bring out.

We begin with him in Mr. Monroe's cabinet, and a most uncomfortable, impracticable associate he must have been, by his own account. He had a most troublesome way of being always in the right,—of course we all are,—and of insisting on facts and forcing his colleagues to confess their error, returning again and again to the charge. Such scenes as this must have been very common: "General Scott and I entered into a very earnest discussion as to the power of Congress to make internal improvements. I asked him several questions, till he said he did not like the Socratic mode of reasoning." Mr. Adams, in fact, seems to have been wholly uninformed as to what would please and what would alienate men in intercourse. Eager to do the right thing, anxious to win friendship, just as he was eager to write poetry, he scarcely knew how. Soon after his inauguration he was invited to attend the Maryland Cattle

Show, close to Baltimore, and after hesitating concluded not to go. "It is apparent," he says, "that the society wish to make the president a part of their exhibition. To gratify this wish, I must give four days of my time, no trifle of expense, and set a precedent for being claimed as an article of exhibition at all the cattle shows throughout the Union. From cattle shows to other public meetings, for purposes of utility or exposures of public sentiment, the transition is easy. Invitations to them would multiply from week to week, and every compliance would breed the necessity for numerous apologies. Finally, this is no part of my duties, and some duty must be neglected to attend to it. 'Seest thou a man diligent in his business.'" On a return journey from home, while president, he arrives at Philadelphia. "There was a coach and four horses at the wharf, sent by I know not whom, but I declined riding, and walked to the Mansion House."

At the time he was talked of for president, this way of dealing with men was a heavy tax upon his friends and a proportionate delight to his enemies. He wanted to be president, and believed he ought to be made so somewhat as Washington was, spontaneously. One of the most curious passages in these volumes occurs at a point where there is a break in the diary, a dialogue between Joseph Hopkinson and Mrs. Adams. In this, Lady Macbeth's taunts on her husband's halting ambition are most ingeniously and delicately applied to Mr. Adams.

This difficulty in commending himself to men naturally made it hard for him to get at their hopes and views. General Jackson's name being mentioned in connection with his own in 1824, "I said the vice-presidency was a station in which the general could hang no one, and in which he need quarrel with no one. His name and character would serve to restore the forgotten dignity of the place, and it would make an easy and dignified retirement for his old age!"

Not being willing to take any active measures to be president, his animosity against all his competitors, and all whose support

¹ *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*. Comprising Portions of his Diary from 1796 to 1848. Edited by

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Vols. VI.-XI. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875-76.

he believed doubtful, approached frenzy. Of Henry Clay he says, "In pursuing a generous policy to him, as an enemy and a rival, I do some violence to my own inclinations, and shall be none the better treated for it. But I regard only the public interests." Later, "Clay plays brag, as he has done all his life." Of Mr. Crawford there is hardly mention made without some bitter attack. "Treachery of the deepest dye is at the bottom of Crawford's character. The whole composition is like one of Milton's fallen angels, except that Milton has made his devils true to one another." This after Mr. Crawford had been disabled by palsy! Mr. Webster and Mr. Crowninshield being brought to a distinct issue of fact, Mr. Adams has no hesitation in taking the word of the latter, because he is the more devoted partisan, and Mr. Webster is scarcely allowed to be an honest man. These thoughts, which he fancied remained locked in his diary, really embittered his whole life. He was constantly saying to himself, "I will not remember that this man is my personal enemy!" and so many a sentence which he fancied had no keenness but that of argument was really barbed with rancor. Like other public men who indulge in the bitterest thoughts, almost calumnies, of their opponents, he winced at every blow. A Philadelphia paper having charged him with wearing neither waistcoat nor cravat, and sometimes going to church barefoot, he takes great pains to show that he did not mind it as his wife did. Other calumnies, some indeed truly infamous, he records; but when he says, "No man in America has made his way through showers of ribaldry and invective of this character more frequent and various than I have breasted," we may venture to think he fancied himself treated worse than he really was. Some months later, when the storm was hotter than ever, he says, "It does not surprise me, for I have seen the same species of ribaldry year after year heaped upon my father, and for a long time upon Washington."

He lived through it. His talents and merits, and the devotion of friends who would not be frozen or rebuffed, won him the presidency, and among his very first acts after his election was to offer Mr. Crawford a new term in the chair of the treasury, though he had again and again recorded him as in every way unfit for it, or indeed for any post demanding sound sense or probity. Of course Mr. Crawford refused.

Mr. Adams's idea of official appointments was so lofty that it would be almost impracticable for a man even of Clay's address or Franklin's knowledge of human nature. For Mr. Adams, who learnt men with difficulty and won them slowly, it was utterly impossible to fill all the offices with men of spotless character, from all sections of the Union, thoroughly devoted to his person, not bound to party, and each specifically adapted for his office. The gradual tapering off and ultimate extinction of the old Virginia dynasty raised up a host of office-seekers who had been virtually proscribed, from west, north, and centre,—although, of course, not a hundredth, perhaps not a thousandth, of the shoals of frogs that now fill the kneading-troughs of the White House, and of which the enchantments of the rival sorcerers only multiply the numbers. Mr. Adams not only did not like these persons, he could not understand them. He never asked for an office,—he only pronounced every one a self-seeker who did not recommend him. Why then did others seek office? Unfortunately, too, in some cases where he gave up his own judgment to select persons pressed upon him, his objections proved to be well founded, as, for instance, when he yielded in appointing William P. Preble as a northeast boundary commissioner,—a public man whose first idea was Maine, and his second that the award of the King of Holland was as iniquitous as everything which proceeds from that foul monster, a crowned head.

Elected, as he was, by a minority of the people and of the House, so long a federalist and yet not quite accepted by the democrats, Mr. Adams's administration in the nature of things encountered a strong and systematic opposition from the outset, which soon swelled into an adverse majority; and although his supporters formed the nucleus of what ultimately became a great national party, it was far from such during his term of office. The history of this struggle is well given in the diary, but under the Herculean labors of his office,—no little increased by the absence in Europe of his secretary of the treasury at its beginning,—the invincible diarist broke down, and never brought up the arrears of copying and filling out his scanty notes of each day. No ruler ever more completely believed "L'état, c'est moi." Frederick II. himself was not more eager to do everything in person. Now there are reasons for thinking that a purely personal government, where

every free-born citizen comes to the chief magistrate in person for everything, is not unacceptable to the people of the United States. But Mr. Adams was neither prompt enough nor unscrupulous enough. A mind slow to convince and a conscience tender to act became utterly overwhelmed by the business of his post. Female applicants were particularly perplexing. "The wife of Willis Anderson came to petition for his pardon. All importunities are trials of temper. The importunities of women are double trials. I had refused this woman three times, and she had now nothing new to allege. I now desired her not to come to me again. She hinted that her husband did not wish to be discharged from prison himself, and that it would be no relaxation of his punishment to turn him over to her."

Yet he still kept up other tastes with indefatigable energy. He swam across the Potomac day after day, on one occasion running serious risk of life. Then he took to walking round the Capitol square, morning after morning, consuming an hour of what would be thought priceless time. On one occasion he took this walk on a sprained ankle. He suggested the design for Persico's group for the pediment of the Capitol. Finding the grounds of the White House deficient in trees, he took up the whole art and science of plantations—Evelyn and Michaux—at fifty-eight, and records with the eagerness of a school-boy the delight he felt in seeing unfold the wonderful secrets which oak and chestnut keep locked in their trunks. There he found the comfort and strength which he had in vain tried to wring from poetry and science. Long had he borne the sacred things of the Muses, smitten by a mighty love; but when he found that his sluggish nature and the cold blood around his heart denied the access to these chambers of nature, he could pray almost with exultation, "*Flumina amem silvasque inglorius.*"¹

His literary pursuits he had to intermit while president. But on his retirement he seized on them again with renewed avidity. He returns with especial delight to his beloved Cicero, and completes the perusal of his entire works. But at the same time that he is tracking Antony through the mazes of the war at Mutina by the clew of the Philippics, he is seeing what this new novel of Pelham is, that is so much talked of. Fresh from the pages of Tacitus, he

compares the senate in Jackson's early years to the senate of Tiberius!

The rising school of oratory attracts his attention, and he claims with honest and just pride that its origin is due to his own lectures as Boylston professor. He certainly was doomed to prove its value in no slight measure. The most striking incident in his presidency beyond all doubt was the coincidence of his father's death with that of Jefferson, on July 4, 1826. From that time on for weeks, one might say months, Mr. Adams never could be sure that he would not have to be present at the delivery of some sermon or oration on these two. At first he begins to give his opinion of these performances. But at last the mere record of them is all he can make. On the day when Mr. Webster delivered his memorable oration at Faneuil Hall, two hours and a half in delivery, Mr. Adams had already attended one by Samuel L. Knapp at Chauncy Street Church, for which he left home at seven A. M. Apropos of Mr. Webster's oration. The writer of this notice has been assured by one of the audience on that occasion, a person of unimpeachable veracity, that the speaker wore knee-breeches and the academic gown. Another, of equal probity, flatly denies this statement. Can some third eye-witness decide?

The popularity of such addresses put Mr. Adams on his mettle. He began to think that he too could speak oftener, more fluently, and on more varied subjects than he did. He accepted invitations to address lyceums and other popular bodies. The journey of Lafayette through the country during his presidency, and the evident satisfaction which the old hero took in the ovations, however tedious, that everywhere awaited him, made him feel that there might be after all some pleasure in going round the country and showing yourself to your fellow-citizens. Thus at considerably over sixty years of age he was acquiring new tastes, taking up new pursuits, and actually forming a new character. Just at the time that himself and his old friends and enemies were fancying that his political career was ending in comparative failure, new friends were learning what a vast force of probity, of energy, of wisdom, underlay that unconciliatory outside. In short, he was succeeding in expressing himself; and when the country appeared to have utterly rejected him, his immediate fellow-citizens determined he should ex-

¹ Virgil, *Georgics*, ii. 483-486

press himself in a new hall, which we must reserve for another notice.

— There can be no harm in our expressing the wish that all readers who take up Mr. Weiss's collected Shakespearian lectures¹ might have heard him deliver them. But even those who have not enjoyed this pleasure will find traces of the writer's peculiar eloquence in his rich, verbal style, though reproduced somewhat as the wave marks on a beach recall the absent tide. It is worth while to point out that this eloquence, even when we have only the literary part of it, as in the book before us, never wearies with mere rhetoric, notwithstanding that it is interpretation, rather than criticism, with which the author is occupied. But it is not alone in sympathetic apprehension that Mr. Weiss exhibits his strength; he also entertains and instructs by his dissertations on wit, humor, and irony, by the breadth and the detail of his comments on characters and his discovery of the art employed in their management, no less than by his evidences of Shakespearian erudition. If we think him metaphysical and fanciful at times, and if we cannot always admit his conclusions as to the authenticity of portions of the plays, we must at any rate confess that no one has handled the Bacon controversy more conclusively than Mr. Weiss. He has an amazing faculty for passing over familiar ground with a perfectly fresh enjoyment that enables him to seize a multitude of new influences and thoughts. Another result of this unprejudiced perception is his liberality in drawing illustrations of particular literary qualities from very recent writers: Mr. Blackmore, Thomas Hardy, Julian Hawthorne, and Edgar Fawcett are all quoted from. The "up to date" tendency of the lecture-form has perhaps something to do with this, and is also to be thanked, in part, for the astonishing variety of amusing anecdotes and repartees, drawn from life and books, with which Mr. Weiss diversifies his chapters. These laughable things indicate a high degree of that virtue of quotation which Mr. Emerson has lately given its due. It is interesting, by the way, to compare Mr. Weiss's opening discourse with Mr. Emerson's essay on *The Comic*. Both start from the accepted point that man is the only laughing animal. But Mr. Weiss surprises us by carefully tracing a high degree of en-

joyment in other animals, which sometimes rises into mirthfulness; and he then shows that the essential difference between this and man's power of laughter lies in his ability to "entertain keenly the pathos of life," and his accumulation of all mental traits "into the faculty of imagination, upon which everything that is laughable depends." Mr. Emerson confuses humor with wit. "Humor," Mr. Weiss says, "is a kind of disposition to adopt the whole of human nature, fuse all its distinctions, tolerate all its infirmities. . . . Human dissatisfaction springs from the want of this ability to comprehend the whole within one reconciling idea . . . we have an instinct that all dissonant things ought to be reconciled . . . but only can be by the finite becoming the infinite. Humor strives to bridge this gulf. It is man's device to pacify his painful sense that so many things appear wrong and evil to him." Mr. Weiss cannot, however, rival Mr. Emerson's clear statement that "it is in comparing fractions with essential integers or wholes that laughter begins." The richest interpretations in this volume are those of Portia, Helena, Ophelia, and Lady Macbeth; yet singularly enough the weakest part of the whole is the discussion of differences between men and women in general. Emboldened, perhaps, by his triumphs of interpretation, the author has attempted to clear up in a very brief space a mystery which we cannot believe will ever yield itself to treatment so direct. But, as a teacher of Shakespeare, Mr. Weiss has a very poetic and also a precise grasp of his subject, and a wide comprehension unusual with writers in the crowded field he has entered.

— In some things Mr. Tennyson's second play² is a great advance upon his first. He has so far mastered the dramatic form as to have avoided the capital error of the *Queen Mary*, where the principal action took place by hearsay, and the only thing actually presented was the dialogue about it. There is, too, much more unity in this new play, where the interest very fully and constantly centres in Harold. His character is well imagined, we think, though still not very forcibly. Something very open, very kindly, very manly, takes one's liking at his first words; and this liking follows him throughout, in sympathy for the true soul trapped into falsehood by no selfish cowardice, but by pity, and then led into more and

¹ *Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare. Twelve Essays.* By JOHN WEISS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

² *Harold: A Drama.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

more falsehood by love of country and by the hope of saving the land which has chosen him her forsworn king. To save his brother, a hostage in William's hands, Harold swears upon the bones of the saints to make William king of England; and then to win Morcar of Northumberland to his aid against William, he breaks faith with Edith and weds Aldwyth, Morcar's sister. The poet contrives that all this shall happen without the sense on the reader's part that Harold is either a weak or faithless man; so much otherwise, indeed, that his miserable overthrow and death move an indignant compassion. Unhappily, also, the poet contrives that it shall all happen without any strong dramatic or moral effect. Harold's speech, in the scene where he last appears —

"I married her for Morcar — a sin against
The truth of love. Evil for good, it seems,
Is oft as childless of the good as evil
For evil" —

is not that supreme cry of conscience which it should be; and generally speaking the trouble with the drama is that it is not dramatic enough. There are two good strokes of theatre: where William, having Harold's word, flings open the doors that conceal the secret conclave of the Norman nobles and clergy and bids him swear in their presence to keep it; and then where he pulls away the pall of the ark on which Harold has sworn, and shows it filled with the bones of the saints; but these are theatrical, not dramatic. In the scenes at William's court in Normandy there are vivid suggestions of the cruel tyranny with which he rules; the state of a feudal despot who tears out men's eyes and tongues and lops away their limbs is obliquely shown with a good, hearty, wholesome hate; and William himself is made to reveal himself nakedly for the cruel, wily savage he was. His talk is about the best talk in the book. There is much other talk, — tall, stout, resounding talk, — but somehow the people do not seem to mean it; not even Harold, whom one feels to be as truly characterized as William; it seems rather to serve the poet's occasion than the speakers'.

There are no pathetic passages in the Harold to compare with the speeches in the Queen Mary describing the death of Lady Jane Grey; there are in fact no very touching passages at all; and there is a meagreness in this play, a thinness of person and fact, which makes the former seem very robustly substantial. A magic tissue, like that which clothes all life in the *Idyls of*

the King, makes these people intangible to us; and it is hard to see what thing worthy of him Mr. Tennyson accomplishes in his drama. He has not taken the space to paint us some vivid picture of the past, in which the figures could be said to have lived, if not to live; and in the narrow bounds which he has set himself there is a want of all atoning intensity. It affects one like tapestry. There is color and action, but the color has an unsatisfactory, dreamy blur; the action has the constraint of the loath material in which success is always more of a wonder than a pleasure.

— It seems to us that the unknown author of *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*,¹ however well she may be faring in respect of having her book much read and vivaciously discussed, has never yet had exact justice rendered her. The greatest merit of the book, its beautiful literary workmanship, is hardly insisted on at all; yet it is so very rare a merit that one would think it ought to be the first to claim the critic's admiration. The style of *Mercy Philbrick* is a model for study. It is quiet and clear and strong. Everywhere there is a calm and just selection of words, moderation and delicacy of epithet; in the pictures, whether of New England scenery or manners, a kind of gentle and unstudied fidelity. In short, this grave and rather singular tale has precisely those retiring literary charms which *Sainte-Beuve* taught us to appreciate, and which he would himself have applauded most warmly; and these modest graces are so foreign to most of our light literature that it seems even a duty to lay stress upon them. About the interest and agreeableness of *Mercy Philbrick* as a story, there will inevitably be different opinions, but we think that even its partisans have not selected the best ground of defense against sundry rather foolish attacks which have been made upon it. It is not and does not pretend to be a typical love story. It is merely the simple recital of a strange heart experience, and a strangely sad one. A woman of the richest capacities, both mental and affectional, meets in her early, artless youth with a man upon whom she somewhat eagerly bestows her heart, and who proves only half worthy of it. The mixture in *Stephen White* of strength and weakness, magnanimity and meanness, honor and fraud, is delineated in a manner so masterly that it reminds one of *George Eliot's* own. The man is painfully *real*; all the more so for the contradictions in his char-

¹ *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

acter; and the unusual and objectionable relation which grew up between him and Mercy was perfectly probable under the circumstances. Given that man and that maiden, — for though we are told she was a widow it is impossible to keep the fact in mind, — and their residence under the same roof, even in the sordid relation of landlord and tenant, and the rest all follows as sure as fate. Herein lies the chief art of the story. Moreover, the subdued intensity with which it is told produces an effect as if it were whispered by the heroine's self in some sombre twilight hour, long, long after it all occurred. And the listener, who is the reader, knows very well while he listens that such an experience was probably but one of many to the woman to whom it came, while it absolutely exhausted the man's rather pitiful possibilities. And yet, if Stephen had been wholly unworthy of Mercy the tale would not have been half so sad. He is the one to be compassionate. The greatest blemish on the art of the book is the manner in which the poems are introduced, or rather *added*, — mechanically and of malice aforethought, like stucco ornaments. As to the poems themselves, some are very good indeed; some not so good. One, *A Woman's Battle*, is of exquisite and memorable beauty. But it is easier to believe that the book was written for them, than they for the book; and the *Woman's Battle* itself can have to the personages and events of the story only so forced and fanciful an application as almost threatens to impair its candid and sorrowful charm.

— Mr. Boyesen, in his recent collection of short stories,¹ unites the elements which distinguish his two novels from each other. *Gunnar* was a tale of Norse life solely, and *A Norseman's Pilgrimage* carried the reader into the now popular domain of mixed American and European life and character: in the present volume three of the tales are Norwegian, the other three have a double nationality. *Truls the Nameless* and *Asathor's Vengeance* have a wild poetic completeness which we miss in the rest of the group, for Mr. Boyesen's pictures of real life, drawn with much freshness and skill, have a certain note of crudeness in them for which it is not quite easy to account. It appears to us to proceed from an inclination on the author's part to

rest satisfied with his first conception of particular passages, when further maturing would improve them, and from his habit of stating other things, very well in themselves, with so little art that they sound commonplace. This, however, is matter for literary criticism alone, and will trouble very few readers. The *Story of an Outcast* is the only part of the volume which we distinctly dislike: it is a painful story of a sin told with a directness bordering on bluntness, for which we can discover no compensating moral or idea or sentiment. Here, too, we notice a pair of verbal errors: "the sad *feature* about his mouth," instead of "*expression*," and "*smolder* into the earth" where "*molder*" should have been used. But in general Mr. Boyesen's style is very pure and agreeable, often reaching a delightful and poetic grace. The *Man who Lost his Name*, which is the first of these fictions, we have reserved to mention last, because it is in some respects the finest. It contains a careful study of an American girl, traced with a lightness and brilliancy which command decided approbation; and in truth the whole volume shows a combined vigor and daintiness in the author's genius which lead us to expect the happiest results from it in future.

— Of the few public buildings which have stood a hundred years in America, Independence Hall in Philadelphia easily holds the first place in popular regard. It has been subjected to as much contumely and neglect, too, as any other national monument, and our gratitude to Colonel Etting for his ardent labors in restoring the hall, and for his record of its history,² is all the more lively from the evidence before us that nothing but individual enthusiasm could have availed to render the building what it now bids fair to be, a structural and graphic symbol of the birth of the republic. It seems as if in this country people in their corporate capacity were indifferent to public monuments, or grossly ignorant or inefficient when undertaking them, and that permanent records of national or civic history owed their existence as a rule to the individual efforts of private citizens. It has come to be generally assumed that government will not or cannot concern itself with monuments, and that voluntary associations alone are competent to undertake them. Massachusetts in its cor-

¹ *Tales from Two Hemispheres*. By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, author of *Gunnar* and *A Norseman's Pilgrimage*. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

² *An Historical Account of the Old State House of Pennsylvania now known as the Hall of Independence*. By FRANK M. ETING. With numerous Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

porate capacity refused to save the Hancock house, and the national government has never, so far as we know, attempted what it should be its pride to do, to gather and publish the writings of Washington. If the spirit of our institutions forbids such honorable expenditure, it is to be feared that this vague spirit is not much concerned about a vast deal of expenditure for purposes which are not national but selfish.

Colonel Etting's volume is a witness to what can be done where intelligence and enthusiasm are combined. He has brought together all the scraps of historical material which bear upon the building and the use to which it has been put, has restored the design to the true originator, and has given abundant illustration of the several stages of appearance made by the hall. The last few pages are the most interesting and the most stimulating; they hint to other communities what may be done by combined effort to restore and preserve such memorials as exist. The book is what it purports to be, an historical account of the hall, differing in this respect from Belisle's *History of Independence Hall*, which has no value as a history of the hall, and only aims at giving sketches of the persons connected with the events which took place in the building. There is room, we think, for a small volume which should take Mr. Etting's material and cast it in a more graphic and narrative form, by which the personality of Independence Hall might be made vivid to the reader, somewhat as it now is made clear to the spectator. An historical sketch which should use this hall as a background would serve a good purpose in a lesson in history; the hall itself affords now a most admirable object-lesson.

— The first number of this work has just appeared.¹ It contains four colored plates representing five familiar wild flowers: the columbine, the wild geranium or cranesbill, the wavy-leaved aster, and two gerardias, one of which may be better known by its common name, the downy false foxglove. The text gives a description of each plant in language so clear and simple that any lover of flowers, though not a professed botanist, can identify the species. Here and there foot-notes are added to aid the student in understanding the name and arrangement of the floral organs. Technical terms, however, are very sparingly used. Yet the statement of facts is scientifically accurate.

¹ *The Wild Flowers of America*. Illustrations by ISAAC SPRAGUE. Text by GEORGE L. GOODALE, M. D.

But the text contains much more than mere botanical description. Our plants are compared with other species of their own genus and family, and points of likeness and unlikeness are pointed out. We learn to know their geographical range, their favorite haunts, some of their uses, their habits, and what may be termed their behavior. Under this head are mentioned the spiral twists and turnings by which the *erodium* buries its own seed in the ground; the thievish habits of the pretty *gerardias*, which, not content with preying on strangers, must needs turn on themselves and attack their own plunder; and the cannibalism of those mistletoes that devour their own kith and kin.

Reference is made to the investigations of the German botanists, Sprengel and Müller, on the subject of fertilization by means of insects; and we are shown that the structure of each of our plants lends itself to the accomplishment of this end. Especially quaint is Sprengel's account of the contrivances that aid cross-fertilization in the wood geranium, *G. Sylvatica*, an account published almost a hundred years ago. Insects visit the plant in search of nectar. Sprengel found that the lower part of the petals is provided on the inner side and on both edges with fine, soft hairs; and these, he thought, serve to protect from rain drops the nectar contained in glands lying at the base of the petals, just as the hairs of the eyebrows and eyelashes retain any drops of perspiration that fall from the forehead, and keep them from the eye; and yet the insect is not hindered in the least from reaching the nectar. Within the compass of a few pages the author has given us the life history of our plants. He possesses the rare power of presenting scientific facts in such a clear, concise, and telling manner that the veriest novice cannot fail to comprehend them, and the most stubborn disbeliever in the interest of scientific studies must needs confess their charm. Only one improvement in this beautiful work suggests itself to our mind. It would add to its usefulness if drawings of the stamens, pistils, and sections of the ovary were added to the plates. It would then be complete as a manual of reference.

Professor Goodale has been ably seconded by Mr. Sprague, who is already well known by his admirable illustrations of Dr. Gray's work on the *Genera of the United States*. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press 1876.

States, and of Mr. Emerson's Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts. The drawings combine scientific accuracy with much of the grace and beauty of nature. He carefully indicates the differing color and divergence of the stamens and pistils in older and younger flowers, and the successive stages of development in the fruit. Beside each plant he groups some of its root-leaves, for these, as every careful observer knows, differ very much in shape and size from the leaves that grow higher on the stem.

The plates are chromo-lithographs. The color of the flowers is true to nature, and the shading is as delicate as if it had been done by hand. The type and paper are in keeping with the general excellence of the work.

—Here is a singular, unassuming little collection of abbreviated sketches and stories,¹ so slight and unconnected that only the most modest writer would have thought of putting them together. They are very prettily written, though one may not always understand *why* they were written, except for the sake of some association hardly of general interest. They are like flowers, or rather like grasses and minute buds picked in various regions and kept in a hortus siccus, — mementos a trifle scant and something too *soignés*, but acceptable. *Seashore* and *Prairie* is precisely the sort of book to be read between the scattered moments of talk or reverie which one enjoys while lolling under a tree in summer.

—If some one who had found Mr. Hutton's essays² dull should ask us to explain our good opinion of them, we could put our reply in the briefest form by saying that in the case of each author whom he discusses the critic has, through long reflection, reached some one thought concerning his subject which is simple and searching and true. It often happens that one cannot say as much as this for critics more congenial and more clever than Mr. Hutton. But he hardly gets beyond one really fathoming idea in the same essay. In the chapter on Wordsworth, this initial perception goes to the interior of the matter so directly that it suffices entirely, and the simple working out of the essayist's theory and the exemplifying of it in various quotations from the poet are enough to insure an analysis of much interest. Mr. Hutton finds the source

of Wordsworth's power in the fact that he does not surrender himself to nature and to moods, but checks the current of spontaneous feeling as soon as it has begun to flow, with "a steady remonstrance and a high resolve" (using Wordsworth's own words), so as to gain some insight or some inspiration which natural influences and impulses would not give. This observation is very well developed. The title, Goethe and his Influence, might have been shortened, for the chapter which it heads makes no attempt to discuss Goethe's influence, but is simply a well-economized and impartial sketch of the great German's life, with excellent comments interspersed. "Adequate to himself," he says, in conclusion, "was written on that broad, calm forehead; and therefore men thronged eagerly about him to learn the incommunicable secret. It was not told, and will not be told. For man it is a weary way to God, but a wearier far to any demi-god." Nothing in Hawthorne seems to impress him much, aside from that author's power in depicting "unnatural alliances of feeling;" and, though the discussion of Clough is interesting, as coming from one who apparently knew him, and the essay on Matthew Arnold's poetry as coldly complete as its theme, we do not think that Mr. Hutton does as well in any of these pieces as in his account of Goethe. He makes a painstaking examination of George Eliot which stands quite on a par with the latter; but, after we have given him credit for culture, coolness, independent judgment, and a lucid style (with, however, a bias for cumbrous wording), we must own to a fellow-feeling with our supposititious reader who finds Mr. Hutton somewhat dull.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.³

For many years French writers have been busy editing older works, but of late the number of reissues of long famous books has almost outweighed that of new ones, which have, too, been very nearly outdone in the matter of interest. It is some time since there has been an edition of the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, and many readers will doubtless be glad to hear of their reappearance with copious notes by M. Eugène Asse, who has already published

¹ *Seashore and Prairie*. By MARY P. TRACHER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

² *Essays in Literary Criticism*. By RICHARD HOLT HUTTON. Philadelphia: Joseph H. Coats & Co.

³ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

the *Lettres Portugaises*, and is preparing those of Montesquieu, and of Madame du Deffand to the Chevalier d'Aydie, for immediate publication. Those who recollect what Sainte-Beuve has said about this interesting woman, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, will need no further recommendation to this volume; those who do not will find among his writings his valuable judgment on one of the most romantic of the side-pieces of literature. It will be remembered that Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was one of the celebrated women of Paris, who about a century ago conducted a *salon* where the wisest and wittiest people met and founded traditions of all that is best in French society. At the age of twenty-one she had become the companion of Madame du Deffand, the great friend of Horace Walpole, and for ten years their intimacy had lasted when Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was discovered in what her older friend considered an act of treachery, namely, in holding a little court of her own where she received adoration from the most interesting of the visitors to the house. This betrayal caused the separation of the two women, and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse at once set up a *salon* where the leading wits of Paris saw her daily and delighted in her conversation. D'Alembert's adhesion to Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was one of the most marked incidents of this affair, and his defection was a great blow to Madame du Deffand, who never forgave either him or the woman whom he preferred to herself. In fact, D'Alembert was seriously in love with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, while her feeling for him knew many vicissitudes. A formidable rival was M. de Mora, a young Spanish nobleman of great promise, ten years her junior, to whom she was ardently attached. He was called home, and shortly after his departure Mademoiselle de Lespinasse fell in love with M. de Guibert, an officer who was considered one of the leading men of the day. He had distinguished himself on the field, he had written well on the art of war, and he had composed a tragedy, which was for a literary man in France at that day what the composition of a rhapsody on an Italian painter is for a young English writer now.

This book is mainly made up of her letters to him, which portray with painful accuracy the passion that destroyed her life. Her love for Guibert was the cause of great

torment to her on account of her recent and indeed still present affection for Mora, while later her chief suffering came from Guibert's indifference, his marriage with another woman, and her consequent jealousy. What *Clarissa Harlowe* is among novels, this volume is among memoirs, in the direct appeal it makes to human sympathies and in the exposure it makes of the tenderest feelings. The series of letters forms an unequaled narration of passion told without a veil of reserve, for the letters were written for only one man's perusal. It is fair to say that we of a hundred years later will read them with much more sympathy than Guibert gave them, for in the whole story he wears the appearance of a man whose only interest in life was his own success. She saw through him clearly, and she was right when she said, "You were right in telling me you did not need to be loved as I love you; no, that is not your measure; you are so perfectly amiable that you ought to be the first object of all those charming ladies who wear on the outside of their heads all that they carry within, and who are so amiable that they love themselves in preference to everything." But to follow Sainte-Beuve here would be like pretending to discover America by starting from Liverpool in a Cunard steamer. It is only necessary to announce the book and let it make its way to readers, who will rejoice in finding facts that outdo fiction on its own ground. Certainly the time of meagre original additions to literature is well employed in bringing out new editions of the valuable books of the past.

— Another of the same sort is Dussieux's collection of the *lettres intimes* of Henry IV.¹ Henry the Fourth is already well known as an excellent writer of French, and of that sort of French which was written before it had become enslaved by rules and rigid etiquette. This volume makes no pretensions to including all of Henry IVth's correspondence, but such a collection has been made as shall illustrate the most prominent sides of this king's complex character. We have accordingly letters written from the camp, which show his joy in fighting, love letters of a rather graceless sort, and others which express his difficulties when married to Mary Medici and seated on the throne of France. But whatever the cause of his writing, there is in every line the charm that makes this king one of the most fascinating of those
honoraire à l'Ecole militaire de Saint-Cyr. Paris : Baudry. 1876.

¹ *Lettres Intimes de Henri IV.* Avec une Introduction et des Notes par L. DUSSIEUX, Professeur

known to history, and perhaps the most fascinating Frenchman that ever lived. Readiness of device, a constant tendency to judge everything according to a witty, half-cynical standard, bravery and gallantry were combined in him in such a way that he is an excellent representative Frenchman of the Gallic type, of the sort that was more frequent before the Revolution, before the time when a nation that was accustomed to deal with things by epigrams became immersed in "great moral ideas." It is no wonder that the most entertaining of the novels of Alexandre Dumas were those in which this king was introduced; even that ingenious writer would have found it hard to invent a character better suited for a hero of fiction than this veritable person. This volume contains an excellent copy of the portrait of Henry IV. in the museum at Versailles, which represents most admirably that wise and witty face; there is in addition a good copy of the interesting mask taken after his death. As to the style of these letters, it would be hard to say too much in praise. It is as vigorous as possible, with all the variety and mark of originality which are lacking in modern French. A perusal of this volume will throw a great deal of light on the history of the period.

— M. Marius Topin has just published a volume of essays on contemporary French novelists¹ which may be found worth reading, though it contains nothing like the last word on any of the authors written about. Those here discussed are George Sand, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Charles de Bernard, Alexandre Dumas, Mérimée, Ferry, Sandeau, About, Flaubert, Alphonse Daudet, Zola, Claretie, Madame Bentzon, Madame Caro, Madame Craven, Gaboriau, Theuriet, Jules Verne, and a few others less well known. The notices of the most important of these men are the least satisfactory, because they are too brief to begin to cover the ground. The others are treated with commendable fairness, in spite of the necessary air of compliment with which M. Topin first addresses his remarks to his contemporaries. It is with considerable tact that this critic shows the merits and faults of the different writers. It is, however, hard to agree with much that he says. It requires, for instance, a very catholic taste to find anything sublime in the melodramatic Captain Nemo of Jules Verne's

Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, and the admiration expressed for Gaboriau borders on the excessive; but these failures are mainly due to his good nature and his willful determination to say polite things, as well as to his non-observance of the true proportion between the different men, so that what is called sublime in Jules Verne would be ridiculous in Balzac, and yet the same adjectives have to do double duty. Topin's admiration for Zola is tempered by discreet blame for the way in which his virulence against the second empire has run away with him, and frequently he shows agreeable sympathy for merits which a hatter reader would be too inclined to overlook. On the whole the book will be found to have more that is good than what is bad in it.

— The connection between Richardson, Rousseau, and Goethe,² the three men whom Mr. Erich Schmidt has chosen for discussion in his study of the novel of the last century, does not perhaps strike the casual observer with much force. A little reflection, however, will be sufficient to make it plain that it existed, and was an element of great importance; how great it was, and how intricate in its workings, this interesting book clearly shows. Nowadays Richardson is so little read that we are accustomed to regard the admiration our forefathers had for him as one of the many proofs of their inferiority to us, their enlightened descendants. As for toiling through the many bulky volumes of his novels, one would only do it when traveling by stage from Boston to Washington; the two things have disappeared together. Even when we have the bulky tales trimmed and shortened for our greater ease, it is hard to make out what so excited enthusiasm in the last century. There are many things to explain that, however, as for instance, the rarity of entertaining reading, and the natural way in which Richardson represented what was one of the prevailing feelings of his time, the lingering relic of Puritanism. In England, Fielding's parody and different tone were an immediate and healthy reaction against much of Richardson's mawkish sentiment. In Germany, however, his novels had the most enormous success, of which Schmidt gives many proofs. One minor poet sang his praises, calling "the Briton Richardson more immortal than Homer," and solid heads, Goethe, Wieland, and Herder,

trag zur Geschichte des Romans im achtzehnte Jahrhundert. Von ERICH SCHMIDT Jena: Frommann. 1875

¹ *Romanciers Contemporains*. Par MARIUS TOPIN. Paris: Charpentier. 1876.

² *Richardson, Rousseau, und Goethe*. Ein Bei-

were full of admiration. The imitations by inferior writers were numerous, and novels written in the form of letters became excessively common. In France, as Schmidt says, Marivaux and Nivelle de la Chaussée had been Richardsonian before Richardson, but he nevertheless was greeted as a reformer and founder of new things. Diderot's panegyric about him was of the most enthusiastic kind. "O Richardson! Richardson! homme unique à mes yeux! tu seras ma lecture dans tous les temps!" and again, "O Richardson! si tu n'as joui de ton vivant de toute la réputation que tu méritais, combien tu seras grand chez nos neveux, lorsqu'ils te verront à la distance d'où nous voyons Homère!"

There is but little doubt, according to Schmidt, that Richardson's success gave Rousseau the thought of publishing his *Nouvelle Héloïse* in epistolary form. After all, the main objection nowadays to that method is its antiquity; its merits on the other hand are numerous: it gives the reader a clear insight into the letter-writer's mind without the need of didactic instruction, and shows qualities with an air of naturalness that outweighs often the author's unsupported affirmation of their existence. Goethe's *Werther* is also told in letters, but only in those of a single person, while the *Nouvelle Héloïse* is made up from the correspondence of a number of people.

The origin of Rousseau's great novel Schmidt finds in his affection for the Countess d'Houdetot, which is narrated at length in his *Confessions*. How close is the connection between his experience and this novel is clearly shown. What besides the epistolary form was derived from Richardson is slight enough. Schmidt considers Julie and Claire to have been modeled in some respects after *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Anne Howe*. The other resemblances are less marked. The *Nouvelle Héloïse* appeared in 1761, and at once created great applause in Germany; its influence on Goethe in his composition of *Werther* is well known. Schmidt makes very full comparisons between the two great novels, and in addition throws a great deal of light on the influence they had and the condition of the reading public at the time. Rousseau was the first to praise the beauty of the Alps. Dr. Lowther, in Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison*, in speaking of his crossing the Alps of Savoy laments losing sight of the farmers plowing and pruning, and called Savoy "one of the worst countries under heaven."

In Germany the love of nature had been fostered by Thomson and Young and Ossian; the two last-named are especially responsible for the superfluous and eternal appearance of the moon in German books. Rousseau also taught his readers to admire an English park more than the artificially arranged garden of the French; indeed, it would be hard to enumerate all of his ideas, now conventional platitudes, which once were novel.

What most distinguishes that time from our own is the tender sensitiveness, the tearful susceptibility which distinguished all who pretended to stand superior to the common herd. "Rousseau and Goethe were the first to honor the poetry of love and intense passion," says Schmidt. Instances from the two novels are given in abundance, and in addition the following extract from a letter of Caroline Flachsland to Herder: "He wept for joy, and as for me, I lay with my head on Merck's bosom; he was exceedingly touched, wept with me, and—I don't remember everything we did. O sweet tear of my life! shed in the arms of a friend! O sweet tears of friendship, how divine ye are!" In his letters in return he calls her "an angel," "holy one of the Lord;" he speaks of her "holy foot." She is not behind him; she says, speaking of him, "A heavenly being in human form stood before me." To him her picture was "the sweetest sacrament." He ended his letters with "Hosanna in the highest," "Kyrie Eleison." This disagreeable mixture of religion and of human affection was one of the most wide-spread results of the sentimentalism of the time.

It is impossible to give by extracts a complete notion of this book of Schmidt's, which is itself so much made up of extracts from various authors who throw light on the subjects treated. It should be read to be fully enjoyed. Those who take it up will find it an entertaining and useful book, a modest monument of thorough research and intelligent thought. It throws a great deal of light on the ways and feelings of the last century. And in performing his task Schmidt has shown the energy characteristic of his countrymen in reading and annotating all manner of third and fourth rate novels written a hundred years ago, in order to show how great was the influence of the foreign authors upon German thought.

—Hand-books of literature are more frequently a combination of dates and more or less hackneyed extracts than they are

intelligent guides or companions to curious readers; in M. Courrière's history of Russian literature,¹ however, which is one of a series treating of the various contemporary literatures of Europe, we have a thoughtful book which gives us, in addition to the necessary facts, such exposition and explanation of their underlying causes, as is most rare and valuable. The foreigner's knowledge of Russian literature is necessarily limited by general ignorance of the language. In translations there is nothing open to him except Tourguéneff, Pouchkine, Count A. Tolstoi, Herzen, some of Pisemski and of Gogol, and, as the fruit of some research, detached bits of Lermontoff and others. On the whole, in view of the small compass of Russian literature, this is not so bad a showing, but the translations are of various degrees of merit, and at the best are translations. Admirers of Tourguéneff will find in this volume an interesting discussion of his writings and of their place in Russian literature.

— D'Haussonville's life of Sainte-Beuve² is a decidedly readable book, and it is by no means surprising that a critic who from the nature of his profession left a good many enemies behind him should have his life told in a spirit far removed from intemperate eulogy. On the whole, the book leaves on the reader's mind a somewhat unpleasant impression of the great French writer, who in his day exercised similar arts, and with little touches of venom distilled in his praise was far from being as laudatory as he at first seemed to be. While d'Haussonville's intent is plain, it can hardly be said that he exceeds reasonable limits in writing this life. The fact is that we are so accustomed to the opposite method, that of blind advocacy on the part of biographers, who vie with one another in describing spotless characters, that one who uses cool judgment strikes us at first as un-

pleasantly as do those friends who share our confidence and yet begin with our faults in describing us to strangers. This may, to be sure, secure their liking more certainly than lavish praise, which seldom fails to call up hidden hatred, but to our vanity it bears the appearance of treachery. This biography seems more unkind than perhaps it should on due consideration. D'Haussonville shows that Sainte-Beuve was of a timid, retiring nature, averse to discord and confusion; but then, is it not unwise to ask that the qualities of a cavalry-officer and of a literary man should be combined in the same man? Sainte-Beuve showed no weakness towards the end of his life, when he was a senator, and by his speeches aroused a great deal of violent opposition, and some part of his previous indifference may fairly be ascribed to that lack of sudden and blind enthusiasm which was part of his critical nature. That he should try many things and really believe in but few was different from the general experience of men whose experiments are not many, whose views are soon ascertained and held with obstinacy, but it is to this restless spirit of inquiry in Sainte-Beuve that we owe the great variety of his wise sayings on so many branches of experience and thought. He, unlike most persons who have their lives written, had his faults, but in spite of them he will doubtless be known as the most remarkable man, from a purely literary point of view, of the last forty years of French history. His ability is not denied by d'Haussonville, and the life that he has written, although not of the usual kind, throws much light on the incidents of his career. The epigram, quoted from Cousin, with which the volume closes, that Mérimée was a gentleman and Sainte-Beuve was not, is of the nature of a pin-thrust, and of no more importance than that would be in sanguinary warfare.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: A Vocabulary of English Rhymes, arranged on a New Plan. By Rev. Samuel W. Barnum.

Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, New York: The Life of Christ. By F. W. Farrar, D. D., Canon of Westminster. Illustrated. Parts I. to IV.

Census of Massachusetts: 1875. Prepared under the Direction of Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor. Volume I. Population and Social Statistics.

¹ *Histoire de la Littérature Contemporaine en Russie.* Par C. COURRIÈRE. Paris: Charpentier. 1875.

² C. A. Sainte-Beuve. *Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: Half Hours with Insects. By A. S. Packard, Jr. — Roman Legends. A Collection of the Fables and Folk-Lore of Rome. By R. H. Busk.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: A New Library of Poetry and Song. Edited by William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated with Steel Portraits, Wood Engravings, Silhouette Titles, Manuscript Fac-similes, etc. Parts I. to VIII.

William F. Gill & Co., Boston: Impressions and le Vicomte D'HAUSSONVILLE, Député à l'Assemblée nationale. Paris: Lévy. 1875

Reminiscences. By George Sand. Translated by H. K. Adams. With Memoir.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *Noblesse Oblige.* By the Author of *Mlle. Mori*.

History of Public Education in Rhode Island from 1826 to 1876. Compiled by Authority of the Board of Education, and edited by Thomas B. Stockwell, Commissioner of Public Schools.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: *Literary Reminiscences; from the Autobiography of an English Opium Eater.* By Thomas De Quincey. — *Life and Times of William Samuel Johnson, LL. D., First Senator in Congress from Connecticut, and President of Columbia College, New York.* By E. Edwards Beardsley, D. D., LL. D.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: *Nelly Kinnard's Kingdom.* By Amanda M. Douglas.

Letters to the Postmaster-General explaining a Proposed Modification of the Law fixing the Compensation for the Transportation of Mails on Railroad Routes. With Accompanying Papers. By James N. Davis.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *Sir Rae. A Poem.* With Illustrations. — *Poems.* By Sidney Lanier. — *Hours with John Darby.* By the Author of *Thinkers and Thinking, etc.* — *The Teachings of Providence; or, New Lessons on Old Subjects.* By Rev. J. B. Gross.

Macmillan & Co., London: *The Californians.* By Walter M. Fisher.

A. B. Nims & Co., Troy, N. Y.: *Castle Windows.* By Latham Cornell Strong.

Napoleon and Josephine. *A Tragedy in a Prologue and Five Acts.* By R. S. Dement.

Noyes, Snow, & Co., Boston: *Long Look House: A Book for Boys and Girls.* By Edward Abbott. Silhouette Illustrations by Helen Maria Hinds.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: *Poems of Places. Scotland.* Vol. I. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: *History of French Literature.* I. *From its Origin to the Renaissance.* By Henri Van Laun. — *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.* By Leslie Stephen. In Two Volumes. — *Octavius Brooks Frothingham and the New Faith.* By Edmund C. Steadman. — *Modern Materialism. Its Attitude towards Theology.* By James Martineau, LL. D. — *A Child's Book of Religion.* For Sunday Schools and Homes. Compiled by O. B. Frothingham. New Edition. Revised. — *Outlines of Lectures on the History of Philosophy.* By John J. Elmendorf, S. T. D. — *An Alphabet in Finance. A Simple Statement of Permanent Principles and their Application to Questions of the Day.* By Graham McAdam. With Introduction by R. R. Bowker. — *The Gold of Chickaree.* By Susan and Anna Warner.

Roberts Bros., Boston: *Imaginary Conversations.* By Walter Savage Landor. Second Series. *Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen.* — *Wendholme. A Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *Philip Nolan's Friends: A Story of the Change of Western Empire.* By Edward E. Hale. — *Sans-Souci Series. Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. — *The Boy Emigrants.* By Noah Brooks. With Illustrations by Thomas Moran and W. L. Sheppard.

Charles P. Somerby, New York: *Heroines of Free Thought.* By Sara A. Underwood.

Special Report on Public Libraries in the United States. Bureau of Education. Part II.

The Centennial Exposition of 1876. By S. R. Crocker. Reprinted from *The Literary World*.

ART.

MR. HUNT's picture of Hamlet, recently shown in Boston with perhaps twenty others by the same artist, was apparently meant for Mr. Booth as Hamlet, or — to adopt the popular witticism — Hamlet as Mr. Booth. It is not a portrait, but neither is it an ideal interpretation of Shakespeare's character; so that one is obliged to fall back upon its merits as a study in slate hues. But even in this aspect it fails to please: the nocturnal effect is an overdose of black lead, the battlements and towers are more insignificant than stage scenery, and Hamlet is merely an unappalling blackness in the midst of an unpicturesque darkness. From this one turned promptly to the landscapes and portraits, where Mr. Hunt could be found at his best. There

was no pastoral scene among the landscapes which equaled *The Ploughers* of a year ago; but there was much that gave pleasure, as the two large studies of *syllvan penetralia*, with their consociation of swarthy boles and impleached stretches of green overhead, filtering the sunlight into tender tints, or that other instance of an immense, involuted cloud-pile steeped in a hyacinthine atmosphere and seeming about to roll down upon and smother the quiet green landscape in the foreground. Some bathers in a river yellow-green with late sunset light made a singular and rather inviting picture, though it was vexatious to have the plane of the river tipped decidedly downward toward the inner line of its curve. Another canvas was devoted to a

naked boy mounted on the shoulders of a second who stood arm-pit deep in a quiet bit of water. This acrobatic bather was bodied forth with a lithe, palpitant grace that fairly captivated the eye; the whole affair was beautiful in its rich and noble simplicity; it was summer and youth and the joy of young life; the Yankee country lad (if you will) was in his beauty and unconscious nudity and sensuous delight as Greek as anything that ever lived. Altogether the most charming head was that of a little ragged Italian boy, which illustrated Mr. Hunt's best mood of a kind of ideal languor united with a keen realistic *verve*. The half-length of a lady, higher on the wall, draped in a shawl chiefly orange in color, surpassed this boy in energy of tone; and in fact each one of the human subjects had its especial merit. We wish we had not to add, as we usually must in Mr. Hunt's case, that they also, with two or three exceptions, had their marked individual short-comings. As exceptions we may name a broad portrait of a large, stalwart gentleman with gray side-whiskers, the commanding vigor and entire consummation of which were very acceptable and masterly; also the shrewdly characterized likeness of (we believe) Oakes Ames, and the portrait of a lady and her son. The last-mentioned, which gave the feminine figure at length and introduced the boy in the background, was particularly noticeable for the unforced relief into which the forms were brought. It was an exceptional example of verisimilitude which escaped being imitation. Altogether, the collection made a praiseworthy year's work, and served to remind us of how good a thing it is to have two or three artists among a hundred who can keep so close to their inspiration as Mr. Hunt does, and serve it so assiduously, albeit with something of the

haste and impatience of the *cis-Atlantic* temperament.

— A correspondent sends the following account of a simpler method of cleaning pictures than that described in *The Atlantic* for September, 1876:—

Spread out upon a cleanly swept bare floor a sheet of canton flannel the exact size of the canvas to be treated, and sprinkle it with alcohol, wetting it evenly all over. Turn the painting in its frame face downwards over this. Of course it is requisite that the canvas should not bag, and that the frame shall be deep enough to keep it about two inches from the flannel. Cover the whole with a thick doubled quilt or shawl which will overlap the frame some inches on every side. This method is superior in many obvious respects besides its simplicity to that of inverting the alcohol above the painting. It is unnecessary that the "box" should be air-tight, but it must merely be close enough to prevent too rapid an evaporation of the alcohol. For unframed canvas a box may be improvised from four slips of common inch deal, three inches wide, which may be drawn together to the exact size of any painting, and will be found sufficiently  close at the corners without fastening. To cover a large surface with alcohol quickly enough, a very small watering pot is convenient. About three to four ounces of alcohol are enough for an ordinary portrait. The whole operation is extremely simple and the result is amazing. Of course the painting must undergo a careful surface cleansing before being treated by the alcohol; and if there is dirt *between* layers of old varnish, only the practiced hand of an expert can get it out. Experience will teach the proper length of exposure to the alcohol, and there is no danger to the painting in any stage of the process.

MUSIC.

THE first concert of the subscription series given in Saunders Theatre in Cambridge was in many respects a delightful occasion. It is not often that we have a chance of hearing music amid such thoroughly congenial

surroundings. The architectural beauty of the hall itself, the exquisite good taste of its fittings, all tended to put the mind into a condition favorable to artistic enjoyment; and even if the little pleasurable excitement

of looking forward to hearing Mr. Thomas's excellent orchestra play such a programme in a hall of suitable size had not of itself sufficed to throw us all into the proper musical mood, the entirely æsthetic atmosphere of the place would have done it. Among other excellent qualities as a concert-hall, Saunders Theatre has one which is rare. *The stage is low enough!* Those listeners who are seated on the floor do not hear the music vaguely hovering over their heads, but receive the harmonious blast from the orchestra directly in their faces. But it must be admitted that all parts of the hall are not equally good for hearing. The music sounded very brilliant in the gallery and in many parts of the floor, but in all that part of the first balcony that faces the stage the sound is uncomfortably dull and unpenetrating. The concert opened fittingly with Beethoven's great overture, *The Consecration of the House*. It was played with Mr. Thomas's usual care, but we have heard much more effective performances of it elsewhere. The two movements of Schubert's unfinished gem of a symphony in B-minor were indeed wonderfully played as far as delicacy of execution went. We have rarely heard such exquisite blending of the various voices of the orchestra, such delicious contrasts of light and shade. But we think that nine musicians out of ten will agree with us in saying that the performance was spoiled outright by Mr. Thomas's unaccountably slow tempo in both movements. The symphony was absolutely stretched upon the rack, and seemed to be harmoniously bemoaning its own agonies. A similar fault was evident in Mr. Jacobsohn's playing of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Mr. Jacobsohn knows how to draw the most exquisitely beautiful tone from his instrument, which is evidently a very fine one; he has at times a rare grace, of perhaps rather a *salon* stamp, in rounding off phrases of a sentimental character, but his style lacks distinction, energy, and above all, variety. The ear tires of hearing a constant succession of sweet sounds without animation or any stirring accent. Mr. John K. Paine's overture to *As You Like It*, all who heard it agree in calling one of the most gratifying successes of a composer, who, in the opinion of one of our very highest musical authorities, "shows that he can write well for the orchestra; that he has plenty to say, and that what he has to say is worth saying and is well said."

—Of Madame Essipoff's concerts much

might be said, and many a wholesome moral might be drawn from her playing. Madame Essipoff is, as we all expected to find her, certainly a most wonderful executant. Her technique knows only those limits which stern nature has set to all human power, and her fingers recoil only before the impossible. Her absolute independence of finger, her power of making a melody distinctly prominent, no matter what accompanying phrases her hands may be called upon to play simultaneously with it, we have never seen surpassed. Her ease in playing, even in the most finger-racking passages, is absolute. Of sensibility, grace, fire, depth of feeling even, there seems to be no want in her. But with all these fine qualities, we have rarely seen a pianist of her reputation who has made a more questionable impression upon us. Of that fine appreciation of what is most intrinsically great in the works of great composers, that sense of the fitness of things which stamps the brilliant performer as a true artist, we find very little in her. To play with expression, passion, grace, is one thing, but to play with the *right* expression, passion, or grace, is often a wholly different thing. Madame Essipoff is still young, only twenty-four years of age, and the critic of her playing must grasp at the most natural explanation of the blemishes which every musician must have been struck with in the greater part of it, that is, that she must have been for some time under bad musical influences; at least withdrawn from good and wholesome ones. No piano-forte teacher would allow a pupil to abuse the pedal as she sometimes does; no musician of principle would commend the substitution of a marked *forte* for a murmuring *pianissimo* in the opening phrase of a Beethoven sonata. But speaking of good and bad musical influences, we cannot refrain from mentioning a man in this connection, a man of undenied genius and that intense personal fascination and power which goes with genius, but who occupies a more and more questionable place in the esteem of his still admiring brother artists,—Anton Rubinstein. It has become too painfully evident that Rubinstein often plays works of the great masters not as they are, but as his momentary mood impels him to feel them. He either cannot or is often too careless to merge his own fiery individuality in that of the composer. It takes little acumen to see how utterly different Rubinstein's nature is from that of Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, Men-

delssohn, and many other composers. His own national instinct in art is often at variance with theirs. His license in interpreting their works is large indeed. His hot Slavic blood, made more untamable by the general tendency towards intensity of the age he lives in, is ever liable to rebel against that moderation in expression and style which his great predecessors felt to be one of the highest elements in art. Schumann, intense as he is, becomes at times a perfect bull in a china-shop in Rubinstein's hands; Chopin, whose waltzes and mazurkas used to make the Polish ladies dance until they fainted, is often fit to turn the saints themselves into bacchantes when he speaks to us through Rubinstein's fingers. How we are tempted to lose sight of the grand original text, and subscribe to the Rubinstein version, saying with Berlioz's cantatrice, "Parce qu'elle fait mieux !" (Because it sounds better !) But the bitter after-taste, the curious twinges of our artist conscience that are certain to ensue upon these fierce pleasures, the æsthetic next day's headache, all tell us that the intoxicating draught was not pure after all. It may be doubted whether inebriation, either alcoholic or æsthetic, is a proper use of our faculties. But young people have strong heads and digestions, and can indulge in excesses without the immediate evil results that more experienced mortals cannot escape from, although the evil results may be felt later even by the young ones. Now Rubinstein's influence upon young musicians has been in many cases undeniably bad. Admiration prompts imitation, even over-imitation. Why should not I too be a thunderer ? says the young pianist, and so sets to work premeditatedly to offer to the world his or her modicum of exaggerated passion and sentiment. We think that we can trace somewhat of this influence in Madame Essipoff's playing. The license she takes in playing standard compositions is great, but it lacks the conviction of spontaneity and originality, and is without either charm or savor. It is painful to think that such rare gifts, such excellent talents, should be allowed to run in so dangerous a channel. Madame Essipoff was evidently meant by nature, and has been fitted by training, to do great things; but she seems now, almost at the outset of her career, to be in the downward path. Such a reputation as hers cannot have been won by playing in the way she did in Boston. If she could be made to feel that she cannot yet walk quite alone, if she would

for some time to come be a little timid of freeing herself from the guidance of trustworthy guardians, such as Liszt or Dr. von Bülow, who, as some one has said, is a *man of principle*, what splendid results might we not expect ! She has already given us a guaranty of her power. Any pianist who can play Liszt's Study in D-flat as she did must be great. Let us say gladly, and in the face of all our grumbling, that her performance of this piece at least was masterly, superb at every point. Finer playing cannot be desired. Throughout the rest of her playing the very finest qualities were plainly perceptible, but they did not in every case compensate for her faults; they even threw those faults into more striking relief. Upon the whole, her very faults are of the easily cured sort, if the will be not wanting. Misdirected energy is far better than no energy at all, if it is only willing to be guided aright; otherwise, indeed, it is far worse, but let us hope for the best. A person of Madame Essipoff's talent has no right to play badly; and we feel sure that she can even now play better than she did. It must be that we have seen her at her worst, not at her best.

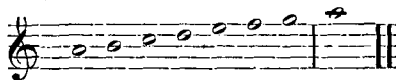
— Perhaps the most difficult thing to review worthily is a dictionary. Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms¹ is certainly a valuable work, covering a field that, strange to say, has not been too well worked in our language. That it is not an absolutely complete work is sufficiently proved by the unaccountable absence of the words *polyphony* and *polyphonic*. One would naturally expect to find at least a page devoted to this subject in a musical dictionary, but we have searched the book in vain for even the barest mention of it. We notice with great pleasure a lengthy quotation from an excellent article by Mr. Hullah on Musical Nomenclature. His suggestions towards improving our by no means perfect English nomenclature are excellent. The distinction he makes, for instance, between the *imperfect fifth* (the natural fifth on the 7th degree of the scale) and the *diminished fifth* (an interval chromatically derived from the perfect fifth by sharpening its lower tone) seems to us admirable, and by no means merely fanciful. Equally good is his suggestion of the term *pluperfect*, to be applied to the inversions of imperfect intervals, as *augmented* is already

¹ A Dictionary of Musical Terms. Edited by J. STAINER, M. A., Mus. Doc., and W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bach. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

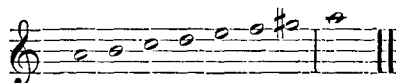
in general use as an antonym to *diminished*. We cannot, however, quite agree with Mr. Hullah's doctrine of the minor scale and the intervals resulting therefrom. He says: "A chromatic scale I should define, with Dr. Crotch, to be a scale containing *more than two semitones*. The so-called 'natural' scale, and all other scales made like it, is not a chromatic scale, neither are any of the ancient scales formed from the arrangement of the same series of sounds in a different order. Of these last the 'natural' minor scale is one, and the only one familiar to the modern musician. Only, however, by means of a most serious alteration has it been reconciled to modern tonality, which above all things demands, as the unequivocal sign, seal, or confirmation of a key, the combination known as the 'discord of the dominant seventh.' Such a combination on the 5th of the natural minor scale is only possible by an alteration, or non-naturalization, which at once brings it under Dr. Crotch's definition. In the series A, B, C, D, E, F $\sharp$, G $\sharp$, and A, we find three semitones, and one interval greater than a tone. Moreover, by skips from one note to another of a scale so constituted, we get three other intervals alien to the natural scale, the inversion of the altered second formed by F G $\sharp$ the altered fifth formed by C G $\sharp$ and its inversion. These intervals are, I conceive, augmentations or diminutions of intervals which would have remained unaltered but for the artificial process needed to reconcile the minor key with modern tonality; they are, therefore, I believe, generally called *augmented* and *diminished*, accordingly. So all intervals, which the cultivated ear does not reject as cacophonous, formed by notes one or both of which are foreign to the key to which they are introduced, are but augmentations or diminutions of those that are natural to it." The excellent distinction Mr. Hullah makes is in applying the terms *augmented* and *diminished* to chromatic (altered) intervals only. The fourth on the 4th degree, and the fifth on the 7th degree of the major scale are diatonic intervals, and are hence to be called *pluperfect* and *imperfect* respectively. But the question we raise is whether the exceptional seconds and fifths of the minor scale, with their inversions (the second on the 6th degree, the seventh on the 7th degree, the fifths on the 3d and 7th degrees, and the fourths on the 4th and

¹ We make no mention of the second on the 7th degree, or the seventh on the 1st degree, as these

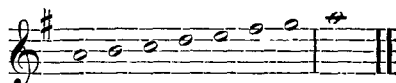
7th degrees¹) are really to be regarded as chromatic intervals or not. How does Mr. Hullah defend his use of the term *natural* as applied to the following scale?



Does he call it *natural* because it is composed simply of "white" notes? If so, it and the scale of C-major would be the only natural ones. Yet, according to the usual meaning of the word, it seems an ill-chosen term to apply to a scale which requires "a most serious alteration" before it can be accepted by modern ears as belonging to any definite tonality at all. It is true that the scale we have quoted above corresponds exactly enough to that of the ancient *Æolian* mode, as our major scale corresponds to the *Ionian* mode; but we cannot see that this is an argument to prove its naturalness. The modern ear so naturally and instinctively demands the authentic cadence to define a key, that we cannot even force ourselves to feel that a scale without a leading note (that is, without the semitone between the seventh degree and the octave of the tonic) has any definite tonality at all. Hence the alteration of the seventh degree, not of what Mr. Hullah calls the "natural" minor scale to form something artificial that the modern ear requires, but of the old *Æolian* mode, which sounds unnatural and unsatisfactory to the modern ear, to get something which the ear can naturally and instinctively accept as a minor scale. Hence we have the following series,

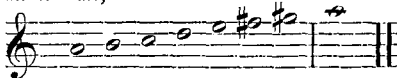


which we cannot help regarding as the only real, and if you will, *natural* minor scale. We are forced by our ear itself to regard the G-sharp as an essential part of the scale, not as an accidental note. Indeed, the sharp might have been written in the signature, as follows,



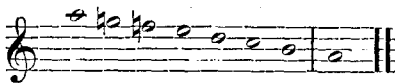
so that it should not have even the outward appearance of an accidental, were it not for the inconvenience of having two signatures intervals are unquestionably minor and major, respectively.

of one sharp, one with F-sharp for G-major, and another with G-sharp for A-minor. To be sure, the *diabolus* between the sixth and seventh degrees is to a certain extent unmelodious, and this defect has been well enough remedied by sharpening the sixth degree in the ascending scale, which gives us what is generally known as the *melodic minor scale*,

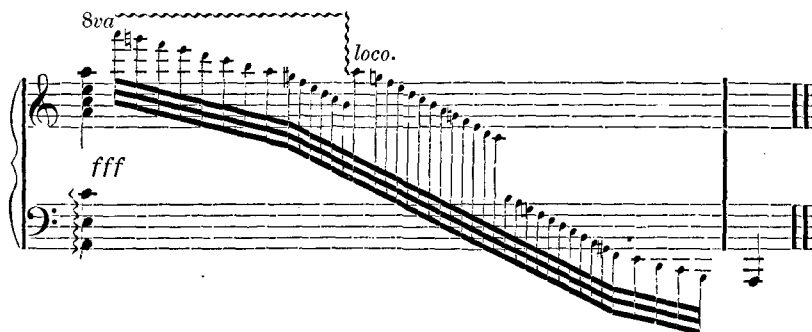


which is indeed incapable of diatonic harmonization, but which the ear readily accepts, under certain conditions, as a minor scale, the minor third between the tonic and the third degree making a sufficient distinction between it and the major scale to be easily grasped. The attempts to remedy the "*diabolus*" in the descending scale

have not been so successful, and the ear accepts the following,



as a minor scale only when the minor character of the composition in which it figures is impressed upon it by some other means (such, for instance, as a minor triad on the first note). Heard by itself, this scale is accepted by the ear as a minor scale only when the minor character of the piece has been previously established, and even then only for a distance not exceeding an octave. So true is this that Liszt, wishing to eliminate the "*diabolus*" from a long descending scale in one of his piano-forte pieces, found himself forced to make the following compromise.



Thus we should prefer to consider the harmonic minor scale as the only natural one, and all the intervals resulting from it as diatonic (minor-diatonic if you will). And instead of calling the exceptional intervals of this scale augmented and diminished (since they confessedly bring about no change of key), we would propose that the fourth on the 7th degree, the fifths on the 2d and 7th degrees, and the seventh on the 7th degree be called *imperfect*; and the second on the 6th degree, the fourth on the 4th and 6th degrees, and the fifth on the 3d degree be called *pluperfect*. They are essential intervals of the scale (*leitereigenen intervälle*), and we cannot regard them as chromatic or altered.

The mistakes we have noticed in the dictionary are very few. Point d'orgue (*Fr.*) is, as usual, wrongly translated, "pedal-

point," instead of "hold" or "cadenza." We wonder how Mr. Stainer would translate, *La diva a fait un point d'orgue à la fin de "ah non credea" qui lui valut force bravas des plus frénétiques!* But these errors are, as we have said, very rare, and most of the definitions are excellent, the explanations sufficiently clear and to the point. We heartily recommend the book.

— Robert Thallon's *The Boat of my Lover*¹ shows much sensibility to what is musical in music, and is carried through with a certain *verve* that takes hold of the listener. The end is unworthy of the rest of the song. In fact its only claim to the name of end is that nothing comes after it.

¹ *The Boat of my Lover*. Song. Words by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Music by ROBERT THALLON, JR. New York: G. Schirmer.

HOW NOT TO SETTLE IT.

READ TO THE HARVARD CLASS OF '29, JANUARY 4, 1877.

I LIKE, at times, to hear the steeples' chimes
With sober thoughts impressively that mingle;
But sometimes, too, I rather like — don't you? —
To hear the music of the sleigh-bells' jingle.

I like full well the deep-resounding swell
Of mighty symphonies with chords inwoven;
But sometimes, too, a song of Burns — don't you? —
After a stormy chorus of Beethoven.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper feels
When the tired player shuffles off the buskin;
A page of Hood may do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.

Some works I find, — say Watts upon the Mind, —
No matter though at first they seemed amusing,
Not quite the same, but just a little tame
After some five or six times' reperusing.

So, too, at times when melancholy rhymes
Or solemn speeches sober down a dinner,
I've seen, it's true, quite often, — have n't you? —
The best fed guests perceptibly grow thinner.

Better some jest (in proper terms expressed)
Or story (strictly moral) even if musty,
Or song we sung when these old throats were young, —
Something to keep our souls from getting rusty.

The poorest scrap from memory's ragged lap
Comes like an heirloom from a dear dead mother —
Hush! there's a tear that has no business here,
A half-formed sigh that ere its birth we smother.

We cry, we laugh; ah, life is half and half,
Now bright and joyous as a song of Herrick's,
Then chill and bare as funeral-minded Blair;
As fickle as a female in hysterics.

If I could make you cry I would n't try;
If you have hidden smiles I'd like to find them,
And that although, as well I ought to know,
The lips of laughter have a skull behind them.

Yet when I think we may be on the brink
 Of having Freedom's banner to dispose of,
 All crimson-hued, because the Nation would
 Insist on cutting its own precious nose off,

I feel indeed as if we rather need
 A sermon such as preachers tie a text on.
 If Freedom dies because a ballot lies,
 She earns her grave; 't is time to call the sexton!

But if a fight can make the matter right,
 Here are we, classmates, thirty men of mettle;
 We're strong and tough, we've lived nigh long enough, —
 What if the Nation gave it us to settle?

The tale would read like that illustrious deed
 When Curtius took the leap the gap that filled in,
 Thus: "Five-score years good friends, as it appears,
 At last this people split on Hayes and Tilden.

"One half cried 'See! the choice is S. J. T.!'
 And one half swore as stoutly it was t' other;
 Both drew the knife to save the Nation's life
 By wholesale vivisection of each other.

"Then rose in mass that monumental Class, —
 'Hold! hold!' they cried, 'give us, give us the daggers!'
 'Content! content!' exclaimed with one consent
 The gaunt ex-rebels and the carpet-baggers.

"Fifteen each side, the combatants divide,
 So nicely balanced are their predilections;
 And first of all a tear-drop each lets fall,
 A tribute to their obsolete affections.

"Man facing man, the sanguine strife began,
 Jack, Jim, and Joe against Tom, Dick, and Harry,
 Each several pair its own account to square,
 Till both were down or one stood solitary.

"And the great fight raged furious all the night
 Till every integer was made a fraction;
 Reader, wouldst know what history has to show
 As net result of the above transaction?

"Whole coat-tails, four; stray fragments, several score;
 A heap of spectacles; a deaf man's trumpet;
 Six lawyers' briefs; seven pocket-handkerchiefs;
 Twelve canes wherewith the owners used to stump it;

"Odd rubber-shoes; old gloves of different hues;
 Tax-bills, — unpaid, — and several empty purses;

And, saved from harm by some protecting charm,
A printed page with Smith's immortal verses;

"Trifles that claim no very special name, —
Some useful, others chiefly ornamental;
Pins, buttons, rings, and other trivial things,
With various wrecks, capillary and dental.

"Also, one flag, — 't was nothing but a rag,
And what device it bore it little matters;
Red, white, and blue, but rent all through and through,
'Union forever' torn to shreds and tatters.

"They fought so well not one was left to tell
Which got the largest share of cuts and slashes;
When heroes meet, both sides are bound to beat:
They telescoped like cars in railroad smashes.

"So the great split that baffled human wit
And might have cost the lives of twenty millions,
As all may see that know the rule of three,
Was settled just as well by these civilians.

"As well. Just so. Not worse, not better. No,
Next morning found the Nation still divided;
Since all were slain, the inference is plain
They left the point they fought for undecided."

If not quite true, as I have told it you, —
This tale of mutual extermination,
To minds perplexed with threats of what comes next,
Perhaps may furnish food for contemplation.

To cut men's throats to help them count their votes
Is asinine — nay worse — ascidian folly;
Blindness like that would scare the mole and bat,
And make the liveliest monkey melancholy.

I say once more, as I have said before,
If voting for our Tildens and our Hayeses
Means only fight, then, Liberty, good night!
Pack up your ballot-box and go to blazes!

Unfurl your blood-red flags, you murderous hags,
You *pétroleuses* of Paris, fierce and foamy;
We'll sell our stock in Plymouth's blasted rock,
Pull up our stakes and migrate to Dahomey!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.